JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

HIS LIFE, POEMS AND SPEECHES

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE

12733

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LIFE, POEMS AND SPEECHES

OF

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

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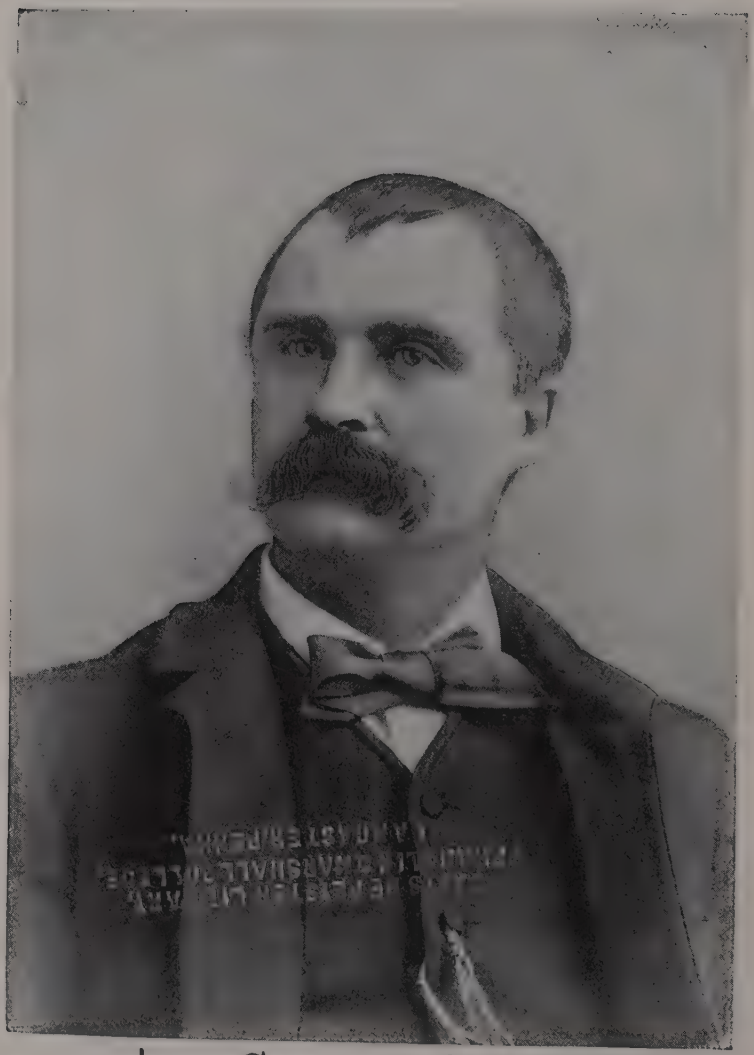

John Burgle O'Reilly.

LIFE

OF

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY,

BY

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

TOGETHER WITH HIS

COMPLETE POEMS AND SPEECHES,

EDITED BY

MRS. JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

12733

INTRODUCTION BY HIS EMINENCE

JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS,

ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE.

NEW YORK

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INTRODUCTION.

THE best monument to a great and good man are the works with which his hand and his head have enriched the world.

More fittingly than by towering shaft of granite or of marble will the name of John Boyle O'Reilly be immortalized by this collection of his writings. On this, his cenotaph, *aere perennius*, I dutifully, though sorrowfully, lay this wreath of admiration for the genius—of love for the man.

Few men have felt so powerfully the *divinus afflatus* of Poesy; few natures have been so fitted to give it worthy response. As strong as it was delicate and tender, as sympathetic and tearful as it was bold, his soul was a harp of truest tone, which felt the touch of the ideal everywhere, and spontaneously breathed responsive music, joyous or mournful, vehement or soft. Such a nature needed an environment of romance, and romantic indeed was his career throughout. In boyhood his imagination feasts on the weird songs and legends of the Celt; in youth his heart agonizes over that saddest and strangest romance in all history,—the wrongs and woes of his mother-land, that Niobe of the nations; in manhood, because he dared to wish her free, he finds himself a doomed felon, an exiled convict in what he calls himself "the nether world"; then, bursting his prison bars, a hunted fugitive, reaching the haven of this land of liberty penniless and unknown, but rising by the sheer force of his genius and his worth, till the best and the noblest in our country vie in doing honor to his name.

With surroundings and a career like these, a man of his make could not but be a poet, and a poet he became of truest mould; wooed to the summits of Parnassus by his love of the beautiful, his fiery spirit was calmed on its stilly heights, and grew into that poise and restfulness and self-

control, without which poetry would lack dignity and grace. No writer understood better than he that the face and form of Poesy to be beautiful must be tranquil, that violent movements rob her of her charm—that even in the tempest of her love or wrath her mien must breathe the comeliness and harmony of the Divine.

This lesson of the Muses gave grace and charm to more than his poetry, it gradually pervaded all the movement of his life. Seldom did he lose sight of what he has himself so beautifully expressed:

> Nature's gospel never changes,
> Every sudden force deranges,
> Blind endeavor is not wise.

Many a time was he subjected to trials calling for superhuman self-control, and seldom was he found wanting under the test. Instances without number are related of his generous magnanimity toward those who deserved it least, of his patience under insult and injustice, of his quickness to atone for any momentary, unguarded flash. There was a rhythm and a harmony in all his life like to that of his thoughts and of his style.

But in all this there was more than nature. The Divine Faith, implanted in his soul in childhood, flourished there undyingly, pervaded his whole being with its blessed influences, furnished his noblest ideals of thought and conduct. Even when not explicitly adverted to, Faith's sweet and holy inspirations were there to shape his thought and direct his life. They had made his mind their sanctuary before its work began, and all its imagery during life instinctively bore the impress of their presence.

Thus was he fitted to fulfill worthily the vocation of a poet. For it is not aimlessly that Divine Providence endows a human being with qualities so exceptional and exalted.

The poet is one endowed with ken so piercing as through the veil of sense to gaze upon the world of the ideal, and through all ideals to penetrate to the archetypal ideal of all things;—endowed with heart so sensitive as to thrill with unwonted throbbings at this vision of the true, the beautiful, and the good;—endowed with speech so subtle that it can fit itself to thoughts and emotions like these, so rhythmical and sweet that, falling on ears dulled by the hard din of life, it may charm them, and lift up earthly minds and hearts to thought and love of better things. The true

poet realizes what O'Reilly sung in one of his latest and best productions:

> Those who sail from land afar,
> Leap from mountain-top to star;
> Higher still, from star to God,
> Have the Spirit-Pilots trod,
> Setting lights for mind and soul,
> That the ships may reach their goal.

The vocation of the poet is close akin to that of the priest, and it is not to be wondered at that during most of his life our poet's nearest and dearest friends were clergymen.

In his career as a journalist, the magnanimity and self-control thus variously impressed upon him and infused into him were especially manifested. Constantly obliged to deal with burning questions, he usually handled them with a conservative prudence scarcely to be expected in one so vehement by nature.

Accustomed by long experience to have his most cherished convictions resisted and assailed, he met all opponents with a chivalrous courtesy, as well as with a dauntless courage, that instantly won respect, and often ended by winning them over to his side.

No wonder, then, that he, far beyond the bulk of men, verified his own touching lines:

> The work men do is not their test alone,
> The love they win is far the better chart.

Who can recall an outburst of grief so universal and so genuine as that evoked by his all too early and sudden death? At the sad news numberless hearts in all the lands which speak our English tongue stood still as in anguish for the loss of a brother or a friend. In accents trembling with the eloquence of emotion, countless tongues in our own and in other climes have paid unwonted tribute to his worth; great thinkers and writers have lauded his genius; the lowly and unlettered are mourning him who was ever humanity's friend.

The country of his adoption vies with the land of his birth in testifying to the uprightness of his life, the usefulness of his career and his example, the gentleness of his character, the nobleness of his soul. The bitterest prejudices of race and of creed seem to have been utterly conquered by the masterful goodness of his heart and the

winning sweetness of his tongue, and to have turned into all the greater admiration for the man.

With all these voices I blend my own, and in their name I say that the world is brighter for having possessed him, and mankind will be the better for this treasury of pure and generous and noble thoughts which he has left us in his works.

James Card. Gibbons.

Baltimore

Oct. 13th 1890.

PREFACE.

THE following pages have been written in the scant leisure of a busy life, made doubly so by the loss which called them forth. They make no pretension to being a critical study of their subject or a minute history of his life. I have aimed to present, concisely and truthfully, the leading events in a career as full of dramatic incident and striking change as the pages of a romance; letting the story tell itself, wherever it has been possible, in the words of its illustrious subject.

Having the advantages of access to his printed and private papers, as well as of a close personal friendship of twenty years, I have been able, I think, to draw a faithful picture of John Boyle O'Reilly as he was in public and private. The picture has not been overcolored by the hand of friendship. If there appear to be more of eulogy than of criticism in the work, the fact is not to be wondered at. It would be impossible for anybody who knew John Boyle O'Reilly intimately to think or write of him in any other strain.

His public life and literary labors will be judged by posterity on their merits. I believe that the judgment will be even more favorable than that passed by his contemporaries. Of his personal character there can be but one judgment. Those nearest him are best able to testify to its unvarying heroism, tenderness, and beauty; but no earthly chronicler can ever tell the whole story of his kindly thoughts and words and deeds. A few of them are here recorded; the greater number are written on the hearts of the thousands whose lives he brightened and blessed; the whole are known only to the God whose mercy gave such a life to the world—whose inscrutable wisdom recalled the gift so soon.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

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LIFE OF
JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

BY JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

LIFE OF
JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

CHAPTER I.

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Birthplace—Childhood and Youth—Early Apprenticeship—Sojourn in England—Enlists in "The Prince of Wales' Own"—Conspiracy, Detection, and Arrest—"The Old School Clock."

DROGHEDA is a town with a history, and, as it is an Irish town, the history is mainly a tragedy. Tradition says that it was the landing place of the Milesians, the last and greatest of the early invaders of Ireland. A more enduring glory attaches to it as the place where St. Patrick landed when he came down from the North country to brave the power of the Druids, at the royal seat of Tara. Its name, "Drochead-atha," signifies the Bridge of the Ford, or, as it was Latinized, "Urbs Pontana." Danes and Normans successively conquered and occupied the old town. It lies on both sides of the river Boyne, about four miles from its mouth, and two and one-half miles from Old-Bridge, the scene of the famous battle between the forces of King James and those of William of Orange.

Forty years before that disastrous fight, Drogheda had suffered at the hands of a conqueror more ruthless than Dane or Norman. In 1649 the English nation kept public fast to invoke God's blessing upon Cromwell's forces, "Against the Papists and others, the enemies of the Parliament of England in Ireland." The Protector came with the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other, not, as a Mohammed, to offer the choice of religion or death, but in the name of the one to inflict the other. He laid siege to the town on September 2. At five o'clock on the afternoon

of the 10th he effected a breach, and, after being twice repulsed, carried the place by assault. The defenders laid down their arms, on promise of quarter, whereupon the victors fell upon the defenseless people, massacring in cold blood twenty-eight hundred men, women, and children. Thirty persons were taken prisoners, to be eventually sold as slaves in the Barbadoes. The horrible massacre lasted during five days. The Irish vocabulary is not wanting in maledictory forms, but its bitterest imprecation is "The curse of Cromwell!" Banishment and confiscation were the mildest punishments inflicted on the vanquished. The Irish fought with desperate valor, but did not forget to be generous, even to a merciless foe.

Conspicuous among them for generous and chivalrous acts was one chieftain, O'Reilly of Cavan, who not only gave quarter to his enemy in battle, but even sent his prisoners in safety within the English lines. The O'Reillys were lords of Cavan for over a thousand years. They traced their descent from Milesius, through O'Ragheallaigh, whose name is Anglicized into O'Rahilly, O'Rielly, O'Reilly, Rahilly, Raleigh, Ridley, etc. The derivation of the name is uncertain, but the best authority says it is from Radh, "a saying," and Eloach, "learned," "skillful." The motto of the family is "Fortitudo et prudentia," the crest being an oak tree with a snake entwined.

The O'Reillys were powerful princes, and for ages held the Anglo-Normans at bay, under

> The supreme leader of fierce encounters,
> O'Reilly, lord of bucklers red.

Their chiefs were elected by their people, and crowned on the hill of Seantoman, between the towns of Cavan and Bally-baise, where Druidical ruins are still found. In later times they chose the hill of Tullymongan, above the town of Cavan, and adopted the tribal name of Muintir Maolmordha, the people of Milesius,—Milesius, or Miles, being a favorite name in the family. One of them, "Miles the Slasher," was probably the last of the regular chiefs. He was a brave and skillful soldier, and did good service

under Owen Roe O'Neil, at the battle of Benburb. The family had its share of traditionary myths. In the County Cavan, near the old seat of their sovereignty, there still stands a tree on which one of their beloved chiefs was hanged in an ancient "rising." It is withered and leafless—tradition says it never bore foliage again after that day. The fortune of war overcame this race of gallant fighters. Many of them sought in foreign lands the career denied them at home, and the name, illustrious for centuries, gained new renown in France, Spain, Austria, and the wide domains of Spanish America. The O'Reillys were ever distinguished as soldiers, prelates, and scholars.

Four miles above the town of Drogheda, on the south bank of the beautiful Boyne, in the center of a vast basin of the most fertile and storied land in Ireland, stands Dowth Castle, where John Boyle O'Reilly was born, on June 28, 1844. Within three hundred yards of it is the Moat of Dowth, built in the pre-historic period. Four miles to the west rises the hill of Tara, while three miles to the north is the hill of Slane, where St. Patrick lit his fire on Beltane night. One mile further to the north are the majestic ruins of Mellifont Abbey; and two miles down the river an obelisk 150 feet high marks the spot where King James lost his crown and the liberties of Ireland. A mile to the east is the vast royal burying ground of Rossna-ree, the oldest and richest depository of Irish historical treasures.

Dowth Castle dates back to the days of the English Pale, and is said to have been built by Hugh De Lacy. Early in the present century, Viscount Netterville, an eccentric Irish nobleman, bequeathed the castle and some of his lands for the charitable object of educating and maintaining widows and orphans. The Netterville Institution, as it was called, embraced also a National School, built on its grounds, of which William David O'Reilly was the master for thirty-five years.

Here the young poet spent the first eleven years of his life. The Castle lay about half a mile from the river, the

intervening ground being a rich, flat plain, known as the Boyne Meadow. The river here is not over one hundred feet wide, moderately rapid, and shallow. On the further side the land rises sheer from the water, and is covered with dark young fir trees. It was a favorite swimming ground for the boys of the neighborhood, among whom none was more daring or skillful than the handsome, rosy-cheeked, curly-haired, and dark-eyed boy, whose home was in Dowth Castle.

William David O'Reilly, the father, was a fine scholar, and an able educator. The boy was fortunate in having parents who were both remarkable for literary culture and talent. His mother, Eliza Boyle, was a near relative of the famous Colonel John Allen, who distinguished himself in the Rebellion of '98, and subsequently in the French Legion, winning renown at the head of his regiment in the battle of Astorga and in Napoleon's many later campaigns.

Mrs. O'Reilly was a woman of rare intellectual gifts, combined with a generous, hospitable, kindly heart, which made her beloved by the beneficiaries of the Institution. The elder O'Reilly and his wife came to Dowth Castle from Dublin; they had five daughters and three sons, all of whom displayed, in a lesser degree, the poetic qualities which attained full growth in the case of John Boyle O'Reilly.

John was the second son of the family. He inherited a good constitution, and from childhood was passionately devoted to out-door sports. He swam the Boyne, and roamed among the ruins and old underground passages of the neighborhood, unconsciously absorbing the poetry and romance whose atmosphere was all around. He was a brave, good-humored lad, not easily made angry, and quicker to resent an injury done a small playfellow than one offered himself. An unpublished sketch from his pen has this autobiographical bit: "When I was about nine years of age, some friend had gratified a craving which I had then (and have not lost yet) to own a dog, by presenting me with a brown, broad-backed, thick-legged, round-bodied, spaniel puppy, about a month old. Its possession

DOWTH CASTLE, COUNTY MEATH, IRELAND, BIRTH-PLACE OF JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

was one of the delicious incidents, and is now one of the delicious memories of my life. That little brown, fat dog, that could not walk through the meadow, but had to jump over every tangled spot, and miss five times out of six, and fall and roll over when at last he succeeded, and have to be taken up then and carried—that little brown, fat dog, with his flapping ears and hard belly, and straight, short tail,—who wore the hair off his back with lying on it to play with the big dogs, or with me; who never could trot, he was so fat and round; who always galloped or walked like an Australian horse; who was always so hungry that he never could take his milk quietly, but must gallop up to it, and charge into it, and make himself cough,—the possession of that little brown spaniel puppy made me one of the happiest and proudest boys in Ireland."

With such parents, and such surroundings, the lad assimilated knowledge, and imbibed the profounder learning that is not found in books, that indefinable something which makes all the difference between a scholar and a poet. His education could not be said to have been completed when he left school. They, only, have nothing more to learn who have nothing at all to teach in after life.

But he had a good education in having learned how to handle the tools of knowledge, when, at about the age of eleven, he left home to enter the printing office of the Drogheda *Argus*, in the humble capacity of apprentice, and on the still more humble salary of two shillings and sixpence a week, which did not include board or lodging. The circumstances under which he was induced to begin the struggle of life at such a tender age were these: His brother, William, two and a half years his senior, had been bound as an apprentice in the *Argus* establishment. He was a delicate youth, and after six months' service was obliged by ill-health to give up his place. John, then a fine, manly little fellow, hearing his mother lament the loss of the premium, which amounted to fifty pounds, offered to take his brother's place, and the offer was ultimately accepted. His salary was increased at the rate of

sixpence a week every year, the *Argus* in this respect not differing from other printing-offices in the country. A certain stint of work had to be done in return, and extra pay was allowed for all in excess thereof. Young O'Reilly was so apt a pupil that he very soon was in receipt of twice his nominal wages. His parents, of course, provided for whatever deficit might exist between his income and outlay. The work was not hard, but the hours were long,—six to nine o'clock before breakfast, ten to two before dinner, and three to seven or eight before supper. The boy was a prime favorite in the work-room, his handsome face, courteous manners, and kindly disposition making him the pet rather than the butt which the printer's "devil" often is. He was full of good-humor and fun that was sometimes mischievous, but never malicious. Probably his first poetic effort (if it may be so called) was the New Year's Day song written for the paper-carriers, and addressed to their patrons, with a view to obtaining gratuities. Here, as elsewhere, he was an omnivorous reader and an incessant dabbler in rhymes.

The death of the proprietor of the *Argus* discharged the indentures of young O'Reilly when he had served nearly four years of his time.

While enjoying a period of enforced idleness at home, the ship *Caledonian*, owned and commanded by his uncle, Capt. James Watkinson, of Preston, England, came to Drogheda, and loaded with a cargo of barley for Preston. Capt. Watkinson was an Englishman, who had married a sister of Mrs. O'Reilly. John accepted his invitation to make a voyage and visit to his aunt, Mrs. Watkinson, and accordingly set sail for Preston in August or September, 1859.

At the suggestion of his relatives, he secured a situation as apprentice in the office of the *Guardian*, then published in Cannon Street, Preston, ultimately graduating from the printer's case to the reporter's desk. He learned shorthand, and otherwise equipped himself for the business of a journalist.

Owing in part to its proximity to Ireland, and in part to the fact that it has always kept the old Faith, Preston is an English stronghold of Catholicity, with a large Irish population, sustaining its original name of "Priest Town."

He took part in the trade procession of the Guilds in September, 1862. This jubilee is one of the institutions of Preston which dates back to the reign of Henry the Second, and is celebrated every twenty years. During its progress, which lasts some ten days, the whole town enjoys a holiday with daily processions and nightly illuminations, attracting thousands of visitors from all parts of the country.

About a year after his arrival he became a member, and later a non-commissioned officer, of Company 2, Eleventh Lancashire Rifle Volunteers. He was an enthusiastic soldier, and an especial favorite in his company.

The three and a half years of his life in Preston were among the happiest he was ever to know. Writing to a friend in 1881, he said:

It is pleasant to be remembered kindly through nearly twenty years of absence. To me every impression of Preston has kept its sharp outline. Yet I have been very busy and very unsettled during that time. . . . . But all the years and events fade when I think of dear old Preston—and I find myself on the Ribble in an outrigger, striking away under Walton heights, or pulling a race with Mr. P—— between the bridges. . . .

Do you remember the day we went to Ribchester, and then walked up along the river to Stonyhurst? Somehow that day stands out as one of the happiest and brightest in my life. I remember every incident as if it were yesterday. Though I lived only a few years in Preston, I love it and the friends I made there better than any I have since known. In worldly way I have prospered; and in literary repute I stand well in this country. I am busy from morning till night. But under all the changed appearances and surroundings the stream of my old friendships and pleasures flows steadily along.

During all the time of his residence at Preston he dwelt at the house of his aunt, at 81 Barton Terrace, Deepdale Road, leading a quiet, studious life. During the winter months he got up amateur theatricals. At Christmas he

prepared a splendid performance, with a stage erected in the back parlor, and an audience of little children, with one or two older friends from the *Guardian* office.

This happy, tranquil, care-free life, eminently congenial to the poet, did not satisfy the aspirations of the youth who was much more than a poet. Nevertheless, it was with many a heartache and some tears that he obeyed a call from his father to return home on the expiration of his term of apprenticeship, and seek employment on some Irish paper. There was something besides filial obedience impelling him when he left Preston, forever, about the end of March, 1863. He had become deeply imbued with the revolutionary principles, then so freely adopted by patriotic Irishmen in all parts of the world. He dreamed of making his country free—not merely independent of the British connection, but absolutely free—in short, a republic.

The Fenian movement was the crystallization of national discontent and aspiration for liberty, which had remained latent, but not dead, ever since the disastrous rising of 1798. O'Connell had failed to secure the repeal of the Union through agitation. The brilliant and daring spirits of "Young Ireland" had appealed to force, in 1848. Nothing came of it but defeat and humiliation. Irish orators have fervently characterized the condition of their countrymen as one of slavery. The phrase is unjust and misleading. The slave-master has a personal, selfish interest in the welfare of his bondman. The death of a slave means pecuniary loss to his owner; the escape of one is something to be prevented at any cost. It is business policy to keep the unpaid worker well and strong. Unfortunately for the wretched people of Ireland they were not slaves. When they died by thousands in the dark year of famine, when they fled the country by millions in the following years, their masters were unmoved by the one calamity; they rejoiced at the other. The vacant places were filled less expensively than by purchase at the auction-block. The sharp goad of hunger sent its victims to the human mart more surely than the slave-driver's whip. And political

economy, which knows no sentiment, had decided that cattle were more profitable dwellers on the soil than men and women.

Ireland was "pacified." There was less discontent in 1860 than there had been twenty years before; because there were fewer men and women, by three millions, to be discontented. Order reigned in Ireland, as it had reigned in Warsaw. And so the country was desperately ripe for insurrection.

The Fenians had planned a far-reaching scheme of revolution. Popular discontent with misgovernment could be relied upon as one agency; for the Irishman is ever a rebel against tyranny. Centuries of bitter experience have not broken his spirit, nor checked his aspirations.

The American Civil War was another element. The leaders counted on sympathy and aid from the people of the North, sorely grieved by the conduct of England in abetting the South. They counted on the more active support of thousands of Irish-American soldiers who owed a double debt of vengeance to the oppressors of their native land and the enemy of their adopted country.

But their shrewdest expectation was based on the disaffection which they hoped, and not in vain, to be able to sow in the ranks of the British army itself. More than thirty-one per cent. of the rank and file of that army, in 1860, were Irishmen.

The proportion of potential rebels was morally increased when John Boyle O'Reilly went over to Ireland, in May, 1863, to enlist as a trooper in the Tenth Hussars. One does not weigh dangerous consequences against generous impulses, at nineteen years of age. No more does he inquire with minute casuistry into the exact moral values of the deed. In entering the military service of the British Government, with the object of overthrowing the monarchy, he was guilty of treason, in the eye of the law.

But the penalty of treason, in any form, was death. There is no higher penalty; if there were it would have been decreed for such offenses. Whether he plotted against

the Crown within the ranks of the army, or defied its power in open futile insurrection, the rebel's life was equally forfeit. The government puts no premium upon open hostility; it sets no special ban upon secret conspiracy. George Washington would have been hanged as ruthlessly as Robert Emmet had his scheme of treason failed.

As the event proved, the boldness of the conspirators was their salvation. The government, terrified at the extent to which disloyalty had pervaded the ranks, dared not be very severe in administering punishment. Rebellious Sepoys might be blown from the cannon's mouth, but there were too many Irishmen in the army to make such a measure wise in dealing with Fenians.

Young O'Reilly was not the man to weigh all these scruples or chances. Like Nathan Hale and Major André, he risked his life, but not his honor, when he entered the enemy's lines. He would have accepted their fate without a murmur, as the fortune of war, but when he joined the Tenth Hussars for the express purpose of recruiting the ranks of republicanism, he was animated by no motive more complex than that described by himself in after years: "They said to us: 'Come on, boys, it is for Ireland,'—and we came."

Never did dark conspirator bear lighter heart than did this brilliant boy when he donned the handsome uniform of the Tenth. Valentine Baker was its colonel, then a brave, dashing, petted soldier; later a just victim of British propriety, and, later yet, the denationalized servant of the unspeakable Turk. "O'Reilly was a good soldier," testified Baker at the trial of the rebellious Hussar. More than once he had received petty promotion, which he always took care to have canceled by some breach of discipline, for he did not wish to owe over-much to the service.

The life of the trooper had many charms for him. He loved its splendid glamour, being a soldier by inheritance and instinct. He rejoiced in martial pastimes, and he was young and comely enough to take a pleasure in the gay trappings of a cavalryman. It delighted him, as he afterward confessed, to go out of his way, when sent on a mes-

sage of duty, in order to pass a certain great plate-glass window, in which he could behold the dazzling proportions of himself and his steed. But the boyish pride had in it nothing to spoil his manliness. He coveted, and easily won, the truer happiness of knowing that he was beloved by his fellows. The qualities which had made him the favorite of the printing-office and the Volunteer barracks, which were destined to win the hearts of thousands in every rank of life, in a strange land, gave him a high place in the hearts of the rough troopers of the Tenth. By his personal magnetism, as much as by the force of his eloquence, he turned many a stout fellow from allegiance to the Queen, to the more dangerous path of devotion to country.

Before coming to the abrupt close of his service as a trooper in the "Prince of Wales' Own," it is worth while to dwell for a moment on the life which he loved so well. Among his unpublished papers I find some interesting fragmentary sketches of military life, which show what his possibilities were had he possessed the leisure or inclination to amplify them into pictures.

One is a delightful view of a passing regiment entitled:

THE PICKET OF DRAGOONS.

On a bright March morning, about ten o'clock, the loungers on the quay along the river Liffey, that flows peacefully through the center of Dublin, turned their indolent backs to the low wall and gazed at the mounted picket of dragoons on its way to the "Castle." The soldiers were going to relieve the picket from another cavalry regiment that had been on guard since the day before. The picket was composed of a sergeant, a corporal, and twelve troopers. The sun glittered on their burnished bits, stirrups, and swords, and on the silk-like coats of their well-groomed horses. They rode leisurely, in perfect order.

The sergeant, old, white-mustached, red-nosed, and very corpulent, rode in front, his right hand planted jauntily on his thigh, and his wicked eye raking the sidewalk for female admiration, and glancing into the large shop windows, where he caught a passing reflection of his graceful self.

"Old Jock is in no hurry this morning," said one of the drummers, with a low laugh, to the comrade next him. "Hurry! old peacock!" grumbled the other; "he would like to parade here all day. Just look!" A lady who had been approaching on the almost deserted

sidewalk had stopped a little ahead, with the evident intention of taking a good look at the soldiers. Oh ! the subtle influence of the sex. Every man in the picket sat a little straighter, and even the horses seemed to curve their necks until their lips kissed the brazen boss of the breastplate.

It was a sweet moment for the sergeant. He leaned forward, taking the reins in his right hand a moment to pat the horse's neck with his left white-gauntleted hand, which was next the sidewalk. Then he sat easily back, right hand on thigh again, and blandly turned to beam on the admiring divinity. Rare moment ! Only he who has worn war-paint knows the meaning of it. The foam-fleck on the bit, the shining color of the chain on the horse's neck, the reminding touch of the hilt against the thigh,—all these common, daily things are felt anew, with a fresh significance known to the recruit, when they are mirrored in the admiring, ignorant eyes of womanhood.

The Tenth Hussars were picked men, at least physically. Morally and mentally they were also above the average, which was not high, of the army. A youth like O'Reilly, full of generous impulses and lofty aspirations, would have been strangely out of place among the men whom the latest novelist has given to the world as representative British soldiers. But the troopers of the Tenth were far above such ruthless swashbucklers. Types of the latter were to be met with at the great military musters of Aldershot and the Curragh. "Are Mulvaney and Learoyd and Ortheris fair representatives of the British private?" was a question put to the ex-private of Troop D, of the Tenth Hussars, shortly after the appearance on the literary stage of these Anglo-Indian musketeers. "They are not average soldiers," he replied, "but they are not caricatures. I have seen men fully as depraved as Mr. Kipling's hero, who boasted of having 'put his foot through every one of the Ten Commandments between "reveillé" and "lights out."' I met one at a review on the Curragh, who told me, without the slightest apparent thought of the atrocity of the deed, how he and his comrades had once roasted a Hindoo gentleman to death, out of pure, wanton savagery. He did not consider it a crime to be ashamed of, nor a feat to boast of. It was simply an incident in his campaign experience."

It would be a gross libel to say that the British army is

mainly, or even largely, made up of such truculent ruffians as these, or that even the milder villainies chronicled by Kipling are fairly characteristic of them. It is nevertheless true that few men of good character enter the ranks, unless impelled by stern necessity, or by such a higher motive as that which sent O'Reilly and scores of other incipient rebels thither. Thirty years ago, the British private soldier was looked upon as a moral outcast by even the humblest of honest folk in civil life. Characteristically enough, the same people, as well as their "betters," had nothing but envious admiration for the commissioned officer, whose morals were not a whit choicer than those of the enlisted man. But that inconsistency of human nature is as old as the noble trade of war itself.

There were good men as well as good soldiers, thousands of them, in the rank and file. It was always the good men and good soldiers among the Irishmen who were most easily converted to the doctrines of Fenianism. This is one of the commonest fruits of misgovernment.

O'Reilly was a model soldier, quick to learn and punctual to obey the rules of military discipline. He was the life of the barracks, infecting his comrades with something of his own gay and cheery nature. He was foremost in every amusement, lightening the dullness of life in quarters with concerts and dramatic performances, sometimes of his own composition, a strong Nationalist tone pervading all his work. Treasonable songs and ballads were chanted in the quarters of troop D, and spread among the other companies. With boyish recklessness he embroidered rebel devices on the under side of his saddle-cloth, and in the lining of his military overcoat.

Yet when the Government, alarmed at the spread of disaffection, sent its secret agents to investigate, the conspirators hoodwinked and baffled all the minor spies, and laughed in their sleeves at the dullness of Scotland Yard. Treason continued to flourish, and, but for counter-treason, might have flourished indefinitely. Talbot, the arch-informer, was detailed to work up the case. He was a use-

ful agent of Government, a smooth, insidious scoundrel, who ingratiated himself into the confidence of the most wary, professing the warmest patriotic sentiments, and carrying his deception even to the extent of assuming to be a devout Catholic. As such he went to Confession and Communion with pious punctuality.

This utterly depraved scoundrel deserves more than passing mention. His other deserts he received when, in open day, on a crowded Dublin street, he was shot dead by an illegal agent of righteous retribution. In the year 1864, under the assumed name of Kelly, and the disguise of a zealous Catholic and patriot, he presented himself to the Fenian conspirators at Clonmel, Tipperary, and showed so much enthusiasm in the cause that he was speedily appointed an officer and authorized to organize a "circle." His zeal was so great that he made many converts among young men who, but for his exhortations, would never have dreamed of entering upon such a dangerous adventure. He personally administered the Fenian oath to a large number of soldiers.

When the collapse came, the chief witness for the Government was the oily "Mr. Kelly," water-bailiff of Clonmel, *alias* Head Constable Talbot. This Government agent was the lay figure from which Boucicault drew one of his greatest studies, *Harvey Duff*, the informer in "The Shaughraun."

Ten years after Talbot's betrayal of the Fenians, and two years after the informer had gone to his account, one of his victims wrote as follows in his paper, the Boston *Pilot:*

"There is underlying the character of 'The Shaughraun,' one rigid and terrible line—a line typical and national—*hatred of an informer.* Mr. Boucicault, an Irishman himself, must have carefully studied the devilish character of Talbot before he drew that of *Harvey Duff.* Here, too, we find a man—coward at heart, but confident and cunning—who wins the trust of the peasantry, and then swears their lives away. Villainy added to villainy fills the trai-

tor's cup at last, and the awful hour comes when the informer cowers like a cur at the feet of the *Shaughraun*, and gasps in terror at the cries of the country people coming down the hillside in pursuit. Here stands out the rigid line that subtends the character of laughter-loving, but now terrible *Conn*. The drollery dies out of his face and the light freezes in his eye. Seizing the kneeling wretch by the throat, he laughs in his agonized face, as pitiless as Fate.

"'Listen to them,' he cries, pointing to the hillside; 'look at them! They are coming for you! Do you see that old man with the spade? That's Andy Donovan, whose son you sent to prison. And that old woman with the hatchet? That's Bridget Madigan, whose boys you sent across the sea. Pity! you dog! I'll have pity on you, *as you had pity on them!*'"

On the one side was pitted the might, and money, and influence of a great Empire; on the other, the reckless courage and uncalculating patriotism of the few and friendless, but generous-hearted dreamers like Boyle O'Reilly.

John Devoy, the indefatigable agent of the revolutionary party, tells how he first met the young Hussar who was to play such a prominent part in the after history of his country:

"I met him first in October, 1865, and the circumstances were characteristic of that troubled period of Irish history. The Tenth was quartered at Island Bridge Barracks, in the western outskirts of Dublin. There was a warrant for my arrest as a Fenian at the time, and I could not go home or attend to business. I had some acquaintance with the army, through living near the Curragh camp, and, when all the 'organizers' for the army had been arrested or forced to remain 'on their keeping,' James Stephens, the chief executive of the Irish republic that was to be, appointed me 'chief organizer' for the British army. The position involved some risks, but I undertook it, and in a few months laid up sufficient evidence to procure myself a sentence of fifteen years' penal servitude.

"I succeeded very well with all the regiments of the Dublin garrison except the Tenth Hussars, and I wanted to do the best I could with it, on account of the location of the barracks. The men were mainly English, but there were about a hundred Irishmen among them. Those I had met were mostly worthless, and I could make no headway. At last a young veterinary surgeon from Drogheda, named Harry Byrne, now dead—all the men of that period are dying off—was introduced to me by Colonel Kelly, the man afterward rescued in Manchester. He told me there was a young fellow of his acquaintance in the Tenth who would just fill the bill. In half an hour we were on our way to Island Bridge on an outside car. We dismissed it some distance away and went into the barracks. The regiment had been stationed in Drogheda, and Byrne knew many of the officers and sergeants through his profession. In the barrack square we met a bluff, hearty sergeant major, an Englishman of the best type, whom Byrne knew. He told us O'Reilly was on picket at the royal barracks. There were heavy pickets of cavalry and infantry kept in readiness for emergencies at certain points in Dublin during these exciting times. We went into the canteen and had a drink and a chat with the old veteran, and he praised O'Reilly to the skies. He pronounced him the best young soldier in the regiment, and evidently thought there was a great future before him. 'I shouldn't wonder,' said he, 'if in five or six years that young fellow'd be a troop sawjent majah.'

"We went to the royal barracks, not far away, and, meeting some Fenian troopers of the Fifth Dragoon Guards, were soon piloted to where the picket of the Tenth was stationed. O'Reilly was in the stable tightening his saddle girths and getting ready to mount and start off to the viceregal lodge with a dispatch for the lord lieutenant from Sir Hugh Rose, the commander of the forces in Ireland. Byrne had just time to introduce us, and O'Reilly and I to make an appointment for the next evening, when he brought out his horse, sprang into the saddle, and was off. O'Reilly

was then a handsome, lithely built young fellow of twenty, with the down of a future black mustache on his lip. He had a pair of beautiful dark eyes, that changed in expression with his varying emotions. He wore the full-dress dark blue hussar uniform, with its mass of braiding across the breast, and the busby, with its tossing plume, was set jauntily on the head and held by a linked brass strap, catching under the lower lip.

"From that time till the following February, when we were both arrested within a few days of each other, I saw him almost every day. When on guard or picket duty he never failed to communicate to me, through William Curry, a furloughed corporal of the Eighty-seventh Foot,—the famous 'Faugh a Ballaghs,'—who could go in and out of the barracks, every change worth knowing in the location and strength of the guards and pickets. He brought in some eighty men to be sworn in, had them divided into two prospective troops, obtained possession of the key of an unused postern gate, and had everything ready to take his men, armed and mounted, out of the barracks at a given signal. The signal never came, and all his and other men's risks and sacrifices were thrown away through incompetent and nerveless leadership."

It was time for the Government to exert itself, as fifteen thousand British soldiers had been enrolled in the ranks of the revolutionists. On the 15th of September, 1865, the blow fell. *The Irish People* newspaper, which had been for two years the organ of the physical force party, was seized by the police, and its editors, Thomas Clark Luby, John O'Leary, and Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa, were put under arrest. This action of the Government was wholly unexpected on the part of the conspirators, who had, very unwisely, foreborne to destroy hundreds of letters of an incriminating nature from fellow-conspirators in all parts of the country. The authorities, by one stroke, were thus given the key to the whole revolutionary scheme. In the following November, Charles Joseph Kickham, another editor of *The Irish People*, was arrested, together with

James Stephens, the great "Head Center" of the Fenian movement. Stephens escaped from Richmond prison before he could be brought to trial. The man through whose skill and daring he was rescued from the very lion's jaws was John Breslin, of whom we shall hear again in a still more audacious, successful exploit. By a curious coincidence, John Boyle O'Reilly was one of the soldiers detailed to guard the court room on the occasion of O'Donovan Rossa's trial. The famous "dynamiter" recognized his former guard when they met, years afterward, in New York.

O'Reilly was looking out of the barrack windows at Island Bridge, in the city of Dublin, on the afternoon of February 12, 1866, when he saw one of his fellow-conspirators arrested and led to the guard-house. "My turn will come next," he said quietly. His prediction was verified; he was arrested within forty-eight hours. As he traversed the barrack-yard, in charge of a detective, his colonel met him, and shaking his fist in the prisoner's face, exclaimed, "Damn you, O'Reilly! you have ruined the finest regiment in the service." There was perhaps as much of regret as of anger in the imprecation; for Valentine Baker liked the bright and handsome young Hussar, whom he had once saved from an ignominious punishment, and the feeling was reciprocated. Years afterwards, when their situations were reversed, and O'Reilly, prosperous and honored, read of the shame that had come upon his old commander, he was moved by genuine sorrow and sympathy for the fallen soldier.

While he lay in Arbor Hill military prison, closely guarded, as was each of the accused, pressure was brought to bear upon him to inform against his comrades. He was assured that others had secured immunity for themselves by making a clean breast of their connection with the conspiracy. Certain weak men to whom a similar assurance had been given had, indeed, been duped into becoming informers. Isolation, silence, the grim uncertainty that hung over all, and especially the seed of suspicion so carefully sown, that he

who held out longest would suffer the worst, were arguments strong enough to weaken many a man who would not have wavered if ordered to charge a battery. The warden who had immediate charge of O'Reilly was an old soldier and an Englishman. As a loyal subject he hated treason; but, as a soldier, he bore no love for a traitor to his fellows. As in duty bound he officially countenanced the efforts of the authorities to secure evidence by any and all means. One day, just before that fixed for the trial, another official labored for the last time long and earnestly to extort a confession from O'Reilly, assuring him that others had owned up and that it would be suicidal folly in him to remain silent when he could secure pardon by telling all he knew. The warden, who was present, threw in an occasional perfunctory remark to the same effect. As the prisoner continued obdurate, the official took his leave, with a parting warning of the dread consequences. The warden accompanied him to the door, adding his word of advice: "Yes, you'd better do as he says, O'Reilly. It will be better for you to save your own neck, my boy." Then closing the door on the visitor and wheeling sharply round, "And, damme! I'd like to choke you with my own hands if you do!"

Another interesting story of this period attaches to one of the very few of his early poems which he judged worthy of preservation in his collected work—"The Old School Clock." The manuscripts of that and some other verses were discovered hidden in the ventilator of the cell occupied by a fellow-prisoner, after his trial and deportation to England. It fell into the hands of Mr. Vere Foster, the celebrated philanthropist, who sent copies to the young poet's family, and took such an especial liking to "The Old School Clock," that he printed it, with a picture of the old and the new clocks, as described in the poem, on the back of the National School copy-books, which were manufactured by him. The original clock was one which hung on the wall of the Netterville schoolroom. On revisiting home, while serving in the Tenth Hussars, O'Reilly missed the old

clock, its place being usurped, as he tells in the poem, by "a new-fashioned Yankee" intruder.

The fellow-prisoner was Captain James Murphy, a veteran of the American Civil War, who had been arrested, while traveling in Ireland, on the false charge of being a deserter from the British army. When Captain Murphy was transferred from Arbor Hill, his person and clothing were searched rigorously, but nothing contraband was found, as he had hidden the poems, written in pencil, and the following letter from their author, in the ventilator of his cell:

MY DEAR OLD FELLOW: I have a good many more bits of poetry of my own manufacture, but they are of a nature which would not serve you were they discovered going to you. I also was cautioned about this courier, but I think he is true. If you get this, and can depend on any one to call, I'll give you a long letter and more poems. I wrote "The Old Clock" to-day. If you can possibly give a copy of it to my father, do. He or my brother will tell you all about the "Old Clock," etc. I was reminded of it by looking at the prison clock this morning.

Mr. Foster was compelled to withdraw the poem from the copy-books, as the National School Board objected to sanctioning the production, however innocent, of a Fenian. Some years afterwards Mr. Foster visited America, and on his return told the following interesting sequel to the incident:

"On my arrival at Boston, I called on the proprietor of the *Pilot*. He said: 'To-morrow morning I shall send a young man from this office to call on you. He will question you as to the object of your present visit to America, and I will print a paragraph which may be the means of bringing some of your old friends about you.'

"Next morning a handsome young man of good address called on me at my hotel, and after some conversation, I asked him his name.

"'John Boyle O'Reilly,' said he.

"'Are you the author of a little poem called "The Old School Clock"?'

"'I am,' he replied.

"He didn't know that the poem had been found, and a copy of it given, as he had desired, to his parents, whom I had hunted up in Dublin, and at length found lodging in the same street as myself, or that the poem had been published.

"I had but one copy with me, which he was greatly delighted to possess. He entertained me at dinner, and showed me all over the city."

CHAPTER II.

Trial by Court-martial—A Prisoner's Rights before a British Military Tribunal—The Stories of Two Informers—Found Guilty and Sentenced to Death—Commutation of Sentence—Mountjoy Prison—How O'Reilly repaid a Traitor.

ON Wednesday, June 27, 1866, the eve of his twenty-second birthday, his trial by court-martial began in the mess-room of the Eighty-fifth Regiment at Royal Barracks. The charge was, "Having at Dublin, in January, 1866, come to the knowledge of an intended mutiny in Her Majesty's Forces in Ireland, and not giving information of said intended mutiny to his commanding officer."

His fellow prisoners were Color-Sergeant Charles McCarthy, Privates Patrick Keating, Michael Harrington, Thomas Darragh, and Capt. James Murphy, the last named being the American soldier who was charged with having deserted from the British camp at Aldershot at a time when, as he was happily able to prove, he was serving his country in Western Virginia.

The court-martial was constituted as follows: President, Colonel Sawyer, Sixth Dragoon Guards. Prosecutor, Captain Whelan, Eighth Regiment, assisted by Mr. Landy, Q. C. The Judge Advocate was advised by Mr. Johnson. The prisoner was defended by Mr. O'Loughlen, advised by Mr. John Lawless, solicitor.

The other officers of the court were: Lieut.-Col. Maunsell, Major Drew, and Capt. Gladstone, Seventy-fifth Foot; Capt. Wallace and Lieut. Caryvell, Ninety-second Gordon Highlanders; Capt. Skinner, Military Train; Capt. Kingston and Lieut. Garnett, Fifth Dragoons; Capt. Barthorp, Tenth Hussars; Capt. Telford and Lieut. Meade, Sixtieth Rifles; Capt. Taylor, Eighty-eighth Foot; Capt. Fox and Ensign Parkinson, Sixty-first Foot.

The prisoner pleaded "not guilty." Capt. Whelan, the prosecutor, opened the case against Private O'Reilly, as follows:

"The enormity of the offense with which the prisoner is charged is such that it is difficult to find language by which to describe it. It strikes at the root of all military discipline, and, if allowed to escape punishment which it entails, would render her Majesty's forces, who ought to be the guardians of our lives and liberty, and the bulwark and protection of the constitution under which we live, a source of danger to the state and all its loyal citizens and subjects, and her Majesty's faithful subjects would become the prey and victims of military despotism, licentiousness, and violence. Our standing army would then be a terror to the throne, and a curse, not a blessing, to the community; but at the same time, as is the gravity of the offense, so in proportion should the evidence by which such a charge is to be sustained, be carefully and sedulously weighed. It will be for you, gentlemen, to say whether the evidence which will be adduced before you, leaves upon your mind any reasonable doubt of the prisoner's guilt."

The prosecutor, in continuation, said that evidence would be laid before them to show that the prisoner was an active member of the Fenian conspiracy, and that he had endeavored to induce other soldiers to join it.

The first witness called was LANCE-CORPORAL FITZGERALD, Tenth Hussars. He said:

I know the prisoner. I know Hoey's public house in Bridgeport Street. I was in it in the month of November, 1865, with the prisoner. He brought me there. I was introduced by the prisoner to a man named Devoy. There were then present, Tierney, Rorreson, Bergin, and Sinclair of the Tenth Hussars.

Prosecutor. Was there any conversation in presence of the prisoner? If so, state what it was.

Prisoner. I object, sir, to that question. It relates to a conversation previous to the date of the charge, and can have no reference to it.

The court ruled that the evidence was admissible, and the question was put.

Witness. Prisoner introduced me to Devoy and said: "This is Corporal Fitzgerald," and I spoke to him. Devoy said O'Reilly had spoken to him several times about me, and said he should like to get me. We three sat down together and I asked Devoy who was carrying on this affair. He said Stephens. I asked, were there any arms or ammunition. He said there was, and they were getting lots every day from America. I asked who were to be their officers. He said there would be plenty of officers. He said it was so carried on that privates did not know their non-commissioned officers, nor they their officers. Devoy then left the room and the prisoner went after him. After a few minutes prisoner came and told me that Devoy wanted to speak to me. I went down to the yard and found Devoy there. He said, "I suppose O'Reilly has told you what I want with you."

Prisoner. I respectfully object, sir. What the witness now states to have taken place, was not in my presence.

Court decided that the answer should be given.

Witness. I said that I did not know. He said that it was for the purpose of joining them he wanted me, and that there was an oath necessary to be taken. I said I would not take the oath, and he then said that he would not trust any man that did not take the oath. We then returned upstairs. Nothing further took place.

President. What did you mean by using the words, "This business"?

Witness. I meant the Fenian conspiracy. When I went upstairs I saw the prisoner, who bade me good-night. The next time I saw him was one evening I met him in town coming from the barracks. Some arrests took place that day, and I said, "This business is getting serious." He said it was, and that my name had been mentioned at a meeting a few nights before. I asked what meeting, and he said a military meeting. I asked him who mentioned my name, and he said he did not know exactly, but that it was a man of the Fifth Dragoon Guards. He added, "If you come home to-night I will take you to a similar meeting." I gave him no decided answer. I afterwards met him in the barracks. This all occurred before the meeting at Hoey's, of which I stated. When I met him in the barracks he asked me was I going out. I replied that I was. He said, "Will you meet me at the sign of the 'Two Soldiers'?" I said yes, and went there and waited until O'Reilly came in. He called for some drink, and after we drank we left the house, but came back again to get my gloves, and he said, "I want to introduce you to a person." I said that I had no time and should go, but he said, "I shall not detain you a minute." I then went with him to Hoey's public house. It was on that occasion that I had the interview with Devoy of which I have given evidence.

Here the court adjourned for half an hour.

On its reassembling Corporal Fitzgerald continued his testimony:

The conversation of which I have last spoken took place either toward the end of November or the beginning of December, 1865. Prisoner never told me the object of the military meetings of which he spoke. I know Pilsworth's public house, James's Street. I met prisoner in that house on the 13th of January, 1866. There were with him Denny, Mullarchy, Hood, Loftus, Crosby, and Sinclair, all Tenth Hussars, and two deserters from Fifth Dragoon Guards. They were in civilian clothes. There was a man named Williams present, and also Devoy. On that occasion I had no conversation with O'Reilly, nor with any other person in his hearing. I never had any further conversation with the prisoner about Fenianism.

To the Court:

Prisoner never asked me the result of my conversation with Devoy.

On cross-examination by the prisoner, witness said:

When I was in Hoey's public house there were no soldiers of any other regiment but the Tenth Hussars present. That was the only time I met the prisoner at Hoey's. It was a few days after the conversation which took place when I met the prisoner coming from the barracks, that he introduced me to Devoy. I am twelve years in the army. The prisoner was in the army only three years.

To the Court:

I made no report to my commanding officer of my conversation with Devoy or the other meeting at Pilsworth's. I never took the Fenian oath.

The next witness, PRIVATE MCDONALD, Tenth Hussars, testified:

I know Pilsworth's house. I was there about Christmas last with the prisoner. I went with him to the house. There were other persons there but I cannot say who they were. There were some civilians, but I did not know their names. Since then I heard that Devoy was one of them. The prisoner did not introduce me to any one on that occasion. Any drink the soldiers had they paid for themselves. There was no conversation relating to Fenianism in the presence of the prisoner.

Here the President deemed it advisable to give the witness a hint that his evidence was not satisfactory.

President. Remember that you are on your oath.

Witness. Prisoner was sitting near me for a quarter of an hour or more; he was not far away from me. He was sitting alongside me, close as one person sits to another. I knew prisoner before that night. I had some conversation with O'Reilly while he was sitting by me. I cannot now tell what it was about, but it was not about Fenianism.

Devoy was not sitting near me that night; he was sitting at the same table, but I did not speak to him, nor he to me. I know Fortune's

public house in Golden Lane. I have been once in that house with O'Reilly, but I cannot say in what month. It was after Christmas, I think. There were some civilians and soldiers there ; the soldiers were infantry men. Devoy was one of the civilians, but I knew no one else's name.

Here the President again interjected a threatening hint.

President. Is it impossible to know an infantry man's name ?

Witness. I did not know their names.

President. What regiments did they belong to ?

Witness. Some of Sixty-first, some of Eighty-seventh ; there were no other cavalrymen but prisoner and myself. The prisoner did not introduce me to any one on that occasion. We were in Fortune's for an hour and a half. I had no conversation with the prisoner on that occasion ; the people who were there were talking to themselves and I did not hear any conversation that night. Some of the civilians treated me to some drink. Devoy treated both me and the prisoner. I have met a man known by the name of Davis. He was not in Fortune's that night. Devoy, prisoner, and myself all drank together that night. After leaving Fortune's we went to Doyle's public house. Devoy came with two other civilians and some infantry soldiers. I was in Doyle's from half-past eight until after nine. In Doyle's we were again treated to drink by the civilians and by Devoy ; it was he asked us to go there. O'Reilly was in the room when he asked me to do so, but I could not say how near he was to us when Devoy was speaking. I think prisoner might have heard Devoy speaking. When Devoy asked us to go to Doyle's he said it was quieter than Fortune's. In Doyle's we were not exactly sitting together, there were some civilians between me and Devoy. I do not know their names.

Here the Court adjourned to next morning.

McDonald's examination resumed :

When I was in Doyle's, prisoner was not sitting ; he was standing between me and Devoy. He was in front of me. I had no conversation with the prisoner or with any person in his hearing. I was with the prisoner in Barclay's public house about a fortnight after I was in Doyle's with him. There were some soldiers and civilians there. Devoy was there. I don't know any other names, but I know their faces. They were the same men who had been at Doyle's. We remained at Barclay's from seven till nine o'clock. On that occasion I had no conversation with the prisoner, I had no conversation in presence of prisoner. I went to Barclay's with John O'Reilly. The next public house I was in with him was Hoey's, in Bridgeport Street, about a week after. I went there with prisoner. Same civilians were there that I met before, and some infantry soldiers. Prisoner did not remain ; he went away after I went into the house. I had no conversation with

O'Reilly that night. I afterwards, in the same month, went with prisoner to Bergin's, James's Street; remained there from half-past eight to quarter-past nine ; did not know any persons present, they were all strangers ; there were four infantry soldiers, one of them, I think, of the Fifty-third. Prisoner was there the whole time ; there was no conversation between prisoner and those present. There was singing.

President. No conversation !

Witness. None.

President. Public houses must be mortal slow places according to your account.

Witness. Singing was in presence and hearing of prisoner. Prisoner did not join in the singing ; he was sitting down ; we were both drinking some beer. Some civilians asked us to drink, but we treated ourselves. Prisoner told me that he belonged to the Fenian brotherhood in Cahir. He told me so in conversation as we were coming down from Island Bridge Barracks, in April, twelve months ago.

Cross-examined by Prisoner :

At Pilsworth's there were three or four sitting at the same table with us and Devoy. When I said there was no conversation between me and the prisoner at Fortune's I meant no conversation about Fenianism. When Devoy asked me to go to Doyle's, prisoner might not have heard him do so. We went upstairs at Barclay's. When I said I had no conversation with the prisoner at Hoey's, I meant none about Fenianism. I think I saw Corporal Fitzgerald at Hoey's one night, but I can't tell the date. I never was in company with Fitzgerald at Hoey's public house ; it is over twelve months and more since the Tenth Hussars were quartered in Cahir ; I had no conversation with prisoner in Pilsworth's about Fenianism. Strange civilians often asked me to take a drink in public houses. I never was a Fenian. The Tenth Hussars were quartered in Cahir for nine months.

To the Court :

The prisoner told me who Devoy was in Pilsworth's. I have known the prisoner since he enlisted, three years ago. It was in Pilsworth's I met the man called Davis, that was in January ; I never saw him before or since. I cannot recollect the subjects of which we talked in the various public houses.

To the Prisoner :

Was not in Hoey's when Fitzgerald was there. I cannot tell prisoner's motive in asking me to go to the various public houses with him. In Fortune's there were civilians present. We left it to go to Doyle's, as we did not like to talk before them. There was nobody in the room at Doyle's when we went in. There were seven or eight of us came from Fortune's to Doyle's. I do not know who the civilians were that were left behind.

President. Why were you so confidential with some of the civilians you met at Fortune's for the first time, and not with all? And what was the mysterious conversation about?

Witness. It was the civilians proposed to go to Doyle's and it was they who held the conversation. I do not remember any of the songs that were sung at Bergin's. Davis was a low-sized man whose hair was cut like a soldier's. When the prisoner told me to go to the public houses at night, he used to say, "Go to such a house and you will meet John there, and tell him I am on duty."

President. Who was John?

Witness. Devoy.

President. Then Devoy was a great friend of the prisoner?

Witness. He appeared to be.

President. Now answer a direct question: Were the songs sung Fenian songs?

Witness. No, sir; they were not.

Prisoner. Were the songs chiefly love songs?

Witness. I don't know.

Prisoner. Did I ever tell you Devoy was an old friend of my family?

Witness. No, he did not. John O'Reilly never spoke to me about Fenianism, and I never heard Fenian songs in his company.

President. Recollect what you say: Did you not swear that prisoner told you he was a Fenian?

Witness. He said he was one at Cahir.

President. How do you know what a Fenian song is?

Witness. I don't know. I suppose they are Irish songs.

Prisoner. Did you not state to the President that I told you I *had* been a member of the Fenian Brotherhood while I was at Cahir?

Witness. Yes, that you had been a Fenian at Cahir.

The unprejudiced reader, accustomed to the rigid impartiality of an American court, will be surprised at the hardly concealed hostility of this court-martial president toward his prisoner. Private MacDonald's testimony is so favorable to the accused that it does not please the Court at all. The President accordingly reminds him that he is "under oath," sneers at his refusal to "identify" men whom he does not know, and makes it generally clear to succeeding witnesses that evidence tending to prove the prisoner's innocence is not of the kind wanted in that court.

The next witness was PRIVATE DENNIS DENNY, Tenth Hussars:

I remember the evening of the 1st January, last. I was in the "Two

Soldiers" public house with the prisoner. He told me that if I went to Hoey's with him he would show me the finest set of Irishmen I ever saw in my life. We went there and found a number of civilians assembled. The prisoner, after some time, took me out of the room and told me that the Fenians were going to beat the English army and make this country their own. He ask me to take an oath to join the Fenians. I answered that I had already taken an oath to serve my queen and country and that was enough for me. I then came down and went into the yard and he again asked me to be a Fenian. I told him no. He then went away and a civilian came and said—

Prisoner. I object to anything being put in evidence relative to a conversation at which I was not present.

Court adjourned for half an hour to consider the objection.

On its reassembling, Private Denny continued :

After returning upstairs prisoner was there and I saw him. I had no conversation with him. I met O'Reilly in Island Bridge Barracks about a week before I was in Hoey's with him. I had then no conversation with him.

Cross-examined by Prisoner:

I am eight years in the Tenth Hussars. I had spoken before that evening with the prisoner, but nothing about Fenianism. I cannot say at what period of the day on the first of January this took place, but it was in the evening, about seven or eight, I think. There was nobody but the prisoner with me when I went to Hoey's. Lance-Corporal Fitzgerald was not in our company. I never, so far as I know, was in Fitzgerald's company at Hoey's. We went back to the "Two Soldiers" that evening by ourselves. We went back to have a glass of beer. I had been drinking before that evening. I was arrested at Island Bridge Barracks and confined in the regiment cells at Richmond Barracks. I was taken on duty to Dublin Castle in aid of the civil power.

Prisoner withdrew this last question.

Witness. I made no report to my superior officers of what took place at Hoey's before my arrest. I was arrested on the 5th of March. I made a statement of what took place before I was transferred to Richmond barracks. I was arrested on a charge of Fenianism and was for two days in the cells at Island Bridge, during which time I was visited by Provost-Sergeant Delworth. He did not tell me what I was charged with. It was told to me by my commanding officer on 5th of March, when I was arrested. I did not know O'Reilly was arrested until he spoke to me through the wall of the cells; that was the first time I knew he was arrested. Sergeant Delworth came to visit me, but I cannot say if it was before then that prisoner spoke through the wall to me. I was only once at Hoey's public house that I am aware of—that was on 1st of January, 1866. I made no statement to the provost sergeant at all.

I made none while in the cells. I swear that the conversation at Hoey's took place on 1st January, 1866.

By the Court:

Before prisoner told you that the Fenians were going to beat the English army out of the country and make it free, had there been no conversation about Fenianism in presence of the prisoner?

Witness. No.

President. What reason had you for not reporting this conversation?

Witness. I did not wish to get myself or any one else into trouble by doing so.

The next witness was PRIVATE JOHN SMITH, Tenth Hussars:

I was in Hoey's with prisoner some time after Christmas, about 1st January, 1866. I went there by myself; no one took me. When I went there I was directed into a room where I saw the prisoner. Room was full of soldiers playing cards. There were some civilians there, but I knew none of them but O'Reilly. I since learnt that a man named Doyle, of the Sixty-first, was there. I saw him just now outside this room. Prisoner introduced me as a friend to a civilian.

Here Court adjourned to reassemble next morning, when Private Smith continued his evidence:

I left the room with the civilian and he spoke to me.

The prisoner objected to the question and the objection was allowed.

Witness. I had some conversation with the civilian, but I do not know if the prisoner was near enough to hear it. After I left the room with the prisoner he said the movement had been going on some time, but he did not say what movement. After that he returned into the room, and when I went back I found him there. There was no conversation louder than your breath among those who were in the room. When I left the room with the civilian he asked me to do so. When I left the room I went to the back of the house with him, but the prisoner did not come out at all while we were there. It was on the lobby that the prisoner told me that he had known of the movement for some time. That was said before I went into the yard with the civilian. There was no one else but the civilian present at the time with us. The observation was made in the course of conversation between me and the civilian. We were all standing on the lobby at the time.

President. What was the conversation about, at the time the observation was made?

Prisoner. I beg to object to that question, sir. The witness has already said that he cannot say whether I heard the conversation or not.

The Judge-Advocate said that the question was a legal one. The

prisoner had introduced the civilian to the witness and the conversation took place when the three were standing within a yard of one another. The observation was part of the conversation.

Witness. I cannot say what the conversation was about. It was the civilian that asked me to go down to the yard. I don't know whether prisoner left before he asked me to go. About three days after, I met the prisoner at Walshe's public house. No one took me there. The house was full of soldiers. I did not know any of the civilians, but there were some men of my regiment there.

President. Do you know the names of any of the soldiers ?

Witness. I did, but I cannot now recollect what their names were.

Prisoner. I think that the witness said, sir, that Walshe's is a singing saloon.

President. Is it a public house or a music hall exclusively ?

Witness. It is both ; none of the civilians present had been in Hoey's when I was there ; the prisoner told me that he wanted to see me the next night at Pilsworth's public house ; he said that he wanted to see some friends and to bring me to them ; I met him as he appointed ; there were two of the Sixty-first there when we got to Pilsworth's, neither of whose names I know ; there was nobody else there during the time we stopped ; the prisoner and I had some conversation, but I forget what it was ; we left the room shortly after ; the only conversation that took place was that we asked each other to drink ; O'Reilly came away with me, and we went to Hoey's ; it was the prisoner who asked me to go there ; he said, "Perhaps we will meet the friends who promised to meet us at Pilsworth's "; he told me that some of them were the same that we had to meet at Hoey's before ; on our way he spoke about different men who used to meet him at Hoey's ; he told me that those he was in the habit of meeting there were Fenian agents, and men from America, who had been sent here to carry on business ; that is the purport of what the prisoner said ; nothing else that I can recollect passed between us ; the prisoner told me the business the American agents came to carry on ; Fenian business, he said, of course.

President. Why, "of course" ? You give us credit for knowing more than we do.

Witness. When we got to Hoey's we met the same civilian that we had met there before, and some more strangers ; we stayed in Hoey's about three-quarters of an hour ; I had no conversation there with the prisoner ; we separated, I to play cards and he to talk with some civilians ; there was none but ordinary conversation going on ; when we left Hoey's we went back to Pilsworth's ; a civilian asked us both to go to Pilsworth's along with some other soldiers ; some civilians were there, Americans, I think ; I cannot remember what the conversation

was about ; it was no louder than a whisper ; when we left we called into a public house near the barracks ; we had some talk about the civilians we had left.

President. It is not about the civilians you are asked, but about the conversation.

Witness. I met prisoner without any appointment in Barclay's public house in James's Street in about a week ; there were some soldiers and civilians there. Among the soldiers was Private Foley, of the Fifth Dragoon Guards. The civilians were those I had met at Hoey's. I had no conversation with the prisoner. I left Barclay's first that night. At Barclay's the prisoner was sitting at a table with some soldiers and civilians. I had seen some of the civilians before at Hoey's, I do not know the names of the civilians I met at Hoey's. The prisoner never told me the object of "the movement." O'Reilly never spoke to me about "the movement," except what he said at Pilsworth's and at Hoey's.

Cross-examined by the Prisoner :

The night I went to Hoey's and Pilsworth's was, I think, in January. I cannot say what time in January. It might have been in February. I cannot say. I know Lance-Corporal Fitzgerald ; he is in my troop. I know Private Denny, Tenth Hussars ; he is in my troop. I cannot say if I was in his company on New Year's night ; I spent that night partly in Mount Pleasant Square and partly at the "Bleeding House" in Camden Lane. I am not able to say whether I ever saw Denny at Hoey's. I was speaking to him fifteen minutes ago ; I am not able to say if I spoke to him to-day or yesterday, about the trial ; I did speak to him about it ; I have spoken to him about his evidence or he to me. I don't know which. It was after I read the paper and I don't think any one heard us.

Prisoner. Were you by yourself ? . . . . If the Deputy Judge Advocate would be kind enough to read the last two questions and replies.

The questions and replies were read over.

Prisoner. Do you not know whether you and Denny were by yourselves ?

President. You *must* know, in a matter that only occurred fifteen minutes ago.

Witness. I only spoke to him as we were coming across here at two o'clock. When I was speaking to Denny, there were some other men in the room, but I cannot say if we were by ourselves.

President. That makes the thing worse. When did you read the newspaper—this morning ? Did you talk to Denny then about the evidence ?

Witness. About nine o'clock, when I was preparing to come here,

I might have spoken to him. The paper was read. I spoke to him at the bottom of the stairs. There were other men in the room at the time. I again spoke to him when coming here at two o'clock. I can read "some" print, but not writing. I have never tried to read a paper. It was Denny who read the paper this morning; he read it out for me.

President. What paper was it?

Witness. The paper in Sackville Street.

President. That is the *Irish Times.*

Capt. Whelan. Oh no, it is the *Freeman's Journal!*

Witness. When Denny read the paper, there were two men present; it was after this we had the conversation about the evidence.

Here the court adjourned, and having reconvened on the following day, PRIVATE DENNIS DENNY was recalled and examined relative to a statement made by Private Smith, the prisoner's witness, that they had a conversation the previous day concerning the evidence he had given.

Witness. I had no conversation yesterday about the evidence with Private Smith.

To the Prosecutor:

I was not aware that I read the paper yesterday in presence of Smith. He may have been there when I was reading it. I have no knowledge of having had any conversation with anybody about the evidence of Smith. Before I was recalled into court I had no conversation with any one relative to the evidence I had given previously. I am not aware that I had any conversation with Private Smith with reference to my evidence. I read a paper yesterday morning. I would not swear what men were present. I cannot say if Smith was in the room when I read it.

To the President:

I do not recollect a man who was in the room.

Prisoner. With your leave, sir, I would wish to ask Private Denny a few questions in the absence of Private Smith.

President. Leave the room, Smith.

Private Denny to Prisoner. I did not buy the paper that I read. I took it out of Private Robert Good's bed.

President. We have decided, prisoner, not to put these questions yet. You will reserve them.

Prisoner. Very well, sir.

President (to witness). Were there any persons in the room?

Witness. Four or five.

President. Were you reading aloud?

Witness. No, sir; I cannot read aloud, because I have to spell the words.

President. Have you had no conversation with any one about Smith since you read the paper?

Witness. I spoke to Lance-Corporal Fitzgerald, I now recollect, about Smith.

President. What did you say about him?

Witness. I was talking to him about the time Smith and I were arrested. He might have been in the room when the paper was reading, but no one read aloud when I was in the room.

President. What did you and Smith talk about yesterday?

Witness. I did not talk to him yesterday, unless I might have spoken to him outside the door, while we were waiting.

President. If Private Smith swore yesterday that you had told him your previous evidence, would it be true?

Witness. No, sir.

PRIVATE SMITH (*recalled*). The two Sixty-first men we met at Pilsworth's did not come to Hoey's. Private Denny never spoke to me about Fenianism. I have often played cards for drink in public houses. When the prisoner introduced me to the civilian at Hoey's it was as a friend of his in the regiment. My regiment turned out for the field yesterday at half-past seven. It was about nine o'clock when Denny made out the paper for me.

Court. If Denny swore that he did not read the paper aloud, would he be swearing what was true?

Witness. I say again that Denny read the paper aloud; if he did not I could not hear him.

President. You must answer "Yes or no."

Witness. It would not be true, sir.

To the Court:

I have heard Denny reading the newspaper aloud on other occasions; I do not know what part of the paper Denny read, but it was about this trial; when speaking to Denny yesterday it was about the trial; about his evidence and mine; when the prisoner introduced me to the civilian at Hoey's, he merely said that I was a friend of his; I cannot repeat the precise words used in introducing me; Denny and I had only a few words about this trial when we spoke together yesterday.

President. The civilians to whom you were introduced you said yesterday were Fenian agents; did they ever ask you to become a Fenian?

Witness. They did.

President. As a rule did you always pay for your drink or were you treated?

Witness. As a rule I was treated.

President. Were those civilians that you met Americans and Fenians?

Witness. I was told so.

President. What were they talking about when the prisoner spoke of the movement?

Witness. About the Fenians.

President. You said that a civilian asked you to go down to the yard at Hoey's house; did he assign any reason?

Witness. He asked me to go with him; and said that he belonged to the Fenians, and wished me to join them.

President. Did you notice at any time that the prisoner had more money than you would expect a soldier to have?

Witness. No.

President. Did you take the Fenian oath?

Witness. I did not; I never was asked to take an oath or join the Fenians in the prisoner's hearing.

Prosecutor. Was it after your interview with the prisoner on the lobby at Hoey's that you were asked to take the oath?

Witness. It was.

COLONEL BAKER, Tenth Hussars, being sworn, testified: I know the prisoner. He never gave me any information of an intended mutiny in her Majesty's force in Ireland.

Prisoner. Did any private of the Tenth communicate with you in reference to an intended mutiny, before the first of March?

Col. Baker. No.

Prisoner. What character do I bear in the regiment?

Witness. A good character.

COLONEL CASS, sworn and examined. I never received information from the prisoner with reference to an intended mutiny. I believe his character is good.

Head Constable Talbot, the notorious informer, was the next witness. He was not called upon to furnish evidence of the prisoner's direct complicity in the conspiracy, but only of the fact that a conspiracy existed. He had testified on the trial of Color-Sergeant McCarthy, that the latter had agreed to furnish the Fenians with countersigns, barrack and magazine keys, maps and plans of the Clonmel Barracks, and other aid necessary for the surprise of the garrison.

He also testified that not a single regiment in the service was free from the same taint of rebellion, and that part of the conspirators' scheme was the enlistment of revolutionary agents in the various branches of the British service. O'Reilly was such an agent.

His testimony was brief. In reply to a question by the prisoner, he said:

My real name is Talbot, and I joined the constablery in 1846.

The arch-informer was succeeded by PRIVATE MULLARCHY, Tenth Hussars.

In January last I was in a public house, in James's Street, with the prisoner. He took me there to see a friend of mine, as he said that about a fortnight or three weeks previously a young man was inquiring after me. There were present there two civilians to whom he introduced me as two of his friends, but whose names I don't know. From the room we first entered we went into a larger one, where there were three or four soldiers belonging to the Sixty-first Regiment and Tenth Hussars, another civilian, and a young woman.

Prosecutor. Did you see the prisoner stand up and whisper to one of the civilians?

Witness. Yes, to the civilian sitting opposite to him. Very shortly afterwards the prisoner left the room and did not return. I then had a few words with the civilian to whom the prisoner had whispered.

Prosecutor. Did you see a book on that occasion?

Witness. Nothing more than the book the civilian to whom the prisoner introduced me had taken out of his pocket; the prisoner was not then present. I had no conversation afterwards with the prisoner as to what occurred in the public house, or about the friend of mine of whom he spoke. I never ascertained who that friend was.

Cross-examined by the Prisoner:

Witness. I did ask you to go to the theater on the night in question. I told you I had got paid my wages, that I was going to the theater, and that I should like to go and see the friend of whom you had spoken.

Prisoner. Is that what you call my taking you to Pilsworth's.

President. We have not got as far as Pilsworth's yet, as far as I can see.

Prisoner. Is that what you call my taking you to the public house in James's Street?

Witness. It is; I asked you to show me where this friend was, and you said you would take me to the public house, which was the last place where you had seen him.

To the Court:

I returned to the barracks at twelve o'clock that night. The friend of whom the prisoner spoke was a civilian, so he told me. The civilian who spoke to me in the public house asked me if I was an Irishman and I said I was. He asked me if I was going to join this society. I asked what society. He said, the Fenian society. I did not know what that was. Since I was in the public house with the prisoner no one spoke to me of the evidence I was to give here or at this trial.

PRIVATE RORRESON, Tenth Hussars: I was in Private Bergin's company at Hoey's public house in January last. On that occasion there

were present besides Private Bergin and myself a number of foot-soldiers and two civilians, none of whose names I know. The prisoner was also present, but I cannot say if he was in the room when I entered or whether he came in afterwards. I saw Lance-Corporal Fitzgerald, of the Tenth Hussars, there too. He was in the prisoner's company.

Prosecutor. Did you see anything occur on that occcasion between prisoner and the civilians ?

Witness. I saw prisoner go up to Fitzgerald, and immediately the latter and the civilians went out. Previous to this I also saw him whispering to the civilians. Any time he did speak it was in a whisper.

Prosecutor. Did you see the prisoner go out of the room on that occasion ?

Witness. Yes ; the three of them left at the same time. I did not see the prisoner go out of the room more than once. When the three left they were absent for about ten or fifteen minutes, and they returned one after the other. When they returned, one of them spoke to a foot-soldier, said good-by to his comrade, and then left the room. There was singing in the room that evening. A foot-soldier sung one of Moore's melodies. I particularly remember the words of one of the songs—

We'll drive the Sassenach from our soil.

Cross-examined by the Prisoner :

I have been at Hoey's since the occasion in question, but I cannot say how often. I never saw Private Denny there.

Question. If Lance-Corporal Fitzgerald swore that on the occasion in question there were no soldiers at Hoey's but those belonging to Tenth Hussars, would he be swearing what was true ?

Witness. No, there were infantry there. I can't say that I was at Hoey's with Lance-Corporal Fitzgerald in November last.

Here the court adjourned, and the examination of Private Rorreson was resumed on the following day.

In reply to the Court :

The infantry soldiers were sitting alongside of me in Hoey's. There were not thirty of the Sixty-first Regiment there. The civilians were sitting at my right. I cannot say whether the soldiers came in first, or whether they were in the room when I went in. I will not swear what time the meeting took place; it was in January. No one spoke to me about my evidence. I was not asked to become a Fenian at Hoey's. Bergin spoke to me elsewhere of it, but never in the prisoner's presence. Any time I ever went to Hoey's it was with Bergin, and the civilians always paid for the drink. I never heard the names of the civilians, but afterwards I heard one was named Devoy. I never heard the names of the others. Devoy appeared to be a born Irishman. I never

heard any singing but on that occasion, and the prisoner took no part in it. I think it was before the night in January that Bergin spoke to me of being a Fenian, on the way to the barracks going home. We had been in Hoey's; the prisoner was there. Bergin had been speaking of Fenianism on the way to the barracks. He said there was such a thing "coming off."

President. What do you mean by "such a thing coming off"?

Witness. Like a rebellion breaking out.

Prisoner. When you say you since heard one of the civilians was called Devoy, when did you hear it, and who told you?

Witness. I cannot tell who told me; Bergin told me he was employed at Guiness's, but I cannot say who told me his name.

Prisoner. I respectfully submit that all evidence given by the last witness relative to Bergin should be expunged. I did not object during his examination, as the questions were put by the Court, but I do now.

The court did not accept this view of the case. In admitting the hearsay evidence it indorsed the following astounding propositions made by the Deputy Judge Advocate:

Deputy Judge Advocate:

It is too late to object. The prisoner should not have allowed the examination to go on and taken his chance of something favorable to him being elicited by it. For the rest, I submit that the acts or conversations of co-conspirators are admissible as evidence against each other, even though one of them on his trial was not present at those acts or conversations. All the matters of fact sworn to, show that the prisoner and Bergin were participators in the Fenian plot. Therefore the prisoner's objection is unsustainable, particularly after the examination of the witness.

Having thus summarily disposed of the prisoner's few nominal rights, the prosecution took hold of the case in the good old-fashioned way, by putting on the stand an informer of the regulation Irish character—one who had taken the Fenian oath in order to betray his comrades, and excused himself for the perjury by saying, that, although he had a Testament in his hand and went through the motion of kissing it, he had not really done so. The testimony of this peculiarly conscientious witness is interesting, because it is typical. He can juggle with the Testa-

ment, in the hope of cheating the Devil; but when pressed he owns up: "Most decidedly I took the oath with the intention of breaking it. I cannot see how that was perjury." And again, "I told the truth on both trials, *as far as I can remember*." Without further preface the reader is introduced to the delectable company of

PRIVATE PATRICK FOLEY, Fifth Dragoon Guards. I know the prisoner. I saw him in Hoey's public house about the 14th of January. He was confined, and they were asking about him at Hoey's. The waiter asked—

Prisoner. I object to this evidence. I was not in the house when the questions were asked.

The objection was admitted.

Witness. At the time I saw the prisoner at Hoey's, there were a number of people there, principally civilians. Devoy was one, Williams was another, and Corporal Chambers, who used at that time to appear in civilian's clothes. Hogan and Wilson, both deserters from Fifth Dragoon Guards, were also there in colored clothes. There were many others whose names I do not know. I took part in a conversation that night, but I cannot say whether prisoner was present.

To the Court:

The prisoner spoke twice to me during January and February.

President. The question refers only to one occasion.

Witness. I spoke to the prisoner in February at Barclay's public house. I do not know on what day. I went to the bar and found the prisoner there. He asked me to drink. We both then went into a room, and the prisoner sat at a table with some of his own men. The conversation was among themselves, but it could be heard at the off side of the room. It was on Fenianism and the probable fate of the state prisoners who were on trial at that time. There was also something said about electing a president as soon as they had a free republic. They were all paying attention to what was being said, but I cannot tell if the prisoner said more than the remainder. Devoy was there, and Williams. There were other civilians present whose names I do not know. I had a previous conversation in January with the prisoner at Hoey's, but I cannot remember what it was about. It was regarding Fenianism, but I cannot tell the words made use of. I met the prisoner at Waugh's public house some time toward the end of 1865. The civilians I have mentioned were there and some soldiers. In all these places the conversation was relating to Fenianism, but I cannot say if they were in hearing of the prisoner, but everybody heard them. Devoy was at Waugh's, I think. I frequently met Devoy in company with O'Reilly. I have heard Devoy speak in presence of the prisoner

about Fenianism, but I cannot remember that he said anything about what was to be done in connection with it.

Prosecutor. Was there at any of these meetings of which you spoke, and at which the prisoner was present, any conversation of an intended outbreak or mutiny ?

Prisoner. I object to that question, because the witness has already stated the substance of the conversations as far as he can remember. The prosecutor had no right to lead the witness, and put into his mouth the very words of the charge.

The prosecutor submitted that the question was perfectly fair and legal.

The Deputy Judge Advocate ruled that the question should be so framed as not to suggest the answer to it.

Witness. There was a conversation of an intended mutiny that was to take place in January or the latter end of February. The prisoner could have heard the conversation that took place in Hoey's, in January, and in Barclay's, in February. I reported to my colonel in February the subject of the conversation.

Court adjourned for half an hour.

Cross-examination of Private Foley :

I can read and write. I took the Fenian oath. I did not call God to witness I would keep it. I know the nature of an oath. It is to tell the truth, and the whole truth. I had a Testament in my hand and I went through the motion of kissing it, but I did not do so. I swore on two previous occasions I took the Fenian oath. Most decidedly I took the oath with the intention of breaking it. I cannot see how that was perjury. I had to take the oath, in a way, or I would have known nothing about the Fenian movement. I was examined on the trial of Corporal Chambers. I was sworn on the trial to tell the whole truth. I was sworn by the president. I told the whole truth on both trials, as far as I can remember. I know Private Denny of Tenth Hussars by appearance. I know Lance-Corporal Fitzgerald of the Tenth, also by appearance. I know Fitzgerald personally. I only knew him at these places of meeting. I think I knew him in January. I knew him to speak to him. I know Private Smith, Tenth Hussars, by appearance. I know him only by speaking to him in the month of February. I cannot say whether I ever saw Private Denny in Hoey's public house or at Barclay's or Bailey's. I cannot say how often I was at meetings in these houses in February. When I took the Fenian oath, most decidedly I intended to become an informer. I kept no memoranda of the meetings I attended, as I reported them all to my commanding officer in the mornings after they took place. My reports were verbal ones, and I never took down the names of those I met at the meetings.

Question. Have you met Corporal Fitzgerald at any of those meetings ?

Witness (to President): I am very near tired, sir, answering questions.

President. If you are tired standing, you may sit down.

Witness. I met Fitzgerald at Barclay's and at Hoey's, but I cannot say how often ; prisoner was present when I saw Fitzgerald at Barclay's. I knew him personally at the time. I cannot say whether I then spoke to him. At Corporal Chambers's trial I was asked to state, and did so, who were present at the meeting at Hoey's. I did name the prisoner as having been there.

Court here adjourned for the day.

Cross-examination of Private Foley resumed, on July 5.

Lance-Corporal Fitzgerald was present on the occasion when I said he was at Barclay's, at the time the conversation about Fenianism took place.

Lance-Corporal Fitzgerald was here confronted with the witness, and stated that he did swear that he met the prisoner at Hoey's and at Pilsworth's, but not at Barclay's. Private Foley would not be swearing what was true if he swore that he (Fitzgerald) made a speech on Fenianism at Barclay's, or was present at a conversation there about electing a president, "when we would have a free republic."

To the President :

I was never at Hoey's public house in the prisoner's company, but I was there two or three days after his arrest, when a man named Williams came up to the barracks and told me there was to be a Fenian meeting at Barclay's. On the 13th of January, prisoner absented himself, and on the 14th inst. (Sunday) he was taken from the barracks by a detective policeman.

To the Prosecutor :

I have never made a speech on Fenianism to my recollection, at Barclay's. I might have said things when I was drunk that I would not answer for afterwards. I swear positively that I was never present on any occasion when there was talk of electing a president of a republic. I might have been present at such conversation and not know anything about it.

Prisoner contended that this evidence should have been given in direct examination but was not admissible in cross-examination.

The prosecutor contended that the witness, who was recalled by the prisoner, for the purpose of confronting him with another, was not asked anything that was not perfectly fair and proper for the purpose of eliciting the truth.

Deputy Judge Advocate ruled that the evidence was legal and proper.

Witness to Prosecutor:

I never made a speech on Fenianism, to my recollection, at any place. I might have said things when I was drunk that I would not answer for afterwards. I was drunk every time I went there afterwards. I swear positively I was never present on an occasion when there was a conversation about electing a president of a republic. I might have been present at such conversation when drunk, and not know anything about it.

The Court. Why was Williams sent to tell you of the Fenian meeting if, as you say, you had previously refused to become a Fenian?

Witness. He was sent, I don't know by whom, but he used to go round to Island Bridge and Richmond Barracks for that purpose.

PRIVATE FOLEY (*re-examined by prosecutor*):

Having heard the evidence of Lance-Corporal Fitzgerald, I have not the least doubt that I met him at Barclay's in February last. The reason I did not, on Corporal Chambers's trial, mention prisoner as being present at Barclay's in February, was that I had some doubts of his name. I have now no doubt that he was present.

To the Prisoner:

I did mention your name to the prosecution about a fortnight ago.

This ended the examination of Informer Foley. He was followed by a duller, but more malicious knave, Private Meara, who boasted, with low cunning, that he had taken the Fenian oath out of curiosity, and with the intention of betraying his fellows; repeated his own smart repartees, and put into the mouth of the prisoner the wholly imaginary atrocious promise, that he would hamstring the cavalry horses in case of emergency. One can almost form a picture of this ruffian from his own words. The official report reads:

PRIVATE MEARA, First Battalion, Eighth Regiment, deposed: He was a member of the Fenian Society and attended several meetings of that body, at which were present other soldiers. He saw the prisoner at a meeting in Hoey's public-house in January, in company with Devoy and Williams, whom he knew to be Fenians, and with other soldiers, as also with Baines, Rynd, and others. On that occasion he saw a sketch of Island Bridge Barracks in the prisoner's hand, which he was explaining to Devoy.

The President. You are asked what was said.

Witness. Devoy said he wanted a few men out of the Hussars to give them instruction what to do, and he wanted about ten men out of each regiment in Dublin. The prisoner spoke of cutting the hamstrings of the horses in the stables in case of any emergency. The conversation then turned on a rising in the army and how the men would act. I said the Irishmen in the army saw no prospect before them, and they would be great fools to commit themselves. Devoy said they would not be asked until a force came from America. I said it was all moonshine, and that they were a long time coming. He told me I seemed chicken-hearted, and that they required no men but those who were willing and brave. I told him I was as brave as himself, and that he should not form soldiers in a room for the purpose of discussing Fenianism. That is all the conversation I can remember on that occasion.

Cross-examined by the Prisoner:

I was examined on Corporal Chambers's trial. I am not sure whether I named you as one of the soldiers present on the occasion referred to in my evidence. I took the Fenian oath, out of curiosity to see what the Irish conspiracy or republic, as they called it, was. If any serious consequences would arise I would have given information of the movement. I had an opportunity of seeing into the Fenian movement, and I saw that nothing serious was going to happen. If there was I would have known it days before, and then given information. I heard Stephens himself say at Bergin's, that the excitement should be kept up while aid from America was expected. In last March I made a statement affecting you.

This closed the case for the prosecution.

At the request of the prisoner the Court adjourned to Saturday, July 7, to give him time to prepare his defense.

Court having assembled on that date, the prisoner requested that some member of it be appointed to read his defense.

Lieutenant Parkinson, Sixty-first Regiment, was then requested to do so.

The defense commenced by thanking the Court for the patient and candid consideration which had been bestowed by the members throughout the trial, and stated that the prisoner had no doubt but that the same qualities would be exhibited in consideration of the points which would be submitted to them for his defense. The charge against him was one involving terrible consequences, and he had no doubt the greater would be the anxiety of the Court in testing the evidence brought against him.

There was only one charge which the Court had to consider, and that was: "Having come to the knowledge of an intended mutiny." To sustain that charge the prosecutor should prove, first, that there

was a mutiny actually intended; second, that he (the prisoner) had a knowledge of that intention, and third, that he possessed that knowledge in January, 1866, and did not communicate it to his commanding officer. The prosecutor was bound to prove each and every one of those allegations, by evidence on which the court might safely act. After referring to his services he asked the court to bear in mind his good reputation, while considering the evidence against him, as it must have observed that, from the character of some of the proofs upon which the prosecutor relied, in conversations with no third person present, and no date fixed, it was impossible to displace such testimony by direct evidence.

The defense then pointed out various discrepancies between various witnesses and the contradiction between the evidence of Privates Denny and Smith, where Denny had clearly committed perjury. But even if these men's evidence were true, it would not bring home to him one fact to bear out the charge.

None of these witnesses can say that in his presence one word was ever said respecting the designs or the plans of the Fenians, and it only amounted to this, that one day, in a casual conversation, he said to Smith that some persons they had met were Americans and Fenian agents. In the whole evidence, which, in the cases of Foley and Meara was that of informers, there was much to which the addition or omission of a word would give a very different color to what it had got. What was the amount of credit to be given to those men, when it was remembered that they both took the Fenian oath, the one, as he said, through curiosity, the other with the deliberate design of informing?

Meara's oath, on his own admission, had not been believed by a civil court of justice; and would this court believe it and convict a man of crime upon such testimony? He (the prisoner) asked the court to reject this testimony and rely upon that of his commanding officer, Col. Baker, who had deposed to his good character as a soldier. In conclusion, the prisoner appealed to the Deputy Judge Advocate, to direct the court that unless he had personal knowledge of an intended mutiny in January, he was entitled to an acquittal. Guilt was never to be assumed, it should be proved; for suspicion, no matter how accumulated, could never amount to the mental conviction on which alone the court should act.

The defense having concluded, prisoner called Capt. Barthorp, Tenth Hussars, who was a member of the court. In reply to questions put, CAPT. BARTHORP said:

He was captain of the prisoner's troop, and had known him for three years. His character was good.

MR. ANDERSON, Crown Solicitor, was sworn and examined by

prisoner with regard to a portion of Private Meara's evidence on Corporal Chambers's trial, relative to the alleged meeting. Meara did not mention the prisoner as having been present at the alleged meeting, when giving evidence at Chambers's trial : but on the present one he swore that he was present.

In reply to the Prosecutor :

Deputy Judge Advocate said he could not state whether the meeting of which Meara had deposed at Chambers's trial was the same mentioned on this.

Prisoner. I would wish to ask the Deputy Judge Advocate a question which arises out of his answer : Did you not hear Private Meara asked on my trial to name the persons he had met at the meeting which he deposed to at Corporal Chambers's trial, and did he not do so ?

Deputy Judge Advocate. I did hear that evidence given; I did hear him state the names.

ADJUTANT RUSSELL, Tenth Hussars, in answer to prisoner, said: He (prisoner) was put under arrest on the 14th of February. The prisoner was in hospital for several days in February, from 19th to 26th.

President. I do not wish to interrupt the prisoner, but I wish to point out that these dates are all subsequent to the charge.

At this point court adjourned to eleven o'clock Monday morning.

At the reopening of the court, Capt. Whelan (the prosecutor) proceeded to answer the defense of the prisoner. His reply entered elaborately into the whole evidence that had been given, and commented on the various points raised for the defense. Capt. Whelan defended strongly the various witnesses from the charge brought against them by the prisoner, of being informers, and insisted that they were all trustworthy and credible, and that the discrepancies pointed out in the defense were such as would naturally arise.

The Deputy Judge Advocate then proceeded to sum up the whole evidence. In doing so, he said :

The court should bear in mind that the existence of an intended mutiny should be proved before the prisoner should be found guilty of the charges upon which he was arraigned. The court should also bear in mind that it was for it to prove charges and not for the prisoner to disprove them. To experienced officers, like those composing the court, it was not necessary for him (the Judge-Advocate) to state what the law was, bearing on those charges. He might say, however, that if the prisoner did come to the knowledge of an intended mutiny, it would be for them to say whether the prisoner had given notice of any such intended mutiny to his commanding officer. This, his commanding officers state, he did not do; so that it became the subject of inquiry whether any such mutiny was intended. They had the evidence of

Head Constable Talbot on that point, and they should attentively weigh it. Assuming that it was intended, and that the prisoner was aware of it and an accomplice in the design, they had then no less than eight witnesses to prove that complicity. The Deputy Judge Advocate then went minutely through the whole evidence, which he recapitulated in a lucid manner, pointing out to the court where it was favorable for the prisoner or bore against him.

The Judge Advocate concluded by saying: "Now, on a calm and fair review of the evidence, determining in favor of the prisoner everything of which there was reasonable doubt, straining nothing against him, is the court satisfied that the facts are inconsistent with any other conclusion than the prisoner's guilt? Is the court satisfied that the Fenians intended mutiny as one of the essentials of that plot?

"Are they satisfied that the prisoner knew of that intention? If you are not satisfied that the evidence adduced for the prosecution has brought home to the prisoner the charges on which he is indicted; if you can fairly and honestly see your way to put an innocent construction on the prisoner's acts, it is your duty to do so.

"But, on the other hand, if the court has no rational doubt of the prisoner's guilt, then it is bound, without favor, partiality, or affection, to find their verdict accordingly. Remember, though, that although you may feel very great suspicion of the prisoner's guilt, yet if you are not satisfied that the charge is proved home to him beyond rational doubt, no amount of suspicion will justify conviction. Apply to your consideration of the evidence, the same calm, deliberate, and faithful attention and judgment which you would apply to your own most serious affairs, if all you value most and hold most dear, your lives and honor, were in peril. The law demands no more, and your duty will be satisfied with no less."

At the conclusion of the Judge Advocate's address, the court was made private, to consider their finding. After a short time it was reopened, and

ADJUTANT RUSSELL, Tenth Hussars, was called to give testimony to the prisoner's character. He said that it had been good during his three years and thirty-one days of service.

The court was then again cleared and the result was not known until officially promulgated by the Horse Guards.

On July 9, 1866, formal sentence of death was passed upon all the military prisoners. It was only a formality. The same day, it was commuted to life imprisonment in the cases of O'Reilly, McCarthy, Chambers, Keating, and Darragh. The sentence of O'Reilly was subsequently commuted to twenty years penal servitude.

Adjutant Russell, referred to in the preceding report, better known as Lord Odo Russell, had pleaded successfully

for leniency in behalf of the youthful prisoner. The first step in execution of the sentence was taken on Monday afternoon, September 3, in the Royal Square, Royal Barracks, in the presence of the Fifth Dragoon Guards, Second Battalion, Third Regiment, Seventy-fifth Regiment, Ninety-second Highlanders, and Eighty-fifth Light Infantry. The prisoner was then and there made listen to the reading of his sentence, stripped of his military uniform, clothed in the convict's dress, and escorted to Mountjoy prison.

Before dismissing the story of his trial, I may here relate a curious sequel, which occurred some six or seven years later in the city of Boston. O'Reilly had many strange visitors in his newspaper office, but perhaps the strangest of all was one of the two informers before mentioned. This fellow, after O'Reilly's conviction, found himself so despised and shunned by his fellow-soldiers, both English and Irish, that his life became unendurable. He deserted the army and fled to America, where the story of his treachery had preceded him. He was starving in the streets of Boston when he met his former victim, and threw himself upon his mercy. Almost any other man would have enjoyed the spectacle of the traitor's misery. O'Reilly saw only the pity of it all, and gave the wretch enough money to supply his immediate wants, and pay his way to some more propitious spot.

CHAPTER III.

Solitary Confinement — An Autobiographical Sketch — Pentonville, Millbank, Chatham, Dartmoor—Three Bold Attempts to Escape—Realities of Prison Life—The Convict Ship *Hougoumont*—The Exiles and their Paper, *The Wild Goose*.

THREE characteristic poems were written by O'Reilly on the walls of his prison cell at this time: "The Irish Flag," a short patriotic outburst; "For Life," composed on hearing that his comrade Color-Sergeant McCarthy had received a life sentence, and "The Irish Soldiers," this last having a foot-note appended as follows: "Written on the wall of my cell with a nail, July 17, 1866. Once an English soldier; now an Irish felon; and proud of the exchange."

Of the three poems, the second is the best, though all are so lacking in finish and strength that he wisely forebore including any of them in his published volumes. It begins with a strong stanza, suggestive of the poet's later and better work, but its merit may be said to end there.

> Of all charges guilty! he knew it before;
> But it's now read aloud in the scarlet-clad square,—
> Formality's farce must be played out once more—
> May it sink in the heart of his countrymen there!

After a short detention at Mountjoy, O'Reilly, McCarthy, and Chambers were marched through the streets, chained together by the arms, and shipped over to England, to begin their long term of suffering. They were at first confined in Pentonville, where they were allowed but one hour of exercise a day, the "exercise" consisting in pacing to and fro in a cell without a roof. The rest of the day they were locked up in their separate cells.

In a few days they were transferred to Millbank to undergo a term of solitary confinement, preliminary to the

severe physical punishment ordained in their sentence. Every reader of Dickens remembers the description in his "American Notes," of the Eastern Penitentiary at Philadelphia, and its "Solitary System." It was the same system, in its absolute seclusion of the prisoner from his fellows, as that which prevailed in Millbank. All that Dickens says of the prison in Philadelphia applies equally to Millbank:

"I hold this slow and daily tampering with the mysteries of the brain to be immeasurably worse than any torture of the body; and because its ghastly signs and tokens are not so palpable to the eye and sense of touch as scars upon the flesh; because its wounds are not upon the surface, and it extorts few cries that human ears can hear; therefore, I the more denounce it, as a secret punishment which slumbering humanity is not roused up to stay. I hesitated once, debating with myself, whether, if I had the power of saying 'Yes' or 'No,' I would allow it to be tried in certain cases, *where the terms of imprisonment were short;* but now, I solemnly declare, that with no rewards or honors could I walk a happy man beneath the open sky by day, or lie me down upon my bed at night, with the consciousness that one human creature, for any length of time, no matter what, lay suffering this unknown punishment in his silent cell, and I the cause, or I consenting to it in the least degree."

The condemnation of the great novelist is sweeping, the words which I have italicized above showing that he did not measure the horror of the punishment by its duration. Self-satisfied reformers have pooh-poohed his verdict as that of a sentimentalist who had enjoyed no personal experience of the system. That their experience of it had been wholly impersonal also, made no difference in their judgment of its merits. Other supporters of the system have pointed triumphantly to the fact that the convict Charles Langheimer,—"Dickens's Dutchman," as he was called,—whom the author of the "Notes" had described dramatically among the victims of the system, served his

sentence of five years, and various other sentences afterwards, aggregating altogether some forty-two years, and died in prison at last at the age of seventy. He became such a confirmed jail-bird that on the expiration of one term of imprisonment, he would immediately commit some new theft, in order that he might be returned to his old quarters. Which is a complete demonstration of the value of the system, as a reformatory agent, in the eyes of its worshipers.

Happily we are not without the evidence of better authorities on the subject than either the humane novelist, who studied it as a mere visitor, or the poor debased and brutalized "Dutchman," whom it so successfully unfitted for a life of freedom. John Mitchell, the iron-willed patriot, whom no physical torture could subdue, confesses that when the door of his cell first closed on him, and he realized the full meaning of "solitary confinement," he flung himself upon his bed and "broke into a raging passion of tears—tears bitter and salt, but not of base lamentation for my own fate. The thoughts and feelings that have so shaken me for this once, language was never made to describe."

Michael Davitt says:

> The vagrant sunbeam that finds its way to the lonely occupant of a prison cell, but speaks of the liberty which others enjoy, of the happiness that falls to the lot of those whom misfortune has not dragged from the pleasures of life; the cries, the noise, and uproar of London which penetrate the silent corridors, and re-echo in the cheerless cells of Millbank, are so many mocking voices that come to laugh at the misery their walls inclose, and arouse the recollection of happier days to probe the wounds of present sorrow.
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> A circumstance in connection with the situation of Millbank may (taken with what I have already said on that prison) give some faint idea of what confinement there really means. Westminster Tower clock is not far distant from the penitentiary, so that its every stroke is as distinctly heard in each cell as if it were situated in one of the prison yards. At each quarter of an hour, day and night, it chimes a bar of "Old Hundredth," and those solemn tones strike on the ears of the

lonely listeners like the voice of some monster singing the funeral dirge of time.

Oft in the lonely watches of the night has it reminded me of the number of strokes I was doomed to listen to, and of how slowly those minutes were creeping along! The weird chant of Westminster clock will ever haunt my memory, and recall that period of my imprisonment when I first had to implore Divine Providence to preserve my reason and save me from the madness which seemed inevitable, through mental and corporal tortures combined.

That human reason should give way under such adverse influences is not, I think, to be wondered at; and many a still living wreck of manhood can refer to the silent system of Millbank and its pernicious surroundings as the cause of his debilitated mind.

It was here that Edward Duffy died, and where Rickard Burke and Martin Hanly Carey were for a time oblivious of their sufferings from temporary insanity, and where Daniel Reddin was paralyzed. It was here where Thomas Ahern first showed symptoms of madness, and was put in dark cells and strait-jacket for a "test" as to the reality of these symptoms.

Davitt further avers that during all his confinement at Millbank,—

My conversation with prisoners,—at the risk of being punished, of course,—and also with warders and chaplains, would not occupy me twenty minutes to repeat, could I collect all the scattered words spoken by me in the whole of that ten months. I recollect many weeks going by without exchanging a single word with a human being.

Corporal Thomas Chambers says:

I was confined in a ward by myself, was never allowed to be near other prisoners. Even in chapel I was compelled to kneel apart from the others and had a jailer close to me. I was removed from one cell to another every morning and evening. All through the winter I was forced to either sit on a bucket or stand up, but would not be allowed to move about in my cell.

The cells, in which poor Chambers complained he was not allowed to walk about, were not spacious, being nine or ten feet long by about eight feet wide, with stone floors, bare walls, and, for sole furniture, a bedstead of three planks a few inches from the floor, and a water bucket which had to serve as a chair when the prisoner was at work picking oakum or coir. There was no fire; walking in the cells was prohibited; and the scanty bed-clothing barely suf-

ficed to keep the occupant from freezing. An hour's exercise in the yard was allowed every day, the only other variation of the monotonous régime being the daily work of washing and scrubbing his cell, which each prisoner had to do immediately on getting up.

The food was in keeping with the lodgings; sufficient to sustain life, but nothing more.

The severest punishment of Millbank was the silence and solitude, almost unbearable to anybody whose mind was not exceptionally strong or exceptionally stolid. O'Reilly had the blessing and the curse of genius, an active, vivid imagination. He found solace in his thoughts and in the pages of "The Imitation of Christ," which he was allowed to read; but he endured many hours of the keenest anguish. At times his mind was abnormally active; he felt an exaltation of the soul such as an anchorite knows; he had ecstatic visions. Again, his vigorous physical nature asserted itself, and he yearned for freedom, as the healthy, natural man must ever do in confinement.

But he had made up his mind, on entering the prison, to conquer circumstances, to preserve his brain and body sound, and to bear with patience the ills which he could not escape. He took an interest in studying the fellow prisoners with whom he was forbidden to hold the slightest intercourse. The prohibition did not always avail, for human ingenuity can ever circumvent the most rigid of rules. The political convicts in the early days of their imprisonment in Arbor Hill had devised a rude system of telegraphy by tapping on the iron pipes running through all the cells. It was a slow and cumbrous device, but time was then of the least importance to them. There were also occasional chances of exchanging a whisper as they filed to prayers, or meals, or marched in the hour of daily exercise.

Among O'Reilly's MSS. is the following fragment, written several years ago—a curious study of prison life from the inside:

One meets strange characters in prison, characters which are at once recognized as being natural to the place, as are bats or owls to a

cave. Prison characters, like all others, are seen by different men in different lights. For instance, a visitor passing along a corridor, and glancing through the iron gates or observation-holes of the cells, sees only the quiet, and, to him, sullen-looking convict, with all the crime-suggesting bumps largely developed on his shaven head. The same man will be looked upon by the officer who has charge of him as one of the best, most obedient, and industrious of the prisoners, which conclusion he comes to by a closer acquaintance than that of the visitor; although his observations are still only of exteriors. No man sees the true nature of the convict but his fellow-convict. He looks at him with a level glance and sees him in a common atmosphere. However convicts deceive their prison officers and chaplains, which they do in the majority of cases, they never deceive their fellows.

I was a convict in an English prison four years ago, and, before the impressions then received are weakened or rubbed out by time, it may be of interest to recall a few reminiscences. First, let me remove all fears of those who are thinking that, where they least expect it, they have fallen among thieves. I was not in the true sense of the word a criminal, although classed with them and treated precisely the same as they were. My offense against the law was political. I had been a soldier in a cavalry regiment, and had been convicted of being a republican and trying to make other men the same; and so, in the winter of 1867, it came about that I occupied Cell 32, in Pentagon 5, Millbank prison, London, on the iron-barred door of which cell hung a small white card bearing this inscription, "John Boyle O'Reilly, 20 years."

Some people would think it strange that I should still regard that cell—in which I spent nearly a year of solitary confinement—with affection; but it is true. Man is a domestic animal, and to a prisoner with "20 years" on his door, the cell is Home. I look back with fond regard to a great many cells and a great many prisons in England and Australia, which are associated to my mind in a way not to be wholly understood by any one but myself. And if ever I should go back to England (which is doubtful, for I escaped from prison in Australia in 1869, and so permanently ended the 20 years), the first place I would visit would be one of the old prisons. Remember, my name and many a passing thought are scratched and written on many a small place within those cells which I perfectly well recollect, and it would be a great treat to go back some day and read them. And then, during the time I was in prison, I got acquainted with thousands of professional criminals, old and young, who will be the occupants of the English jails for the next twenty years; and I confess it would be of great interest to me to go back and walk the corridor with all the brimming respectability of a visitor, and stop when I saw a face I knew of old, and observe how time and villainy had dealt with it.

I had been in prison about eight months—all the time in solitary confinement—before I was brought "cheek by jowl" with the regular criminals. I confess I had a fear of the first plunge into the sea of villainous association ; but my army experience rendered the immersion easier for me than for many others who had been dragged to confinement from the purity of a happy home. I was in separate confinement in Millbank, and I suppose it is necessary to explain, for the benefit of those who never had the good fortune to live in a prison, that separate confinement means that the convict so sentenced is to be shut up in his cell with light work, sewing or picking coir, and to have one hour's exercise per day, which consists in walking in single file, with long distances between the prisoners, around the exercise yard, and then turning an immense crank, which pumps water into the corridors. The men stood at this crank facing each other, and the man facing me was a perfect type of the brutal English jail-bird. I had noticed the fellow in the chapel for three mornings previously, but this was the first day I had taken the regular exercise.

He was a man about thirty-five years of age, with a yellowish-white, corpse-like face, one of those faces on which whiskers never grow, and only a few long hairs in place of a mustache. Of course he was closely shaven, but I felt that that was the nature of his whiskers when "outside." I had noticed, sitting behind this man as I did in chapel, almost directly in the rear of him, that I *could see his eyes.* He had a narrow, straight face, and there was a deep scoop, as it were, taken out of each bone where the forehead joined the cheek, and through this scoop I saw the eye from behind even more clearly than when standing in front of the man, for his brows overhung in a most forbidding way.

We had marched, Indian file, from our cells on my first morning's exercise, and had taken about three circuits of the yard when the officer shouted in a harsh, unfriendly tone, the prison order,—"Halt ! File on to crank, No. 1."

No. 1 turned toward the center of the yard, where ran the series of cranks arranged with one handle for two men facing each other. When I got to my place I was face to face with the Corpse-man, and when he turned his head sideways, I saw his left eye through the scoop in his cheekbone. The officers stood behind me. There were three of them to the gang of twenty men, and their duty was to watch so that no communication took place between the prisoners. I felt that the Corpse-man wanted to talk to me, but he kept his hidden eyes on the officers behind me and turned the crank without the movement of a muscle of his face. Presently, I heard a whisper, "Mate," and I knew it must be he who spoke, although still not a muscle seemed to move.

I looked at him and waited. He said again in the same mysterious manner: "Mate, what's your sentence?"

* * * * *

Millbank, which O'Reilly in his "Moondyne" calls "a hideous hive of order and commonplace severity, where the flooding sunlight is a derision," was more terrible to a man of his nature, in its grim regularity, than the old-fashioned dungeon. It was pulled down in 1875.

On the expiration of their term of solitary confinement, in April, 1867, O'Reilly, Sergeant McCarthy, and Corporal Chambers were sent to work with common criminals in the prison brickyards at Chatham. They were chained together, as before, and marched through the streets for the delectation of the populace. At Chatham they occupied cells known as "end cells," which receive ventilation from the hall only, where the sanitary arrangements of the prison are situated. The ordinary cells are ventilated from the outside.

Here O'Reilly and two others attempted to escape, and, being recaptured, were put on bread and water for a month, and, after that, chained together and sent to Portsmouth. They were put into gangs, with the worst wretches, to do the hardest of work. They had to wheel brick for machines. Each machine will make a great many in an hour, and their time and numbers were so arranged that from morning till night they could rest only when the machine did. In Portsmouth he again attempted to escape; but failed, and got thirty days more on bread and water.

He and his companions were next removed in chains to Dartmoor—a place that has associations with American history. There, on April 6, 1815, occurred the infamous massacre of American prisoners, shot down by their guards because of an imaginary plot to break jail. Dartmoor is the worst of all the English prisons. Only a man of the strongest constitution can hope to survive the rigorous climate and unremitting hard labor of the dreary prison, planted in the middle of the bleak Devonshire moor. Two of the Irish convicts died of the hardships and cruelties there

endured by them. McCarthy and Chambers underwent twelve years of torture in this and other prisons. They were released in 1878; the former to die in the arms of his friends within a few days; the latter, less fortunate, to drag out eleven years of broken health and unceasing pain. Both had been typical specimens of manly strength when they exchanged the British uniform for the convict's garb. O'Reilly, little given to talk of his own sufferings, could not restrain his indignation when speaking of the studied brutality inflicted upon his comrades. Writing of Chambers's death, which occurred on December 2, 1888, he thus recalls the Dartmoor days:

> Here they were set to work on the marsh, digging deep drains, and carrying the wet peat in their arms, stacking it near the roadways for removal. For months they toiled in the drains, which were only two feet wide, and sunk ten feet in the morass. It was a labor too hard for brutes, the half-starved men, weakened by long confinement, standing in water from a foot to two feet deep, and spading the heavy peat out of the narrow cutting over their heads. Here it was that Chambers and McCarthy contracted the rheumatic and heart diseases which followed them to the end. McCarthy had left a wife and children out in the world, whose woes and wanderings through all the years had racked his heart even more than disease had his limbs. When at last the cell door was opened, and he was told that he was free, the unfortunate man, reaching toward his weeping wife, and his children grown out of his recollection, fell dead almost at the threshold of the prison.
>
> Chambers lingered till Sunday morning, his body a mass of aches and diseases that agonized every moment and defied and puzzled all the skill of the doctors. "They don't know what is the matter with me," he said with a smile, a few days ago, to a friend who called at the hospital to see him, "but I can tell them. They never saw a man before who was suffering from the drains of Dartmoor."

O'Reilly paints the same dark picture again in a fictitious work, whose most striking feature is the truthful sketch of prison life contributed by the ex-convict.

In 1884, in conjunction with Robert Grant, Fred. J. Stimson ("J. S. Dale"), and John T. Wheelwright, he wrote the clever, prophetical novel entitled, "The King's Men: a Tale of To-morrow." It was a story of the reign of "George the Fifth," and of the coming century. There

was plenty of humor, and a good deal of wisdom disguised as humor, in the extravagant pictures drawn by the four young authors. George the Fifth had fled from his rebellious subjects and taken refuge in America. The French republic, "over seventy years old," and the commonwealths of Germany, thirty-three years old, the aristocratic republic of Russia, and the other democratic governments of the world were prosperous, as the British republic, also, had been under "O'Donovan Rourke, the first president, and his two famous ministers, Jonathan Sims and Richard Lincoln." Some belated royalists plotted to overthrow the republic and restore the monarchy. Their conspiracy came to naught, and they were sent into penal servitude. O'Reilly thus sketches the fate of the conspirators:

It was part of the policy of Bagshaw's government thus to march them through the streets, a spectacle, like a caravan of caged beasts, for the populace. Geoffrey thought to himself, curiously, of the old triumphs of the Roman emperors he had read about as a school-boy. Then, as now, the people needed bread and loved a show. But the people, even then, had caught something of the dignity of power. Silently they pressed upon the sidewalks and thronged the gardens by the river. Not a voice was raised in mockery of these few men; there is something in the last extremity of misfortune which commands respect, even from the multitude. And, perhaps, even then, the first fruits of freedom might have been marked in their manner; and magnanimity, the first virtue of liberty, kept the London rabble hushed.

The convicts were sent to Dartmoor Prison, which is graphically described by its old inmate. The picture is accurate, barring the slight poetical license appropriate to a fiction of the future:

In the center of its wide waste of barren hills, huge granite outcroppings, and swampy valleys, the gloomy prison of Dartmoor stood wrapped in mist, one dismal morning in the March following the Royalist outbreak. Its two centuries of unloved existence in the midst of a wild land and fitful climate, had seared every wall-tower and gateway with lines and patches of decay and discoloration. Originally built of brown stone, the years had deepened the tint almost to blackness in the larger stretches of outer wall and unwindowed gable.

On this morning the dark walls dripped with the weeping atmosphere, and the voice of the huge prison bell in the main yard sounded distant and strange, like a storm-bell in a fog at sea.

Through the thick drizzle of the early morning the convicts were marched in gangs to their daily tasks; some to build new walls within the prison precincts, some to break stone in the round yard, encircled by enormous iron railings fifteen feet high, some to the great kitchen of the prison, and to the different workshops. About one third of the prisoners marched outside the walls by the lower entrance; for the prison stands on a hill, at the foot of which stretches the most forsaken and grisly waste in all Dartmoor.

The task of the convicts for two hundred years had been the reclamation of this wide waste, which was called "The Farm." The French prisoners of war, taken in the Napoleonic wars that ended with Waterloo, had dug trenches to drain the waste. The American prisoners of the War of 1812 had laid roadways through the marsh. The Irish rebels of six generations had toiled in the tear-scalded footsteps of the French and American captives. And all the time the main or "stock" supply of English criminals, numbering usually about four hundred men, had spent their weary years in toiling and broiling at "The Farm."

Standing at the lower gate of the prison, from which a steep road descended to the marsh looking over "The Farm," it was hard to see anything like a fair return for such continued and patient labor. Deep trenches filled with claret-colored water drained innumerable patches of sickly vegetation. About a hundred stunted fruit trees and as many bedraggled haystacks were all that broke the surface line.

To the left of the gate, on the sloping side of the hill, was a quadrangular space of about thirty by twenty yards, round which was built a low wall of evidently great antiquity. The few courses of stones were huge granite bowlders and slabs torn and rolled from the hillside. There was no gateway or break in the square; to enter the inclosure one must climb over the wall, which was easy enough to do.

Inside the square was a rough heap of granite, a cairn, gray with lichens, in the center of which stood, or rather leaned, a tall, square block of granite, like a dolmen. So great was the age of this strange obelisk that the lichens had encrusted it to the top. The stone had once stood upright; but it now leaned toward the marsh, the cairn having slowly yielded on the lower side.

* * * * *

Geoffrey, who had been employed in the office of the Governor of the prison, and who had, on hearing this old monument was to be repaired, volunteered on behalf of the three others to do the work, now told the story of the old monument as he had learned it from the prison records which he had been transcribing :

"In the wars of the Great Napoleon," Geoffrey said, "the French prisoners captured by England were confined in hulks on the seacoast till the hulks overflowed. Then this prison was built, and filled with

unfortunate Frenchmen. In 1812 the young republic of America went to war with England, and hundreds of American captives were added to the Frenchmen. During the years of their confinement scores of these poor fellows died, and one day the Americans mutinied, and then other scores were shot down in the main yard. This field was the graveyard of those prisoners, and here the strangers slept for over half a century, till their bones were washed out of the hillside by the rain-storms. There happened to be in Dartmoor at that time a party of Irish rebels, and they asked permission to collect the bones and bury them securely. The Irishmen raised this cairn and obelisk to the Americans and Frenchmen, and now, after another hundred years, we are sent to repair their loving testimonial."

"It is an interesting story," said Featherstone.

"A sad story for old men," said the Duke.

"A brave story for boys," said Mr. Sydney; "I could lift this obelisk itself for sympathy."

They went on, working and chatting in low tones, till an exclamation from Sydney made them look up. Sydney was on top of the cairn, scraping the lichens from the obelisk. The moss was hard to cut, and had formed a crust, layer on layer, half an inch in thickness.

"What is it, my dear Sydney?" asked the Duke.

"An inscription!" cried Sydney, scraping away. "An inscription nearly a hundred years old. I have uncovered the year—see, 1867."

"Ay," said Geoffrey, "that was the year the Irish were here."

Featherstone had gone to Sydney's assistance, and with the aid of a sharp flint soon uncovered the whole inscription. It ran thus:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE

FRENCH AND AMERICAN PRISONERS OF WAR,

Who died in Dartmoor Prison during the Years 1811–16.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

Underneath were the words, "Erected 1867."

There is no fiction in this last incident. O'Reilly and his fellow-prisoners actually erected such a cairn over the bones of the massacred Americans, which the prison pigs were rooting up.

Again he recalls his Dartmoor life in the letter from "James Sydney," one of the royalist prisoners, who remains behind in Dartmoor after his comrades have escaped. The letter reads:

Since your escape I have been under the strictest surveillance, and as I have recovered from my gout I have been set to work upon the ignoble task of breaking stones into small bits with a hammer. I am known as No. 5, and am called by no other name. Imagine me, who found it so difficult to look out for Number One, having to care for No. 5. Indeed, I should find it well-nigh impossible were it not for the assistance which I have from the warders and turnkeys, who look after me with a touching solicitude. No physician could have kept me to a regimen so suitable for my health as strictly as they. You remember how I used to enjoy lying abed in the morning. What a pleasure it was to wake up, to feel that the busy world was astir around you, and lie half awake, half asleep, stretching your toes into cool recesses of a soft, luxurious bed. But it made me idle, very idle. But now I must be off my hard cot, be dressed and have my cot made up by half-past five; then I breakfast off a piece of bread, washed down with a pint of unsweetened rye coffee, innocent of milk, drunk *au naturel* out of a tin pail. And how I wish for my after-breakfast cigar and the *Times*, as I put my hands upon a fellow-convict's shoulder and march in slow procession to my task. The work of breaking a large piece of stone into smaller bits with a hammer is not an intellectual one; but it has got me into tolerable training; I have lost twenty pounds already, and am, as we used to say at the university, as "hard as nails." I am afraid that my old trousers, which my tailor used to let out year by year, would be a world too large for my shrunk shanks now. I dine at noon, as you remember, and for the first time in my life I do not dress for dinner; indeed, a white cravat and a dress coat would be inappropriate when one sits down to bean porridge and boiled beef served in the same tin plate. But I have a good appetite after my pulverizing of the morning, and I am not compelled to set the table in a roar under duress. I am surprised what good things I think of now that I am not expected to and have no one to whom to say them. Jawkins would double my salary could he get me out. Rye coffee is a poor substitute for Chambertin, but it does not aggravate my gout. After dinner I return to my stone-breaking, and feel with delight my growing biceps muscle, and after my supper, which is monotonously like my breakfast, I tackle the tracts which are left with me by kindly souls. They are of a class of literature which I have neglected since childhood, having, as you may remember, a leaning toward "facetiæ." In fact, since my great-aunt's withdrawal to another world, where it may be hoped that

the stones are more brittle and the coffee better, I have seen none. I cannot say that I have been comforted by the tracts, but I have been interested by them, and I spend the brief hours of leisure which are vouchsafed to me in annotating my editions.

Few who read this light and good-humored complaint of the imaginary royalist conspirator can have conceived any idea of the horrors actually endured and silently forgiven by its victim. I would gladly dismiss the painful story, but other pens have told it all; and the world that knew John Boyle O'Reilly as the refined, courtly gentleman and the magnanimous Christian, should know also in what a rough school he learned to be gentle—through what cruel tortures he learned to be merciful.

If Dartmoor had been deliberately chosen and systematically conducted as an engine of torture, it could not have better served its purpose of breaking body and mind, heart and soul. The prison cells were of iron, seven feet long by four feet wide, and a little over seven feet high: ventilated by an opening of two or three inches at the bottom of the door, some of them having a few holes for the escape of foul air at the top of the cell walls. They were oppressively warm in summer, and dismally cold in winter. "Fresh" air came from the corridors, whence also came the only light enjoyed by the inmates, through a pane of thick, semi-opaque glass.

The food was so bad that only starving men, such as they were, could stomach it. It was often too filthy even for their appetites. "It was quite a common occurrence in Dartmoor," says Michael Davitt, "for men to be reported and punished for eating candles, boot-oil, and other repulsive articles; but, notwithstanding that a highly offensive smell is purposely given to prison candles to prevent their being eaten instead of burnt, men are driven by a system of half-starvation into animal-like voracity, and anything that a dog could eat is nowise repugnant to their taste. I have even seen men eating—" but the heart sickens at the relation of what Mr. Davitt has seen, and we cannot but think with horror of such a degradation being set before

such men as these,—before any creature made in God's image and likeness.

The work was hard enough at best. It was wantonly made more repulsive by the inhumanity of the jailers; and the jailers did not act without authority. The putrefying bones—refuse of the prison—had to be pounded into dust; and the place chosen for this offensive work was a shed on the brink of the prison cesspool. The floor of the "bone-shed," as it was called, was some three feet below the outside ground, and on a level with the noisome cesspool. The stench of this work-room and the foul air of the cells, combined with the bad and insufficient food, tended to undermine the health of the wretched prisoners; for, observe, they were set to work on the wet moors outside, during the cold winter, and in the foul bone-shed during the stifling summer days! Siberia may have sharper tortures, but none more revolting in cold, deliberate cruelty, than those of Dartmoor.

There was other work, plenty of it, in the Dartmoor institution, delving, building, and toiling in various ways. The men were not allowed to be idle as long as they were able to lift a hand or foot. When Davitt came out of Dartmoor, having entered prison a healthy man of normal weight, he weighed 122 pounds. "Not, I think," he says, "a proper weight for a man six feet high and at the age of thirty-one."

McCarthy came out to die, and Chambers to linger a wreck for the remainder of his wasted life.

In short, the political prisoners were systematically subjected to harsher treatment than the hardened criminals with whom they were associated; and this was done as a fixed policy of the Government, to make treason odious. Being men of natural refinement, they felt more keenly than the common felon the indignity of having to strip and be searched four times a day; and, as they were unwise enough to show this reluctance, the coarse warders of the prison took an especial delight in inflicting it upon them.

O'Reilly was a "good" prisoner; that is, he took care

to save himself as far as possible from the indignities of his condition by paying strict obedience to the prison rules; but he never despaired of effecting his escape, nor neglected any promising opportunity to that end. During his Dartmoor term he made his third break for freedom.

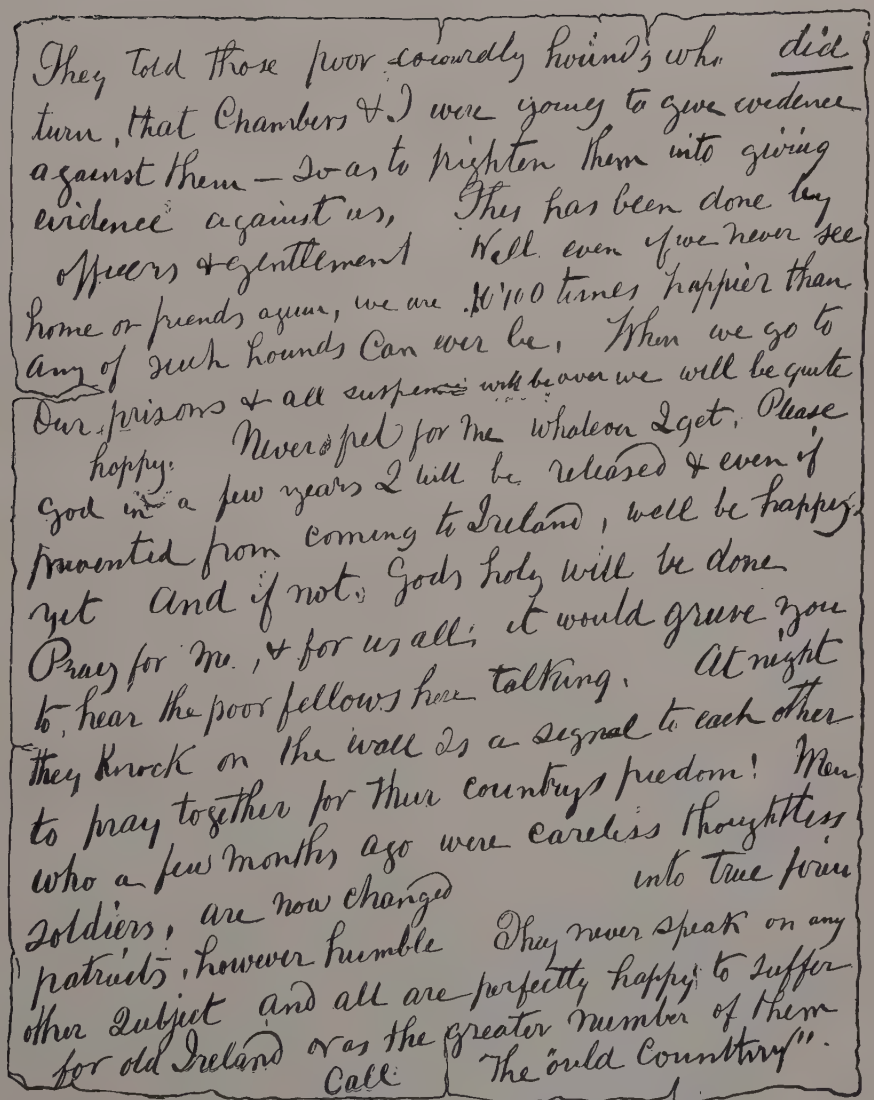
The authorities were accustomed to station sentries at certain elevated points on the moor, to watch the drain-cutting parties of prisoners, and to signal the approach of a fog which they could see rolling in from seaward. Upon the signals being given, the warders would summon the working parties in the drains and gather them all within the prison walls. O'Reilly was working in a gang of drain-diggers in charge of one Captain Hodges. With him was another Fenian ex-soldier, Michael Lavin, who tells an interesting story of his comrade's desperate break for liberty. O'Reilly had secretly made himself a suit of clothes from one of the coarse sheets with which each prisoner was supplied, skillfully arranging his bundle of bedding so that the sheet was not missed. He told Lavin one day that he had made up his mind to escape. Accordingly, on the first appearance of an opportune fog, he hid himself in the drain when his fellow-prisoners obeyed the warders' summons to return to the prison yard. Before his absence was discovered he had made his way well out of the bounds. Search was immediately instituted, but he evaded pursuit during two days and nights.

Once he was so closely followed that he took refuge on the top of an old house, and lay concealed behind the smoke-stack until the guards had gone by. Thence he dropped into a dyke communicating with the river, intending at nightfall to swim the latter in the hope of making his way to the seacoast. For a long time he lay thus hidden, holding to the bank by one hand, while the guards patrolled overhead without perceiving him. An officer stationed some distance off closely watched the place with a field-glass. His suspicions were aroused by perceiving a ripple on the water, and he communicated with the guards, who thereupon discovered the fugitive and brought him back to

prison. For this offense he was given twenty-eight days in the punishment cells, his only nourishment being bread and water, save on every fourth day, when full rations were served. During all the time of his flight he had not eaten an ounce of food.

Four months were spent by O'Reilly in this dismal prison-house. Then came the welcome order of transfer to Portland, preparatory to transportation beyond the seas. While any change from the living hell of Dartmoor could not but be welcome to its inmates, the decree of transportation did not apply to all of the Irish convicts. McCarthy and Chambers were doomed to fret their souls away under the great and petty tortures of their English dungeons. For O'Reilly there was the boon of banishment to the furthest end of the earth, an inhospitable wilderness; and separation, probably forever, from the land of his birth and love, from the comrades whom a community of suffering had endeared to him. But it was a boon, for it was a change, and any change was welcome to one in such a plight as his. In an interview, published a few years ago, he thus told of how the good news came to him:

> In October, '67, there were in Dartmoor prison six convicts, who, to judge from their treatment, must have been infinitely darker criminals than even the murderous-looking wretches around them. These men were distinguished by being allotted an extra amount of work, hunger, cold, and curses, together with the thousand bitter aids that are brought to bear in the enforcement of English prison discipline. At the time I now recall, three of those men were down in the social depths—indeed, with one exception, they were in prison for life; and even in prison were considered as the most guilty and degraded there. This unusually hard course was the result of a dream they had been dreaming for years,—dreaming as they wheeled the heavy brick cars, dreaming as they hewed the frozen granite, dreaming as they breathed on their cold fingers in the dark penal cells, dreaming in the deep swamp-drain, dreaming awake and asleep, always dreaming of Liberty! That thought had never left them. They had attempted to realize it, and had failed. But the wild, stealthy thought would come back into their hearts and be cherished there. This was the result,—hunger, cold, and curses. The excitement was dead. There was nought left now but patience and submission. I have said that the excitement,


They told those poor cowardly hounds who did
turn, that Chambers & I were going to give evidence
against them — So as to frighten them into giving
evidence against us, This has been done by
officers & gentlemen Well even if we never see
home or friends again, we are 10'000 times happier than
any of such hounds Can ever be. When we go to
our prisons & all suspense will be over we will be quite
happy. Never fear for me Whatever I get. Please
God in a few years I will be released & even if
prevented from coming to Ireland, well be happy
yet And if not, Gods holy will be done
Pray for me, & for us all; it would grieve you
to hear the poor fellows here talking. At night
they knock on the wall as a signal to each other
to pray together for their countrys freedom! Men
who a few months ago were careless thoughtless
soldiers, are now changed into true Irish
patriots, however humble They never speak on any
other subject and all are perfectly happy to suffer
for old Ireland or as the greater number of them
Call "The ould Country".

FAC SIMILE LETTER WRITTEN IN PRISON — ORIGINAL IN POSSESSION OF MRS. MERRY OF LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

even of failure, was dead ; but another and stronger excitement took its place. A rumor went through the prison,—in the weirdly mysterious way in which rumors do go through a prison. However it came is a mystery, but there did come a rumor to the prison, even to the dark cells, of a ship sailing for Australia !

Australia ! the ship ! Another chance for the old dreams ; and the wild thought was wilder than ever, and not half so stealthy. Down the corridor came the footsteps again. The keys rattled, doors opened, and in five minutes we had double irons on our arms, and were chained together by a bright, strong chain. We did not look into each other's faces ; we had learned to know what the others were thinking of without speaking. We had a long ride to the railway station, in a villainous Dartmoor conveyance, and then a long ride in the railway cars to Portland. It was late at night when we arrived there, and got out of harness. The ceremony of receiving convicts from another prison is amusing and "racy of the soil." To give an idea of it, it is enough to say that every article of clothing which a prisoner wears must at once go back to the prison whence he came. It may be an hour, or two, or more, before a single article is drawn from the stores of the receiving prison,—during which time the felon is supremely primitive. To the prison officials this seems highly amusing ; but to me, looking at it with the convict's eye and feelings, the point of the joke was rather obscure.

Next day we went to exercise, not to work. We joined a party of twenty of our countrymen, who had arrived in Portland one day before us. They had come from Ireland—had only been in prison for a few months. They had news for us. One of them, an old friend, told me he had left my brother in prison in Ireland, waiting trial as a Fenian.* Many others got news just as cheering. A week passed away. Then came the old routine,—old to us, but new and terrible to the men from Ireland,—double irons and chains. This time there were twenty men on each chain, the political prisoners separate from the criminals. "Forward there !" and we dragged each other to the esplanade of the prison. It was a gala day,—a grand parade of the convicts. They were drawn up in line,—a horrible and insulting libel on an army,—and the governor, and the doctors of the prison and ship reviewed them. There were two or three lounging in the prison yard that day, who, I remember well, looked strangely out of place there. They had honest, bronzed faces and careless sailor's dress,—the mates and boatswain of the *Hougoumont*, who had come ashore to superintend the embarkation.

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* This brother was William, the eldest of the family ; he died ere John had made his escape.

The review was over. The troops—Heaven forgive me!—formed in columns of chains, and marched to the steamer which was waiting to convey them to the transport. Our chain was in the extreme rear. Just as we reached the gangway to go on board, a woman's piercing shriek rose up from the crowd on the wharf; a young girl rushed wildly out, and threw herself, weeping and sobbing, on the breast of a man in our chain, poor Thomas Dunne. She was his sister. She had come from Dublin to see him before he sailed away. They would not let her see him in prison, so she had come there to see him in his chains. Oh! may God keep me from ever seeing another scene like that which we all stood still to gaze at; even the merciless officials for a moment hesitated to interfere. Poor Dunne could only stoop his head and kiss his sister—his arms were chained; and that loving, heart-broken girl, worn out by grief, clung to his arms and his chains, as they dragged her away; and when she saw him pushed rudely to the gangway, she raised her voice in a wild cry: "Oh, God! oh, God!" as if reproaching Him who willed such things to pass. From the steamer's deck we saw her still watching tirelessly, and we tried to say words of comfort to that brother—her brother and ours. He knew she was alone, and had no friends in wide England. Thank God, he is a free man now in a free country!

The steamer backed her paddles alongside the high ship and we went on board, the criminals having gone first. Our chains were knocked off on the soldier-lined decks, and we were ordered to go below. The sides of the main hatchway were composed of massive iron bars, and, as we went down, the prisoners within clutched the bars and looked eagerly through, hoping, perhaps, to see a familiar face. As I stood in that hatchway, looking at the wretches glaring out, I realized more than ever before the terrible truth that a convict ship is a floating hell. The forward hold was dark, save the yellow light of a few ship's lamps. There were 320 criminal convicts in there, and the sickening thought occurred to us, are our friends in there among them? There swelled up a hideous diapason from that crowd of wretches; the usual prison restraint was removed, and the reaction was at its fiercest pitch.

Such a din of diabolical sounds no man ever heard. We hesitated before entering the low-barred door to the hold, unwilling to plunge into the seething den. As we stood thus, a tall, gaunt man pushed his way through the criminal crowd to the door. He stood within, and, stretching out his arms, said: "Come, we are waiting for you." I did not know the face; I knew the voice. It was my old friend and comrade, Keating.

We followed him through the crowd to a door leading amidships from the criminal part of the ship. This door was opened by another gaunt man within, and we entered. Then the door was closed and we

were with our friends—our brothers. Great God! what a scene that was, and how vividly it arises to my mind now!

The sixty-three political prisoners on the *Hougoumont* were the first lot that had been sent to Australia since the Irish uprising of 1848, nor have any others been sent since her voyage. Of these prisoners some fifteen had been soldiers and were, therefore, classed and placed among the criminals. This would have been a greater hardship but for the fact that some of the soldiers in the ship's guard belonged to regiments in which certain of the prisoners had served, and, with comrade sympathy, alleviated their lot as far as possible.

All but one or two of the guards were friendly to the ex-soldiers, who were allowed to occupy the quarters of the political prisoners by day, but forced to pass the night with the criminals in the fore part of the ship. O'Reilly was made an exception, through the good-nature of the guards, who always allowed him, though against the rules, to sling his hammock in the compartment on the lower deck below the cabin, where the political prisoners slept. He received many kindnesses also from the ship's chaplain, Father Delaney, who furnished the paper and writing materials for a remarkable periodical entitled "The Wild Goose." The name had a significance for Irishmen. The soldiers of Sarsfield, who took service in the French and other foreign armies on the failure of their country's effort for liberty, were called "The Wild Geese." Many a sad or stirring song has told the story of their exile, and their valor. "The Wild Goose" was edited by John Boyle O'Reilly, John Flood, Denis B. Cashman, and J. Edward O'Kelly. It was a weekly publication, Mr. Cashman writing the ornamental heading entwined with shamrocks, and the various sub-heads, as well as contributing to its contents. Saturday was publishing day. On Sunday afternoon O'Reilly read it aloud to his comrades as they sat around their berths below decks. In its columns first appeared his stirring narrative poem, "The Flying Dutchman," written off the Cape of Good Hope. "We pub-

lished seven weekly numbers of it," he says. "Amid the dim glare of the lamp the men, at night, would group strangely on extemporized seats. The yellow light fell down on the dark forms, throwing a ghastly glare on the pale faces of the men as they listened with blazing eyes to Davis's 'Fontenoy,' or the 'Clansman's Wild Address to Shane's Head'! Ah, that is another of the grand picture memories that come only to those who deal with life's stern realities!"

Every night the exiles, Catholic and Protestant, for there were men of both faiths in their ranks, joined in one prayer, which ran as follows:

"O God, who art the arbiter of the destiny of nations, and who rulest the world in Thy great wisdom, look down, we beseech Thee, from Thy holy place, on the sufferings of our poor country. Scatter her enemies, O Lord, and confound their evil projects. Hear us, O God, hear the earnest cry of our people, and give them strength and fortitude to dare and suffer in their holy cause. Send her help, O Lord! from Thy holy place. And from Zion protect her. Amen."

But if the political prisoners were able to forget their misery for a time in this way, there was no such surcease for the seething mass of crime that peopled the forward hold.

"Only those," says O'Reilly in "Moondyne," "who have stood within the bars, and heard the din of devils and the appalling sounds of despair, blended in a diapason that made every hatch-mouth a vent of hell, can imagine the horrors of the hold of a convict ship."

The punishment cell was seldom empty; its occupants as they looked through its bars at the deck "saw, strapped to the foremast, a black gaff or spar with iron rings, which, when the spar was lowered horizontally, corresponded to rings screwed into the deck. This was the triangle, where the unruly convicts were triced up and flogged every morning. Above this triangle, tied round the foremast, was a new and very fine hempen rope, leading away to the end of the foreyard. This was the ultimate appeal, the law's last terrible engine—the halter—which swung mutineers and murderers out over the hissing sea to eternity."

CHAPTER IV.

Prison life in Australia—O'Reilly Transferred from Fremantle to Bunbury—Cruel Punishment for a Technical Offense—Daring Plan to Escape—Free at Last under the American Flag.

AT length, the long and dreary voyage ended, and the old *Hougoumont* dropped anchor in the roadstead of Fremantle at three o'clock in the morning of January 10, 1868. Her passengers could see, high above the little town and the woodland about it, the great white stone prison which represents Fremantle's reason for existence. It was "The Establishment"; that is to say, the Government; that is to say, the advanced guard of Christian civilization in the wild Bush. The native beauty of the place is marred by the straggling irregularity of the town, as it is blighted by the sight, and defiled by the touch, of the great criminal establishment.

The first official function was the reading of the rules. What struck O'Reilly most in that long code was the startling peroration to the enumeration of so many offenses,—"the penalty of which is Death!"

After this ceremony the prisoners were separated, the sheep from the goats, the criminals going ashore first to swell the population of four or five hundred of their kind already there. Curiously enough, the arrival of the *Hougoumont* was made the subject of a quasi-religious controversy in the settlement, the Protestants murmuring at the arrival of so many political prisoners. They did not complain so much of the criminal convicts; but their aversion to the Irishmen was reconsidered on better acquaintance.

Father Lynch was the Catholic chaplain of Fremantle prison, and one of the many who took an immediate liking to young O'Reilly. Although the latter, like the other

military convicts, had been separated from his fellows and assigned to the gang of criminals, Father Lynch managed to have him detailed as an assistant in the library. The political prisoners who had not been soldiers were sent to Perth, twelve miles away, to work in the road-gangs or quarries.

One day, four weeks thereafter, O'Reilly was summoned by the officer in whose immediate charge he was, who said to him, "You will go down to the vessel (mentioning her name), and deliver the articles named in this bill of lading; read it!"

O'Reilly read it. It called for the delivery, in good order and condition, of three articles; to wit: One convict, No. 9843, one bag, and one hammock or bed. O'Reilly was No. 9843; his destination was the convict settlement of Bunbury, thirty miles along the coast, west of Fremantle.

Arrived there he was assigned to one of the road parties and began the dreary life of a convict, which, however, was relieved from the utter woe of Millbank's solitary days, or the revolting cruelties of Chatham and Dartmoor. Still it was bad enough. Among the criminals with whom he was forced to associate were some of the most degraded of human kind,—murderers, burglars, sinners of every grade and color of vice. They were the poison flower of civilization's corruption, more depraved than the savage, as they were able to misuse the advantages of superior knowledge. They were the overflow of society's cesspool, the irreclaimable victims of sin—too often the wretched fruits of heredity or environment. Happily for the young, generous, clean-minded rebel, who had been doomed to herd with this prison scum, God had given him the instincts of pure humanity; and ill-fortune, instead of blighting, had nourished their growth. He looked upon his fellow-sufferers with eyes of mercy, seeing how many of them were the victims, directly or indirectly, of cruel, selfish, social conditions. In the Australian Bush he saw humanity in two naked aspects: the savage, utterly ignorant of civilized vir-

tues as of civilized vices; and the white convict, stripped of all social hypocrisies, revealing the worst traits of depraved humanity. Both were "naked and not ashamed." For the savages, so-called, he entertained a sincere and abiding admiration. "Why," he said, years afterwards, "I found that those creatures were men and women, just like the rest of us; the difference between those poor black boys and the men of the Somerset Club was only external. I have good friends among those Australian savages, to-day, that I would be as glad to meet as any man I know."

We know from his own "Moondyne," and other works, how tenderly and how charitably he regarded even the lowest of his convict associates. It would be worth much to a student of human nature could we know how they regarded him. How strange a sojourner in their logging-camps and prison cells must have been this young, handsome, daring, generous, kindly poet, who wore their convict's garb, toiled beside them with axe and shovel, and dreamed dreams, while they cursed their hard fate or obscenely mocked at their enemy, Mankind!

He soon won the respect of the officer under whose immediate charge he was, a man named Woodman, who, appreciating O'Reilly's ability, gladly availed himself of his help in making out his monthly reports and other clerical work. He also appointed him a "constable," as those prisoners were called, who, for good conduct, were detailed as aids to the officer in charge of each working party. The constable wears a red stripe on his sleeve, as a badge of his office; he is employed to carry dispatches from station to station, and is usually sent to conduct to prison any convict on the road-gang who may prove refractory or mutinous. The constables must not be confounded with the ticket-of-leave men. They were under no legal or moral parole; on the contrary, they were held to the strictest account, and punished more severely than ordinary criminals if they failed in their duties. O'Reilly had good reason to know this, as a slight involuntary breach of the rules once brought down upon him a most heartless

and inhuman punishment. The story has a double interest, both as showing the opportunities for malicious cruelty possessed by even a subordinate prison officer, and the infinite charity with which O'Reilly was able to forgive an atrocious wrong.

At one of the stations to which he was occasionally sent with messages there was an overseer, warden, or watch-dog of some sort, who chose to be an exception to all human kind, by conceiving, at sight, a bitter dislike to young O'Reilly. On their very first meeting he looked hard at the new-comer, and said :

"Young man, you know what you are here for"; adding, with an oath, "I will help you to know it." From that time on he watched his victim sharply, hoping to catch him in some infraction of the many regulations governing the convict settlement.

At last his time came. O'Reilly, one day, was a few minutes late in making his trip. He found the overseer waiting for him, watch in hand. "You are late,—so many minutes," he said ; "you are reported." Among the penalties of being "reported," one was that the offender should not be allowed to send or receive a letter for six months. A few days after this incident, the overseer called O'Reilly into his office. He held in his hand a letter, heavily bordered in black, which he had just perused. O'Reilly knew that his mother, at home in Ireland, had been dangerously ill for some time. The letter probably bore the news of her death, but it might contain tidings of a less bitter loss. Nobody in the place, except the overseer, knew its contents. He said : "O'Reilly, here is a letter for you." The prisoner said, "Thank you," and held out his hand for it. The overseer looked at him for a moment, then, tossing the letter into a drawer, said, "You will get it in six months!"

When at the end of six months he received the letter, he found that it confirmed his worst fears. The mother whom he had loved and idolized was dead.

Listening to this story, years afterwards, from the lips

of its victim, I asked him why he had never published the name of the cold-blooded wretch, for the execration of humanity. He smiled and said that he did not bear the fellow any malice; that a man who would do a deed of that kind must be insane and irresponsible,—a being toward whom one could not cherish animosity. To a request that the name might be given to somebody of less magnanimous soul, he replied, "I do not know his name now; I have forgotten it." For that reason the name does not appear in these pages.

But life in the Bush was not all made up of tragedy, or even of misery. To the poet there was consolation, and almost happiness, in the glorious open air, amid the grand primeval trees, and the strange birds and beasts of the antipodes. The land about him lay at the world's threshold. Strange monsters of pre-historic form still peopled the forest, monsters of the vegetable as well as of the animal kingdom.

One incident will illustrate his love of nature, which, curiously enough, found more frequent expression in his prose than in his verse, and was still more a part of his life than of his writings. For, while he passionately loved and keenly enjoyed all the delights of communion with nature, his joy and love were personal pleasures. They formed no part of the sermon which it was his mission to preach. The text of that sermon was Humanity. To that he subordinated every impulse of mere sentiment. This long preface to a short story is excusable, because the criticism has been made, and with justice, that O'Reilly's poetry is strangely wanting in the purely descriptive element. The only long poem to which that criticism least applies is his "King of the Vasse," in which are many wonderfully strong and beautiful pictures of nature.

It happened that the road-gang with which he was working, in following the course laid out by the surveyors, came upon a magnificent tree, a giant among its fellows, the growth of centuries, towering aloft to the sky and spreading enormous arms on every side. The wealth of an

empire could not buy this peerless work of nature. The word of an unlettered ruler of a convict gang was potent enough for its destruction; for it lay right in the middle of the surveyed road. The order was given to cut it down. O'Reilly argued and pleaded for its preservation, but in vain. All that he could obtain was a reluctantly granted reprieve, and appeal to a higher power. He went—this absurd poet in a striped suit—to the commander of the district, and pleaded for the tree. The official was so amused at his astounding audacity that he told his wife, who, being a woman, had a soul above surveys and rights of way. She insisted on visiting the tree, and the result of her visit was a phenomenon. The imperial road was turned from its course, and a grand work of nature stands in the West Australian forests as a monument to the convict poet.

The scum of civilization amid which O'Reilly was anchored lay just above the depths of primitive savagery; there was no intermediate layer. But there was one immeasurable gulf between the naked savage and the branded outcast of civilization. The savage was free. The white man envied him, as one who drowns may envy him who swims in the dangerous waves. The savage was free, because he could live in the Bush.

There was no need of fetters or warders to prevent the criminal's escape. Nature had provided a wall absolutely impassable in the boundless Bush, in whose thorny depths the fugitive was lost at the first plunge. Could he bury himself in its recesses, and hide his trail from the keen scent of the native trackers, employed as sleuth-hounds by the Government, he would still be almost as helpless as a traveler lost in the desert, or a mariner on a plank in mid-ocean. He had no weapons with which to kill game; he was ignorant of the country and liable to perish of thirst or hunger; above all he had no definite goal in sight. The pathless Bush lay before him, thousands of miles in one direction,—the wide, deserted Indian Ocean in the other. He might eke out a precarious existence for a while in the Bush, living a life lower than that of the lowest savage,

whose wood-craft could procure him a living; but he had no hope of freedom, near or remote. Of the two alternatives left him (outside that of penal servitude), suicide was rather better than flight to the Bush.

So said the good priest, Father McCabe, when O'Reilly, consumed with the mad passion for liberty, told him his crude plans of escape. Perhaps flight was worse than suicide, in an earthly sense, because its inevitable failure carried with it a penalty, that of enrollment in the chain-gangs. The horrors of this punishment are not to be understood by free men. Something of them may be gleaned from O'Reilly's poem, "The Mutiny of the Chains," in which he says:

> Woe to the weak, to the mutineers!
> The bolt of their death is driven;
> A mercy waits on all other tears,
> But the Chains are never forgiven.

He had been a little over a year in the convict settlement before the long-sought opportunity came of breaking his bonds forever. The story of his escape would be deeply interesting had he been nothing more than a mere adventurer like Baron Trenck, or a poor court intriguer like Latude; for the world—we are all only prisoners under a life sentence—is ever stirred by the story of a bondman breaking his fetters; but a warmer sympathy is evoked by the tale of this young hero of a romantic revolutionary movement,—this poet whose whole life was a poem.

The true account was not given to the world for many years, as its premature publication would have entailed serious consequences on some of the agents in Australia through whose devotion and courage the young convict had effected his escape. The first authentic story, as published with his sanction by his brother author and warm friend, Mr. Alexander Young, of Boston, in the Philadelphia *Times* of June 25, 1881, is as follows:

> O'Reilly had made preparations for his escape several months before attempting it. He had told no one of his intention, because he had

witnessed so many failures that he decided the safest way was to trust to himself alone. A chance occurrence led him to change his mind. One day while in camp with a convict road party, he had a call from the Rev. Patrick McCabe, a Catholic priest, whose "parish" extended over hundreds of miles of wild Bush country, and whose only parishioners were convicts and ticket-of-leave men. This scholarly, accomplished gentleman had at that time passed fifteen years in ministering to the spiritual needs of convicts, upon whom he exerted a very beneficial influence. His days were almost wholly spent in the saddle, riding alone from camp to camp, and the nights found him wrapped in his blanket under the trees. He was kind to all men, whatever their creed, and a sincere Christian worker. O'Reilly, who had found him a warm friend during his stay in the penal colony, thus bears witness to his usefulness: "He was the best influence; indeed, in my time, he was the only good influence, on the convicts in the whole district of Bunbury." O'Reilly told him his plans of escape as they walked together in the Bush. "It is an excellent way to commit suicide," said the thoughtful priest, who refused to talk about or countenance it. He mounted his horse to say good-by, and, leaning from the saddle toward O'Reilly, he said: "Don't think of that again. Let me think out a plan for you. You'll hear from me before long." Weeks and months passed, and O'Reilly never heard from him. It was a weary waiting, but the convict, though tortured by the uncertainty which kept him from working his own plan, and even hindered him from sleep, still had confidence in his absent and silent friend and adviser.

O'Reilly was exempt from the hardships of labor with the criminal gang on the roads, but had charge of their stores and carried the warden's weekly report to the Bunbury depot. While trudging along with this report one day he reached a plain called the "Race Course." As he was crossing it he heard a "coo-ee," or bush-cry. Looking wistfully in the direction of the sound, he saw a stalwart man coming toward him with an axe on his shoulder. There was a pleasant smile on his handsome face as he approached O'Reilly and said: "My name is Maguire; I'm a friend of Father Mac's, and he's been speaking about you." Having learned the importance of distrusting strangers in convict land, O'Reilly said but a few words and those such as could not reveal his relations with the priest. Observing his hesitation, the stranger took a card from his wallet on which was a message addressed to O'Reilly in the handwriting of Father McCabe. This set at rest all doubts and fears of the man's intentions. O'Reilly eagerly listened to what he had to say, for he had come to carry out the good priest's plan of escape. He said he was clearing the race course, and would be at work there for a month. In February—it was then December—American whalers would touch at Bunbury for water, and he should arrange

with one of them to secrete O'Reilly on board and take him out of danger. This was cheering news, but, during the week which passed before he again saw Maguire, O'Reilly could hardly sleep for fear that the man would shrink, when the time came, from the danger to his own life of helping him to escape. But Maguire's hearty and confident manner when he next saw him helped to dispel these fears. "You'll be a free man in February," he said, "as sure as my name is Maguire."

December and January passed away, and a wood-cutter chancing to go to the convict-road camp mentioned the fact that three American whaling barks had put into Bunbury. The news made O'Reilly terribly anxious lest the plan for his escape should fall through. He determined to venture out by himself if he heard nothing from his friends. On returning from the depot, to which he had carried his weekly report, as usual, O'Reilly found Maguire waiting for him at the race course. "Are you ready?" were the faithful fellow's first words. He then said that one of the whalers, the bark *Vigilant*, of New Bedford, was to sail in four days and that Captain Baker had agreed to take O'Reilly on board if he fell in with him outside Australian waters, and had even promised to cruise for two or three days and keep a lookout for him. Maguire had arranged all the details of the escape. O'Reilly was to leave his hut at eight o'clock in the evening of February 18, and take a cut through the Bush on a line which was likely to mislead the native trackers. He had obtained a pair of freeman's shoes, as the mark left by the convict's boot could be easily traced. After leaving the camp he was to push on through the Bush in a straight course toward a convict station on the Vasse road. There he was to lie till he heard some one on the road whistle the first bars of "Patrick's Day." The plan was gone over carefully between Maguire and O'Reilly, every point being repeated till there could be no doubt of their mutual agreement. The two men then separated.

On the evening of February 18 O'Reilly wrote a letter to his father about his intended escape that night, and his purpose, if successful, to go to the United States. Two months afterwards this letter found its way into the Dublin newspapers. At seven o'clock that evening the warden of the convict party went his rounds and looked in upon all the criminals. He saw O'Reilly sitting in his hut as he passed on his return. Soon after a convict came to the hut to borrow some tobacco and remained so long that the host became very nervous. Fortunately the convict went away before eight. As soon as he had gone O'Reilly changed his boots, put out the light, and started on his desperate venture through the Bush.

Though the woods were dark the stars shone brightly overhead. Before he had gone two hundred yards he was startled by discovering

that a man was following him. It was a moment of terrible strain for O'Reilly, but with admirable nerve he coolly waited for the fellow to come up. He proved to be a mahogany sawyer named Kelly, whose saw-pit was close to the fugitive's hut. He was a criminal who had been transported for life. "Are you off?" he whispered hoarsely. "I knew you meant it. I saw you talking to Maguire a month ago, and I knew it all." These words filled O'Reilly with astonishment and alarm, so that he could not speak. He felt that he was in the man's power. He might have already put the police on his track, or he could do so the next day. But the criminal showed a manly sympathy with the youth who had risked so much for freedom. Holding out his hand to O'Reilly he gave him a strong grip, saying, with a quivering, husky voice: "God speed you. I'll put them on the wrong scent to-morrow." The fugitive could not speak the gratitude he felt, so, silently pressing the manly hand, he pushed on again through the woods.

It was eleven o'clock when he reached the old convict station and lay down beneath a great gum tree at the roadside. From his dusky hiding-place he kept an anxious lookout for friends or foes. In about half an hour two men rode by. They seemed to be farmers, but they may have been a patrol of mounted police. Soon after, the sound of horses coming at a sharp trot was heard by the fugitive. They stopped near his resting place, and he heard "Patrick's Day" whistled in low but clear tones. In an instant O'Reilly ran up to the horsemen, who proved to be Maguire and another friend, M——. They had another horse with them, which O'Reilly mounted, and then, without saying a word, the three started off at a gallop for the woods. They rode on in silence for several hours. At last, Maguire, who led the way, reined in his horse, dismounted, and whistled. He was answered by another whistle. In a few minutes three men came up, two of whom turned out to be cousins of Maguire. The third man took the horses and galloped off, but not till he had given O'Reilly a warm shake of the hand, expressive of his good wishes. The three men then formed in Indian file and, to prevent the discovery of their number, the two behind covered the footprints of the leader. After walking for about an hour they reached a dry swamp near the sea.

O'Reilly remained at this place with M——, while the other men went on. He was told that Bunbury was near by and that they had gone for the boat. After waiting half an hour in anxiety lest the plan of escape had been thwarted at the last moment, a light was seen about half a mile away. This disappeared, only to flash out three more times. It was the signal for O'Reilly and his companion to go forward. They went along the road till they came to a bridge where Maguire was waiting for them. The boat was all ready, but the tide being out they had to wade knee-deep through the mud to reach the water. Maguire, who

led the way, was soon aboard with O'Reilly. M—— meanwhile remained on the shore, and, when appealed to by Maguire in a whisper to "come on," answered in a trembling voice: "No, I promised my wife not to go in the boat." This led one of Maguire's cousins, who had come aboard before the others, to answer back in a sneering tone: "All right, go home to your wife." Yet M—— did not deserve this taunt of cowardice. He was brave enough when duty called him, as he afterwards showed.

The four men in the boat were careful to pull quietly till there was no danger of their being overheard. Then they bent vigorously to the oars, as if rowing for life. Little was said, but thoughts of what they had at stake were all the deeper for not finding vent in words. By sunrise the boat had got almost out of sight of land, only the tops of the high sand-hills being visible. The course was a straight line of forty miles across Geographe Bay. It had been arranged to lie in wait for the *Vigilant* on the further shore, and row toward her as she passed the northern head of the bay. After pulling strongly till near noon the men began to feel the need of food and drink, which from some reason or other had not been provided for their cruise. O'Reilly, who had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours, suffered dreadfully from thirst. Accordingly the boat was run ashore through the surf and pulled high and dry on the beach. The drenching which the men got in doing this gave them temporary relief from thirst. But this soon became so intense that they wandered for hours through the dried swamps in search of water. Hundreds of paper-bark trees were examined for the wished for drink, but not a drop could be found. O'Reilly became alarmed at the burning pain in his chest, which seemed as if its whole inner surface were covered with a blister. As night was coming on they came to a cattle-track, which led to a shallow and muddy pool. But the water was too foul to drink, so they had to content themselves with cooling their faces in it.

As the whaler would not put to sea till morning or, perhaps, the following evening, O'Reilly was in sore need of sustenance to keep up his strength. Fortunately there was a man living in a log house a few miles away whom the Maguires knew and thought well of. He was an Englishman named Johnson, and lived on this lonely expanse of coast with no neighbor nearer than forty miles, as keeper of a large herd of buffalo cows. The three men started for his house, leaving O'Reilly in the Bush for safety, but promising that one should return with food and drink as soon as he could get away unobserved. The poor sufferer whom they left behind watched them winding in and out among the sand-hills till they were lost to view. Then he lay down on the sand in a shady spot and tried to sleep. But the terrible blistering pain in his chest made it impossible for him to remain in a reclining position,

and he was obliged to get up and walk about. Hours passed and his friends did not return. O'Reilly's sufferings at this time were the worst he ever experienced. In his desperate straits his knowledge and judgment of woodcraft served him in good stead. Recollecting that the natives lived on freshly killed meat when they could get no water, he sought for a tree with 'possum marks. This he soon found and on climbing it secured a large possum by pulling it out of its hole by the tail and striking its head against the tree. He then learned what his subsequent experience confirmed, that this meat was the very best substitute for water. Maguire returned at nightfall, bringing food and a bottle of water. He remained but a short time, thinking it best to go back to the Englishman's house to avoid exciting suspicion. Soon after his departure, O'Reilly made a bed with boughs and leaves on the sand, using the young branches of the peppermint tree in order to keep away ants, snakes, and centipedes. He soon fell into a sound sleep and did not awake till his friends called him the next morning. Yet all this time he was in danger of being tracked by the police.

The party soon started for the beach, which was reached at about nine o'clock. One of the men was sent with a strong glass, which Maguire had brought, to the top of a high hill to keep a lookout for the *Vigilant*. At about one o'clock he came running down with the welcome news that the vessel was steering north, with all sails spread. As no time was to be lost the boat was quickly run out through the surf. The men pulled cheerily toward the headland, for they were confident of reaching it before the bark passed. They had rowed about a couple of hours when she was seen steering straight toward the boat. The men therefore stopped pulling and waited for her to come up. To their intense disappointment she changed her course slightly when within two miles of the boat, as if to avoid them. The men looked on amazed. Maguire repeatedly said that Captain Baker had pledged his word to take them on board, and he could not believe him mean enough to break it. To settle the question one of the men stood up in the boat and hailed the vessel loudly enough to be heard on board. There was no answer. Again the man hailed her, his companions joining in the shout. No sound came back, and the *Vigilant* seemed to be moving a little further off. At last she brought up abreast of the boat, at about three miles distant. As a last resort, Maguire fixed a white shirt on the top of an oar and the men all shouted again. But the *Vigilant* passed on, leaving the boat to its fate.

As the bark gradually receded in the distance, the bitterness of O'Reilly's disappointment was increased by the sense of danger. What could now be done to save him was the thought of every one in the boat, as she was put about and pulled slowly for the shore. Maguire proposed that the boat should be hauled on to the beach and then

O'Reilly should be left in the Bush, as before, while the others went on to Johnson's. It was necessary to trust the Englishman with the secret and let him know the hiding-place of the fugitive, for his friends were obliged to go home and arrange for his escape by one of the other whale-ships. This plan was agreed to by the whole party as the best way out of the difficulty. It was evening when they reached the shore. As his three friends left O'Reilly in the secluded sand valley they shook him by the hand and told him to keep up a good heart. They promised that one of them would come from Bunbury in the course of a week to tell him when the whalers would sail. They also said that they should communicate with old Johnson and ask him to bring food and water to the sand valley, which the old man did.

In his nervous desire to get away as soon as possible from the penal colony, O'Reilly brooded over Captain Baker's promise to cruise for his boat if it was not sighted when the *Vigilant* came out. He thought that the captain might not have seen the boat and might be still cruising along the coast on the lookout for it. This idea made him eager to row out again and take the chance of falling in with the vessel. But the boat in which he had ventured before was too heavy for one person to set afloat or row. He asked Johnson's boy, who came the third night, in place of the old man, if his father had a boat. The lad said there was an old dory at the horse range further up the coast, buried in the sand. When the boy had gone O'Reilly walked along the beach for six or seven miles, and at last found the boat. The heat and dry weather had warped her badly, but O'Reilly pulled her carefully into the water and fastened her by a rope of paper bark to a stake driven into the sand, and went back to his hiding-place for the night.

Next morning he ventured out to sea in this frail craft, which he had made water tight by the use of paper bark. In order to keep his stock of meat from spoiling in the hot sun he let it float in the water, fastened by a rope of paper bark to the stern of the boat. The light craft went rapidly forward under his vigorous rowing, and before night had passed the headland and was on the Indian Ocean.

That night on an unknown sea in a mere shell had a strange, weird interest, heightened by the anxious expectations of the seeker for liberty. O'Reilly ceased rowing the next morning, trusting to the northward current to bring him within view of the whale-ship. He suffered a good deal from the blazing rays of the sun and their scorching reflection from the water. To add to his troubles, the meat towing in the water was becoming putrid, and he found that some of the 'possums and kangaroo rats had been taken by sharks in the night. Toward noon he saw a vessel under sail which he knew must be the *Vigilant* and his hopes ran high, as she drew so near to the boat that he could hear voices on her deck. He saw a man aloft on the lookout ;

but there was no answer to the cry from the boat, and the vessel again sailed off, leaving O'Reilly to sadly watch her fade away into the night. He afterward heard from Captain Baker that, strangely enough, the boat was not seen from the ship.

Being refreshed by the dew and the cool night air, O'Reilly bent to the work of rowing back to shore. There was nothing to do but to get to his hiding-place and await Maguire's return. He tugged at the oars pretty steadily through the night, and when morning came he was within sight of the sand-hills on the headland of Geographe Bay. He reached land by noon and then walked on wearily to Johnson's, where he arrived the same night. The fatigue and anxiety which he had gone through had thoroughly exhausted him. He cared for nothing but sleep, and this he could have without stint in the secluded sand valley. There he remained for five days, when he was cheered by the arrival of Maguire and M——, who said that they had come to see him through. This time Maguire brought a brief letter from Father McCabe, asking O'Reilly to remember him. He had arranged with Captain Gifford, of the bark *Gazelle*, of New Bedford, one of the whalers that were to sail next day, to take O'Reilly on board. In order to insure the fulfillment of this agreement the good Father had paid the captain ten pounds to carry his friend as far as Java. Unfortunately there was one serious danger ahead. This was the presence of a criminal convict, one of the worst characters in the penal colony, Martin Bowman, or Beaumont, a ticket-of-leave man. This fellow had discovered O'Reilly's plan of escape and had threatened to reveal the whole affair to the police if Maguire did not take him on board the whale-ship also. As it was unsafe to refuse this demand, Bowman was unwillingly included in the party.

Soon after daybreak the next morning the men went down to the beach. Old Johnson and his boy were there to see them off. They got afloat without delay, and rowed vigorously toward the headland, according to Captain Gifford's directions. By noon they saw the two whale-ships under full headway. Toward evening they were hailed by one of the vessels, and a voice shouted O'Reilly's name and cried out: "Come on board!" The men were delighted at this call. They pulled alongside and O'Reilly was helped out of the boat by the strong arms of Henry C. Hathaway, the third mate. He was warmly welcomed by Captain Gifford, who gave him accommodations in his cabin. Martin Bowman, the escaped criminal, was quartered in the forecastle with the crew. As the boat pushed off from the ship, Maguire stood up and cried: "God bless you; don't forget us, and don't mention our names till you know it's all over." M——, also, who had so well proved his courage, shouted a kind farewell, which moved the grateful O'Reilly to tears.

The official narrative is briefer. It is found in the *Police Gazette* of the District of Western Australia in the form of the following advertisement :

ABSCONDERS.

20—John B. O'Reilly, registered No. 9843, imperial convict ; arrived in the colony per convict ship *Hougoumont* in 1868 ; sentenced to twenty years, 9th July, 1866. Description—Healthy appearance; present age 25 years ; 5 feet 7½ inches high, black hair, brown eyes, oval visage, dark complexion : an Irishman. Absconded from Convict Road Party, Bunbury, on the 18th of February, 1869.

CHAPTER V.

Narrow Escape from a "Bad" Whale—He Feigns Suicide in Order to Avoid Recapture at Roderique—Transferred to the *Sapphire* off Cape of Good Hope—Arrival at Liverpool—Takes Passage for America—Lands at Philadelphia.

DR. JOHNSON, who knew little about jails and less about ships, said that "being in a ship is being in a jail with a chance of being drowned." To the man who had spent three years in penal servitude, the deck of the *Gazelle* was the illimitable world of freedom. Captain Gifford was a kindly man. In Henry Hathaway, O'Reilly found a loving friend and messmate, who gave the half of his little state-room and the whole of his big heart to the young Irishman. The friendship thus contracted on board the *Gazelle* lasted throughout life. On O'Reilly's part it was reinforced by an undying sense of gratitude for his freedom, twice conferred, and his life once saved, by the generous American sailor.

Hathaway had what, to a noble nature, is the best of reasons for loving O'Reilly, the right of a benefactor. He had helped him to escape from bondage, he was yet to protect him from recapture, and he had saved him from death itself.

Here is the story of the last-named good deed, as modestly told by Hathaway, and as I have heard it confirmed from the grateful lips of O'Reilly.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., 1877.

MY DEAR FRIEND: According to your wish, I will now endeavor to give you a brief account of what happened on the day when Mr. O'Reilly was with me in pursuit of a "bad" whale on the northwest coast of Australia. I don't exactly remember the date, but think it was in May, 1869. We lowered away our boats for whales, and O'Reilly was very anxious to go in my boat · I told him that he had

BARK "GAZELLE," CAPT. GIFFORD. THE NEW BEDFORD WHALER THAT PICKED UP JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY OFF THE COAST OF WEST AUSTRALIA.

better stay by the ship, but he insisted on going. I finally consented, and he went. Mr. Hussey, in another boat, struck the whale first. I noticed the whale, as soon as he struck him, make for Hussey's boat, but didn't think at the time he was a bad one. We then started for him, and just before we reached him he "settled," and the next thing I saw was his back close to our boat. I told Lambert, the boat-steerer, to "give it to him." As soon as he struck him the whale raised his flukes and struck our boat four successive times, knocking her to atoms. The first time he struck her he stove her badly, and she began to fill. I noticed O'Reilly's head drop as though he was hurt. The rest of the crew jumped into the sea away from the boat, and clung to their oars; I clung to the stern part of the boat, that being the only piece left large enough to hold a man up; this, I think, was about ten feet long. I missed O'Reilly, and thought he must have drowned, as I knew he was hurt. When the whale left us the men swam back to the shattered boat. I remember saying, "O my God! where is Mr. O'Reilly?" and Bolter, who was close by my side, said, "There he is, on the other side, under water." I looked, and sure enough, there he was, about two feet from the surface of the water, bobbing up and down like a cork. I threw myself over, and by clinging to the broken keel with my left hand, reached him by the hair of the head with my right hand, and hauled him on the stoven boat. I thought then he was dead, as the froth was running from his nostrils and mouth; but a thought struck me, if he was dead he would have sunk: so I raised him up on my shoulder. As I lay on the side of the boat, with his stomach across my shoulder, I kept punching him as much as possible to get the salt water out of him. It was several hours before he realized anything, as the ship was about twelve miles from us to the windward, and we lay on the stoven boat a long time before we were picked up by Mr. Bryan, the fourth mate. The next day after this happened, as Mr. O'Reilly was lying in his bunk, suffering from the blow of the whale's flukes, he said, "Oh, Hathaway, why didn't you let me go?" I told him to keep quiet—that he would live to see better days; but he couldn't see it. We don't see far ahead, after all,—do we? The next time we saw whales he came to me and said he would like to go with me again. I told him, "No, he had got out of one scrape, and had better rest contented." But he insisted on going, and I consented, as he said he wanted revenge. We were lucky enough that day to get a good big fellow, and I think he had his revenge, as we minced him up pretty well. I think it was the death of that whale that suggested his poem of "The Amber Whale."

What Hathaway modestly omits from this narrative is the fact that, after bravely holding his friend so long above

water, in that heavy sea, the terrible strain overcame him when relief arrived. He fainted away after seeing that O'Reilly was safe, and lay insensible for four hours.

Two months later the *Gazelle* put into the harbor of Roderique, a small British island in the Indian Ocean, to take in a supply of fresh water. O'Reilly's escape had been telegraphed to that and other quarters. Just before sunset on the day of her arrival, a boat came alongside with the Governor of the island and a guard of police on board. Hathaway was on the ship's deck; beside him stood O'Reilly.

"Have you a man on board named John Boyle O'Reilly?" was the officer's first question. Hathaway knew nobody of that name, but, on the official's describing him, remembered that a man answering such a description, but named Brown, had been on board, and died two months before in the Straits of Sunda. "Brown" was the name by which O'Reilly went, on board the *Gazelle*.

The Governor thereupon demanded that the crew be mustered for inspection, and the men were accordingly drawn up in a row. One stowaway was promptly recognized as a fugitive from justice, and put under arrest, but the officers found nobody answering to the description of No. 9843. The convict Martin Bowman would have escaped, too, but for his own savage conduct. Ever since his arrival on the ship he had been the bully of the forecastle.

Among the sufferers from his brutality was a young English sailor who could not lose so good a chance of getting rid of, and even with, his tormentor. The officers had passed Bowman by when this young sailor, with a jerk of his thumb and a knowing look, indicated him as a suspicious character. He was accordingly subjected to a closer examination, recognized, put under arrest and taken to the gangway. As he went over the side he turned to O'Reilly, and with a wicked leer said, "Good-by, shipmate." The action and words were marked. O'Reilly well knew what they meant,—that Bowman had singled him out so that the officers would remember him, when, after reaching

shore, the convict should offer to compound for his own absconding by giving up the other and more important fugitive.*

As soon as the boat had departed Hathaway and O'Reilly held a council of war. Capt. Gifford was fortunately on shore. It would have been a serious thing for him to risk his ship, and perhaps his freedom, by protecting a fugitive felon from recapture. O'Reilly was desperate, but firm in his determination not to be taken alive. He had obtained a revolver, and was prepared to sell his life dearly rather than be taken back to the penal settlement and the inevitable horrors of the chain-gang. Hathaway was deeply stirred, but retained his coolness, as the Yankee sailor does in every emergency.

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"Leave this thing to me," he said, "and I think I can study out some better way of settling it."

By this time it had become dark. The men were all below except the anchor watch. There was a kind of locker under the cabin companion-way, which was used sometimes by the steward to store dishes, etc. It was large enough to hold a man, with some squeezing, and was covered by one of the stair boards. The Dartmoor cells were more roomy, but less comfortable.

Hathaway quickly formed his plan and unfolded it to O'Reilly. It was for the latter to walk aft with a small grindstone, which happened to be at hand, lean over the rail, and, at the first favorable opportunity, throw the grindstone and his hat overboard, then slipping down the companion-way take refuge in the locker.

Hathaway went forward and engaged the watch in talk, standing so as to obstruct the view of O'Reilly, at the same time that he gave the watch instructions to keep a sharp eye on the latter, who, he said, was desperate, and might try to do away with himself; "for," he continued, "he tried to kill himself in Australia, before we took him off."

* It may be worth noting here, that, in writing his "Moondyne," O'Reilly gave the name of Bowman to the villain of the story, even as he remembered his generous friends, the Maguires, by name in the same book.

Just then there was a loud splash in the water. "What's that?" exclaimed Hathaway. "It's O'Reilly," cried the watch; "he has thrown himself overboard." "Man overboard," was instantly shouted, and brought the crew on deck. Four boats were lowered and searched the water for an hour. They found only O'Reilly's hat, though one of the crew, with a sailor's vivid imagination, swore that he had caught a glimpse of a drowning man's face, and knew it to be O'Reilly's. When Hathaway's boat came back from its fruitless quest, he found the second mate leaning over the side, and crying bitterly: "He's gone, poor fellow! here's his hat. The men have just picked it up. We'll never see him again."

Next morning there was grief on board the *Gazelle*. The flag at half-mast brought out the captain in a shore boat to learn the sad news. O'Reilly's wet hat lay on the hatch-way. Immediately afterward came the police boat with the Governor, and Convict Bowman ready to identify his prey. The unmistakable sincerity of the men's grief satisfied the officials. On the evening of the same day the *Gazelle* went to sea unmolested. As soon as they were well clear of the land, Hathaway said to the captain (I give his own story):

"'I guess I'll go below and get a cigar.' I went and hauled the step away, and there was O'Reilly all in a heap. I can see his face right before me now, white as chalk; eyes as black as night. He looked like a wild man.

"'What now?' says he, trembling all over.

"'Come out of that,' says I.

"'What do you mean?' says he.

"'Don't stop to ask questions, man,' says I; 'get out of that and come up; you're safe for this time. Land is almost out of sight.'

"He crawled out, and we went on deck together.

"'Now,' says I, 'go and shake hands with the captain.'

"I went to the side of the ship and stood there smoking, and pretending to be scanning the horizon. I saw the captain give one look at him, a kind of scared look. He

thought it was his ghost. Then he wrung O'Reilly's hand, and burst out crying, just like a baby.

"Pretty soon he looked at me. I never said a word.

"'Did that fellow have anything to do with it?' says he."

Capt. Frederick Hussey, who was first officer of the *Gazelle* at the time, expresses his belief that the Governor was "not so badly fooled as we thought. When Bowman was arraigned in court, he commenced to tell the story of O'Reilly, when the Governor commanded: 'Be silent, sir.' Again he attempted to speak, when the Governor arose and said: 'If you speak again, I'll have you gagged.' When he saw our flag at half-mast, he inquired the reason for it, and ordered it down. I believe he wished to prevent diving or dragging for the body, for I have since heard that his wife was a loyal Irish woman."

The much-abused word "loyal" is for once well applied, if Capt. Hussey's information was correct as to the nationality of the Governor's wife.

The *Gazelle's* next landfall was to be made at the Island of St. Helena, the prison-rock on which the British nation chained, and tortured, and fretted to death the great soldier who had weakly trusted to their magnanimity. It was not to be expected that the secret of O'Reilly's identity could be kept by the whole ship's crew, especially after the Roderique episode; so Captain Gifford reluctantly determined to part with his passenger ere reaching that port. The American bark *Sapphire*, of Boston, bound from Bombay to Liverpool, commanded by Captain E. J. Seiders, was spoken on July 29, off the Cape of Good Hope, and agreed to give a passage home to seaman "John Soule," O'Reilly having adopted for the nonce the name and papers of a man who had deserted from the *Gazelle*. Honest sailors soon learn to trust one another, and Captain Seiders was taken into the confidence of his countryman, repaying it by giving O'Reilly a state-room in his cabin and treating him with every kindness.

The generosity of Gifford did not stop with commend-

ing the fugitive to his countryman; all the ready money that he had in his possession he put into O'Reilly's hands at parting, and when the young man, deeply touched by such generous confidence, would have remonstrated, saying: "I may never reach America; I may never be able to repay you"—the big-hearted sailor merely replied:

"If you never reach America, I shall be very sorry for you; if you are never able to repay me, I shall not be much the poorer; but I hope you will reach America, and I am sure you will pay me if you can." His confidence was not misplaced. Four years later O'Reilly's first book of poems was published, and bore this dedication:

TO
CAPTAIN DAVID R. GIFFORD,
Of the whaling bark *Gazelle*, of New Bedford,
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK.

In February, 1869, I left the coast of Western Australia in a small boat without a sail. Peculiar circumstances rendered it impossible that I should return. My only path lay across the Indian Ocean. It pleased God that my boat was seen from the masthead of the *Gazelle*, commanded by Captain Gifford, who picked me up and treated me with all kindness during a seven months' whaling cruise. On parting with me at the Cape of Good Hope he lent me twenty guineas to help me on my way to America. One of the greatest pleasures this little book can ever afford me is the writing of this dedication.

Captain Gifford never saw this grateful tribute. He died ere the volume could reach him, but not ere his trust in the author's gratitude had been amply justified.

O'Reilly found it even a harder task to part with his warm friend and messmate Hathaway. The two were almost equal in years, with kindred buoyancy of spirits, and a deeper undercurrent of earnestness which made each respect and love the other. Between them existed that love, "passing the love of women," which only men of noblest mould may feel or understand.

In the poet's well stocked library were many volumes, the gifts of admiring friends of all degrees of life. Some

were autograph copies from men of world-wide fame; but the volume which he cherished most fondly was an old, sea-flavored, weather-beaten manuscript book, the private "log" of Henry Hathaway. A few months before his death he showed it to me, with such a look of fond pride and pleasure as only he could wear when testifying to the love and tenderness of another. Truly it was a volume on whose pages any man might be proud to be chronicled as he is. A few extracts will show the character of this singular record, which was begun three hours after the parting of the friends and continued to the end of the voyage:

Ship *Gazelle*, July 29, 1869.

DEAR OLD FELLOW:

I am now seated at the old donkey, where we've sat side by side for the last five months, more or less, and have been reading over some of your pieces of poetry, and it makes me lonesome, although we have not been parted as yet hardly three hours, and thank God we have lived and parted as friends; and thinking, perhaps, in after years you would like to know the transactions of the remainder of this voyage, I shall endeavor to write a little, once in a while, hoping it may prove interesting to you. Most everybody on board is talking about you, and they all wish you good luck in your undertaking, and all that I have got to say is, "Good speed, and God bless you!"

FRIDAY EVENING, July 30.—Again I am seated, to add another line or two. This morning there were six sails in sight, and I suppose the *Sapphire* was one of the six. The old man told me this morning that he thought you would go home with us yet. He says that if we get to St. Helena first he will take you on board again, and as much as I would like to have you here, I hope and trust that you are safe where you are; God bless you, old fellow! Good-night!

SATURDAY EVENING, 31st.—It is now blowing a gale from the westward, and the old ship is lying to under reefed foresail and close reefed main topsail, and I have got the blues the worst kind, and am as homesick as can be:

> Friend after friend departs;
> Who hath not lost a friend?
> There is no union here of hearts
> That finds not here an end.—*J. Montgomery.*

TUESDAY EVENING, August 3.—Yesterday I did not write, as it was blowing a gale of wind; but this evening, as it is fine weather, I will add another line or two. Since this head wind commenced we have lost

about fifty miles of our course, but I think the prospects are good now to get it back again, and perhaps a little more. Everybody on board seems to be in good spirits to-day, except myself. There are four ships in sight, and if either of them is the *Sapphire* I wish she would come close to us, for I would really like to know how you are getting along. I told Captain G. that I felt confident that you are all right with that captain, as I liked the looks of him the moment I set eyes on him.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, 4th.—Well, John, evening has once more thrown her sable mantle around us, and I am seated once more in my little nine-by-seven to add another line to this puzzle. This is the thirteenth anniversary of my seafaring life, and I hope (if God spares my life) before the next thirteen expires, I shall be in better circumstances than at present, although I suppose it is folly to think of the hereafter (in regard to worldly things); yet it is but natural, if we have a mind of our own, and wish to gain fame. There are but two sails in sight to-day, and I think the old *Sapphire* is out of sight and I hope ahead of us, as I wish you good speed. Lat. 34 deg. 50 min. S., long. 27 deg. 12 min. E.

THURSDAY, 5th.—All this day fine breezes from the N.N.W. We are now within about five degrees of longitude of the Cape, and I hope and pray that this breeze will take us around, and I should like to arrive at St. Helena one or two days ahead of you, so that you may come back to us again, as I think you will be much safer here.

Everybody on board seems to be in good spirits, except Mr. Bryan, and he has been groaning all day about his old friend, you know who it is, therefore I will call no names. There is but one sail in sight to-day, and he is close to us, and I think is an Englishman; therefore I know that the old *Sapphire* is out of sight. Good-night, old boy! May the good spirit that has watched over you so far still continue to do so. Our latitude by observation is 35 deg. 33 min., and longitude 23 deg. 37 min. E.

SATURDAY, 7th.—To-day we have a fair wind again, and are scudding off at the rapid rate of about three knots per hour, but I think the prospects are fair for a strong breeze to-night.

WEDNESDAY, 11th.—This has been a beautiful day, such a one as you used to like when you were on board. The wind has been very light, but fair. We find ourselves, by observation, about two miles from the Cape, and I hope and trust we may pass it before morning. I have thought a great deal about you to-day, and wonder how you are getting along, and something tells me that you are all right. God grant that it is so, old fellow; and may the Being whose ever watchful eye is upon us watch over and comfort you in all your troubles; and don't, for Heaven's sake, John (whatever your troubles may be), give up your evening practice. Good-night, old boy! God bless you! Our latitude is about 35 deg. 45 min. S., and longitude 18 deg. 42 min. E.

FRIDAY, 13th.—The biggest part of this day we have had strong breezes from the W.S.W., and have been steering by the wind on the port tack, and heading from N.N.W. to N.W. by N. There is one sail in sight astern of us, and I have wondered several times to-day whether it is the *Sapphire* or not. I hope it is, and wish we could have good weather to gain. Our latitude is 34 deg. 55 min. S., and longitude 17 deg. 53 min. E., so, as you see, we have passed the Cape of Good Hope.

SATURDAY, 14th.—This has been a beautiful day, with light breezes from the S.E., and we have been engaged sending aloft our mizzen top-sail and yards. There are two ships in sight, one of them close to us and the other about fifteen miles distant. The one that is close to us is a large Englishman, that was close to us the day after you went on board the *Sapphire* ; but the other we can't tell what he is, but I hope it is the *Sapphire* ; if it is, I think we will get to St. Helena about the same time. Our latitude is about 33 deg. 40 min. S., but the longitude I have not yet ascertained.

SUNDAY, 15th.—This has been another beautiful day, and we have had a nice little breeze from the south. There is but one ship in sight, and he is nearly out of sight ahead of us. Our latitude is 33 deg. S., and longitude 13 deg. 55 min. E.

MONDAY EVENING, 16th.—All of this day we have had a strong breeze from the south, and have made a good distance toward our destination. There are two ships in sight, one astern, and the other on the port quarter, but so far away that we cannot make out whether either of them is the *Sapphire*, or not. Everybody on board seems to be in good spirits to-day, as is generally the case when we have a fair wind. Our latitude is 31 deg. 35 min. S., and longitude 12 deg. E.

WEDNESDAY, 18th.—The fore part of this day we had beautiful weather and light breezes from the S.E., and this afternoon we have had a good breeze, and a thick fog, and everything looks as gloomy as old boots. The same two ships that have been in sight for the last two days are still in sight, two points on our starboard bow, and another one on the port quarter. Lambert just came in and asked me if I did not feel well, as he noticed I looked downhearted, and I had to turn him off with, "Oh, well enough," but I have got the blues like smoke, so—Good-night ! Latitude 29 deg. 30 min. S., longitude about 9 deg. E.

MONDAY, 23d.—I did not write yesterday, as I had the blues the worst kind ; but this evening, as I feel a little better, I will scratch a line or two. We have had strong breezes all day and the old ship is trotting along about eight knots per hour. If this breeze lasts until Friday, I think we will be at St. Helena. Every one on board is enjoying good health, and most of us are in good spirits, and I hope

and pray that you are enjoying the same blessing. Good-night, old boy! Latitude 21 deg. 50 min. S., longitude 1 deg. E.

THURSDAY, 26th.—All of this day we have light airs and calms, and have made but little distance. There are but two sails in sight to-day; one of them is the same one that we gained on the 20th. The land, by our reckoning, is about sixty miles distant, and I hope that we will come to anchor to-morrow. Everybody seems to be in good spirits to-day. I suppose it is because we are close to port, and I would give considerable if it were New Bedford instead of St. Helena, and that you were here with us; but perhaps it is all for the best as it is, and I trust God that it is, old fellow. Good-night and God bless you! Our latitude is about 16 deg. 20 min., and longitude 5 deg. W.

SATURDAY, 28th.—This morning we came at anchor, and we find that the *Sapphire* has not been here as yet, and as everything is quiet and no danger, I hope she will come in before we leave. . . . . The day that we came at anchor there were fifteen ships anchored here, thirteen merchantmen, the whaling bark *Ohio*, and the old *Gazelle*; and now, old fellow, as I cannot think of anything else to write that will interest you, I will bid you adieu, and lay this book aside for the present, for it makes me lonesome every time that I write in it. My prayer is that the old *Sapphire* will have favorable winds and make a speedy passage, and that you may be fortunate enough when you arrive in England to get a ship bound direct to America. Good-by, old fellow, and may God in his infinite mercy watch over and bless you!

NOVEMBER 9.—Dear old fellow, it is my dog watch below, and I have spent most of it in playing the flutina, and reading over some of your poetry, but I will improve the few moments that are left me in adding another line or two to this. I hope and pray, old boy, that before this time you have sodded your hoof on Yankee shores, and I wish that I were there with you (yet, Thy will be done, O God! not mine). The old man has been in here this evening, showing me some abstract of a right whale voyage, and he has asked for my opinion about going there, but I gave him no encouragement, knowing that if we leave here we will lose our letters again. Oh, dear, I wish this voyage was over! I haven't had a letter from home for sixteen months, and I have got the blues like old boots, so I will bid you a good-night, and light a cigar and go on deck, and tramp, tramp, tramp away, and build castles. Lat. 34 deg. S., long. 50 deg. W.

NOVEMBER 25.—Again I am seated by my old donkey, with pen in hand, to scratch another line or two. I have been reading to Mr. Bryan a political piece which I found in an English paper, and I tell you what, he is raving mad. He has got one of his old political fits on, and I would that you might see him now. The piece is about a Mr. Roebuck, an English orator, and, when I left Mr. Bryan on deck about

ten minutes ago, he was calling him everything that he could lay his tongue to. It is four months to-morrow since you left us, and I hope and trust that you are quietly settled down in Yankee town.* Since you left we have not seen the spout of a sperm whale, which makes the time naturally hang rather heavy. For pastime I have taken the rigging off from my little vessel, and am going to rig her again, and have also made about half a dozen canes. By the way, I was looking at your cane yesterday, and I must shortly polish it, and if I am unfortunate enough not to meet you again, I shall certainly send it to your father as I promised you. The tress of hair is also safe, and if I do not see you again I will do with it as I told you I would. The old man has made his schooner for Jimmy, and has got her all rigged, and the sails on. Mariano, Mr. Joseph, John Vitrene, Bill Malay, and the boy Andrew are each building a vessel ; but I have seen none yet equal to the one that poor Carpenter built, and which I have in my possession. No doubt you often think of the night that we lost him, and of the narrow escape that you had but a short time after, and I have been thankful a great many times that I did not leave the boat, for if I had you certainly would have perished. Now as it is about time to shorten sail for the night, I will bid you good-night and go on deck. Long. 38 deg. 50 min. W., lat. 23 deg. 20 min. S.

SATURDAY, December 18. . . . . I often think of you and ask myself if there is any doubt about your safety, and while others think there is, Paterson, for instance, I think there is no doubt, old boy, but you are on Yankee soil, and, with the help of God, I will soon be with you; and I hope the time is not far hence when some of your old friends from Australia will be with you, enjoying freedom instead of bondage. Bondage, do I call it ! Worse than bondage, for the slave in bondage has no one to scorn him but his master, while those gentlemen are suffering the scorn of a whole nation, and what is it for ? Just for upholding their rights. God bless them ! and may the time soon arrive when they will have a helping hand to assist them in escaping.† There goes eight bells.

SUNDAY, January 30, 1870.—Another week has passed away, and the shades of evening are once more gathered over us. It is my dog watch below, and I have been reading the Bible, and playing hymn tunes on the flutina ; and now, as I have a few leisure moments before going on duty, I will improve them in writing to you, hoping that, by and by, when you come to peruse these pages, you may be interested, for I know that you will want to know some of the proceedings of your

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* O'Reilly had then been just two days in the "Yankee town" of Philadelphia.

† O'Reilly and Hathaway had even then planned, among their other air-castles, the one which they were to carry out successfully seven years later—of rescuing the other forlorn captives in Australia.

old shipmates. The old man is as dry as ever, and once in a while he repeats over his old whaling stories, but he always turns out to be the hero himself, although he seldom speaks evil of any one. I have not had a talk with him about you for a long time ; but, whenever I have, he has always spoken well of you. Mr. Bryan is the same old stick, and as hot in political affairs as ever, and is about as sick of this voyage as I am. The remainder of the officers and all the crew are well ; some appear to be content, while others look blue enough. It is about time for me to go on deck; so I will offer up a prayer to the Maker of all things for your success, and go to duty. Good-night.

SUNDAY EVENING, third month, sixth day.—Once more I am seated to pen another line or two. Since I last wrote, we have been engaged fitting ship for home, and I think we will start for home about the 20th of this month. We have gained with two ships lately, and have got papers as late as January 15. I am as homesick as old boots, and wish for the time to fly. We are all as well as common, and I hope, old fellow, that you are enjoying the same blessing. I hope things are properly arranged by this time for the expedition that we were talking about, for I will be ready in a short time to start on that errand of mercy.* Good-night, old boy !

WEDNESDAY, fourth month, fifth day.—It is my watch below and I have been trying to sleep, but I find it impossible to do so, as I am continually thinking about home and friends. We have been lying here, within a thousand miles of home, for the last four or five days, with head winds and calms, but I have no doubt but that it is all for the best. The wind is fair now, but quite light. There are three sails in sight, all homeward bound. May God speed the plow ! Good-by.

TUESDAY, fourth month, sixth day.—I am once more seated in my little eight-by-six, to add a few more lines to this puzzle, and I think this must be the last, as I expect to be at home in a few days. We are now off Cape Hatteras, and it is blowing a gale from the N.W., but I hope it will soon change and give us a fair wind, for most of us have got the blues like old boots. Yet it is all for the best. I hope that you will correct the many mistakes which you will be likely to find in perusing these pages, and excuse the hand-writing, for I have written it in haste, doubting whether you would ever get it or not. And now, old boy, I will bid you a good-night, and hope to find you safe and sound in a few days. Our latitude by observation 35 deg. 20 min. N., and longitude 70 deg. 5 min. W.

This same old log-book is rich in autograph treasures of the boyish poet ; for he had rioted all over its pages while

* The "expedition" was that referred to in preceding note.

on board the *Gazelle*. There, penciled in a bold, handsome hand, is the first draft of his "Withered Snowdrops," with several pages of his "Uncle Ned's Tales," and a rather weak effusion which never grew any stronger, and which he gravely introduces with the words: "The following little poem is an exquisite bit of—rubbish."

Over the *nom de plume* of "Old Blowhard, Mariner," he writes a lot of breezy fun, such as the following, which will be enjoyed less for its humor than as an indication of the author's light-heartedness and ready touch with the spirit of his surroundings. It follows a serious signal code in Hathaway's writing, and is entitled:

WHALING SIGNALS—LAST EDITION.

BY OLD BLOWHARD.

Flag at main—*Whales up.*
Flag at mizzen—*Whales down.*
Jib hauled up and down—*Can't see any whales.*
Foretopsail hauled up and down—*Look out.*
All the sails on the ship hauled up and down—*Whales somewhere.*
Steward at the main—*Go farther off.*
Steward waves his hat—*Whales all round the ship.*
Lee clew of spanker boom hauled up—*Whales going to windward.*

In another place he writes the following:

RULES TO BE OBSERVED BY WHALE SHIPS IN CASE OF FIRE BY NIGHT.

1. When the officer on deck discovers that there is fire in the ship, he will wait with patience until he sees the flames, which will show him exactly where the fire is. He will then proceed at once to call the cook.

2. He will call the captain and officers by shouting down the cabin: "I think the ship is on fire."

3. He will then shake the reefs out of the foresail, and haul up the bunt of the mizzen topmast staysail, at the same time letting the ship luff about seventeen points.

4. He will then ring the bell, shout, and fire bomb-lances down the cabin stairs, to bring every one to a sense of danger.

5. When the captain comes on deck, he will at once send two men to each masthead to cry "Fire!" then he will take off the fore and

main hatches to give the wind a good chance of blowing out the fire. He will also cast off the lashings from the casks on deck, and hoist the weather clew of the vise-bench to steady the ship.

6. The cooper's chest should be thrown overboard, as it might explode.

7. The first and second officers should see that the port anchor be taken in from the bow, carried aft, and thrown down the main hatchway. It is easy to see the good effect this may have. If necessary, the starboard anchor may be thrown down the fore hold.

8. The third and fourth officers, at the same time, will fire bomb-lances down the lower hold, and when they have fired away all on board, they will see that the crew extinguish the fire down there by pouring buckets of Stockholm tar on the flames. They will also tar the deck pot to prevent its catching fire.

9. The cook will throw the windlass overboard, and then capsize the slush barrel in the waist, to prevent the men from slipping on the wet decks.

10. The captain will cut away all the fore and main rigging, and, when that is done, he will call the men down from aloft. They may come down the flying jib-stay.

11. When the fire is nearly extinguished by these means, cut away the masts and rig a jury mast at the end of the flying jib-boom.

12. Send five men and two officers to the wheel, and let her luff. When she gets round so that the wind is dead ahead, then hoist the spanker and let her scud.

13. Throw all the cargo overboard to make her light, and head for home.

N. B.—If those rules are carefully observed, it will be found that a fire on board a ship is as harmless as if it were in a large gunpowder magazine on shore.

DIMENSIONS OF VARIOUS PARTS OF A SHIP.

BY OLD BLOWHARD.

The main top-gallant cross-tree is twice as long as the flying jib-boom.

The jib-boom should be half as long again as the steer oar of the larboard boat. If the larboard boat has no steer oar, make the jib-boom short accordingly.

The mainyard, in all fast sailing vessels, should be about as long as a rope.

The foreyard is half as long as the mainyard, and three times as thick.

In large ships, where brown paper is used instead of canvas for top-sails, it is not necessary to lace the back-stays.

The right bower anchor should be as heavy as a large stone, and should always be kept warm.

The chimney of the cook's galley should be eight times as long as the spanker boom. In clipper ships this length may be doubled.

Mizzen top-gallant yard should be a little larger than a log of wood, and heavy in proportion.

On board the *Sapphire* O'Reilly fell in with another passenger, an English gentleman named Bailey, who, on learning his story, took a warm interest in the exile, and aided him in securing passage for America, after arriving at Liverpool, on October 13. Mr. Soule, for so O'Reilly was known to the crew, went into a safe retreat at that port. Capt. Seiders and his mate, John Bursley, with the assistance of a generous English family, provided him with a secure hiding-place until he could obtain passage on an American ship, homeward bound.

The opportunity was found in the ship *Bombay*, of Bath, Maine. Captain Jordan made a place for him as third mate of the *Bombay*. He would have opened his heart and purse to any fugitive from tyranny. He was not disposed to shut either against a victim of English injustice; for he was one of the many American shipmasters who had been robbed and ruined by the Anglo-Confederate privateer *Alabama*. Never did exile meet with warmer welcome to freedom than O'Reilly received from the great-hearted seamen sailing under the flag of the United States. On the evening of the second day after sailing from Liverpool, Captain Jordan called O'Reilly on deck, and told him they were near the coast of Ireland, and would see it before the sun went down. The sun was very low, and a heavy bank of cloud had risen up from the horizon, and underneath it the sun's rays fell down upon the sea.

"Where is the nearest part of Ireland?" he asked of the pilot.

"There it is, sir; under the sun."

Recalling this incident, in a lecture delivered at Music Hall, Boston, in January, 1870, O'Reilly said:

"They were sad words; Ireland was there, under the

sun; but under the dark cloud also. The rays of golden glory fell down from behind the dark cloud—fell down like God's pity on the beautiful, tear-stained face of Ireland—fell down on the dear familiar faces of my old home, on the hill, the wood, the river, lighting them all once more with the same heaven-tint that I loved to watch long ago. Oh! how vividly did that long ago rise up before me then! the happy home, the merry playmates, the faces, the voices of dear ones who are there still, and the hallowed words of dearest ones who are dead,—down on all fell the great glory of the setting sun, lighting that holy spot that I might never see, a mother's grave, and lighting the heart with sorrow-shaded devotion. Home, friends, all that I loved in the world were there, almost beside me,—there, 'under the sun,' and I, for loving them, a hunted, outlawed fugitive, an escaped convict, was sailing away from all I treasured,—perhaps, forever."

After a safe and uneventful voyage he landed at Philadelphia on the twenty-third day of November, 1869, just two years from the date of his taking passage on the *Hougoumont* for the Australian penal colony. His first act after landing was to make a votive offering to Liberty. He presented himself before the United States District Court and took out his first papers of naturalization.

CHAPTER VI.

Arrival in Boston—Untoward Experience in a Steamship office—Public Lectures—His Personal Appearance—Characteristic Letters—Employed on The *Pilot*—At the Front with the Fenians—The Orange Riots in New York—O'Reilly sharply condemns the Rioters—A notable Editorial.

HE had not, so far as he knew, a single friend in all America, but the Fenians had not forgotten him. They had eagerly read the news of his escape, and were advised, through their correspondents in England, of his having taken passage on the *Bombay*. On the day after her arrival, as he was working on the deck, a Fenian delegate came on board and accosted him, whereupon ensued the following dialogue, as substantially told afterward:

"They tell me that Boyle O'Reilly's on this ship."

"Yes."

"The poet?"

"Yes."

"The man that got away from Australia?"

"Yes."

His visitor had grown visibly excited. At last he clutched O'Reilly's sleeve, and asked:

"Where is he?"

"Here."

"But where?"

"I'm the man."

His youthful appearance and unassuming manner were so out of keeping with his romantic career that the delegate was inclined to set him down as an impostor, but, to make sure, he invited the young man to meet some fellow Fenians. O'Reilly readily complied, going attired as he was in his sailor clothes. The Fenians, before whom he presented himself, cross-questioned him sharply, and were

so obviously incredulous that he grew a little impatient and indignantly said:

"Gentlemen, I have not come here to ask any favor of you nor to make inquiries about your personal affairs; I came at your request. I have answered your questions truthfully. If you do not choose to believe me, I cannot help it; but as I did not seek this interview, I will take my leave." The frankness and independence of the youth told with his inquirers, and they no longer doubted him.

The identification, however, did not prove of any great service to him. Nor was this remarkable. Fenianism was a losing—all but a lost, cause. Its enthusiastic supporters had given their money and their labors, as most of them would have gladly given their lives, in its behalf. Naturally they were poor men; he that hath the envied talent of money-making seldom invests his cash in sentiment.

There was no field for his ambition in Philadelphia. He went to New York, and was warmly received at the headquarters of the Fenians in that city. By their invitation he delivered a lecture in the Cooper Institute, on the 16th of December, 1869. John Savage presided, and the platform was occupied by leading spirits of the Fenian movement. Over two thousand people greeted him with enthusiastic applause, as he told of the sufferings and wrongs endured by himself and his fellow prisoners. He assured his hearers that the revolutionary movement had permeated every branch of the British army. He then modestly recounted the incidents of his escape, and told, with eloquent gratitude, of the part taken in it by the American captains of the *Gazelle* and *Sapphire*.

Successful as the meeting was, and gratifying to the feelings of the young lecturer, it did not give him any promise, either in his ambition to be of material service to the Irish revolutionary cause, or in the more prosaic and pressing need of earning his daily bread. He thought, as a practical man, though a poet, that both ends might be attained without the sacrifice of either, and he quickly saw that New York did not offer any field for that ambition.

He was advised to go to Boston, and accordingly did so, arriving on the 2d of January, 1870, and bearing letters of introduction to Mr. Thomas Manning and Dr. Robert Dwyer Joyce; he had no other friends or acquaintances in all New England. Mr. Manning invited him to the hospitality of his house. Dr. Joyce, himself a rare poet, and a genial, kindly man, took a warm interest in him from the beginning.

One of the most prominent and ablest of the young Irish-Americans of Boston at that time was Patrick A. Collins, a lawyer just entering on his professional career, an orator of mark, and a man of affairs with a promising future. He was a friend of Joyce, and soon became a friend of O'Reilly. The two consulted earnestly over the matter, and agreed that O'Reilly was altogether too bright a man to be wasted in the barren career of a public lecturer, or the still less satisfactory field of politics. The first thing to be done was to secure for him the comparative independence which comes from steady employment. The Boston Manager of the Inman Line Steamship Company at that period was an Irishman, Merrick S. Creagh, an intimate friend of both Collins and Joyce.

On their recommendation, O'Reilly was given a situation as clerk in the company's office, filling the place with perfect satisfaction to his employers for four or five weeks. At the end of that time Mr. Creagh received a communication from the general office at home in England, to the effect that information had been received that he had in his employment an escaped convict named O'Reilly. The company did not desire this young man retained any longer in their service. Some zealous Briton had doubtless sent this information across the Atlantic. Mr. Creagh could do nothing but obey his orders.

In the mean time, O'Reilly had made himself fairly well known to his fellow-countrymen in Boston. He lectured before a large audience in Music Hall, on Monday evening, January 31, on "England's Political Prisoners," and won the immediate regard of his hearers. His hand-

some face and charming manner would have atoned for any defects in his oratory, even with an audience more critical and less sympathetic than his. The personality which was to captivate thousands in after life, was reinforced by the grace and enthusiasm of fervid youth.

Recalling him as he then was, the abiding memory of him is that of his marvelously sweet smile, and his strikingly clear and frank gaze. The beauty of his face lay chiefly in his eyes. The official advertisement of his escape says that those eyes were brown, and prison descriptions are generally more accurate than flattering. Almost anybody, looking at him less closely, would have said that his eyes were black. As a matter of fact they were hazel, but his dark skin, and jet-black eyebrows and hair, gave an impression of blackness to the large, well formed eyes beneath. They were very expressive, whether flashing with some sudden fancy, or glowing with a deeper, burning thought, or sparkling with pure, boyish fun. There was another expression, which they sometimes wore at this period of his life, and which may be described, for lack of a better word, as a hunted look—not a frightened or furtive, but an alert, watchful expression, which made it easy to understand how he could have deliberately armed himself, at Roderique, and again at Liverpool, with the firm intention of surrendering his liberty only with his life.

Yet with that determined look went the gay, good-humored, fun-loving soul which is the Irishman's one gift from Pandora's box. Even in Liverpool, when a fugitive for life and liberty, he could not resist the temptation of indulging his English friend's rather British sense of humor by occasionally stopping a policeman on the street, and asking to be directed to some imaginary destination. "The idea of an escaped convict asking a bobby to show him the way," furnished an innocent source of delight to his companion, who, in his turn, supplied amusement enough to O'Reilly. No portrait ever made of him does justice to that which was the great charm of his coun-

tenance, its wonderful light and life. His eyes had the depth, and fire, and mobile color of glowing carbuncle.

For the rest, he had the rich brown complexion, so familiar in after years, a small black mustache, only half concealing his finely cut mouth, and revealing a set of perfectly white, regular teeth.

His form was slight, but erect and soldier like. He carried his head well raised, and a little thrown back. He was a man whom not one would pass without a second glance.

His lecture was successful, and he immediately received invitations to repeat it in Providence, Salem, Lawrence, and other towns. Precarious as were his means of support at this time, he never parted with his independence, as the following characteristic letter will show. It is dated:

BOSTON, February 23, 1870.

COLONEL JOHN O'MAHONY:

Dear Sir: I am sorry that your letter has remained unanswered until now. I was absent from Boston and did not receive it. Will you, in returning this check for ten pounds to the Ladies' Committee in Ireland, express my deep gratitude for their thoughtful kindness? Of course, I cannot accept it. There are many in Ireland—many who suffer from the loss of their bread-winners in the old cause—they want it; let them have it. It is enough—more than enough—for me to know that I have been remembered in Ireland, and that still, in the old land, the spirit of our cause and the energies of our people are living and acting. I remain, dear Colonel,

Very truly yours,

J. BOYLE O'REILLY.

Less than two months later, we find him writing in this cheerful strain to his aunt, in Preston, England:

"BOSTON PILOT" OFFICE,

FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON, April 5, 1870.

MY OWN DEAR AUNT: How happy I was made by seeing your letter. I am truly glad that you and Willy and Uncle are so well. I was thinking of you when I was in Liverpool. I dared not go to Preston. It is strange how I love Preston—I felt it then, and I feel it now. I am a very fortunate fellow to pull clear through. I am likely to

become a prosperous man in America. I write for the magazines and report for the *Pilot*, drill the Irish Legion, make speeches at public meetings, lecture for charities, etc., etc. This course in the old countries would soon make a fortune: and, after a time, here it will have the same offect; but, at present, all this must be done to establish a reputation. I just manage to live as a gentleman. I have paid my debts to the captains who brought me here. In a few years it will be my own fault if I do not make a name worth bearing.

And how are all my friends in Preston? . . . . I am glad you liked Mr. Bursley. He is a noble fellow. He knew who I was from the first day I went on the ship. . . . . Send on your pictures, Aunt, dear, I'm eager to see you all again.

Tell me all about the Preston people whom I knew. I will order some cartes to-day. I don't like the style of the present ones—they will do for people I don't care about. . . . . I am proud of Willy. He will be a fine fellow—a prosperous, able man, I know, whenever I see him again. Does Uncle James go to sea yet? It's time he gave up; he has lots of money made now. And do you sit down quietly and rest yourself? or do you still go on with the old, old toil? Now, Aunt, you must write me long, very long letters. A lady correspondent of your ability and taste is invaluable to a literary man. Now, don't laugh—I'm in earnest. Write often. I'll send you some papers. I lecture to-night in a city called Quincy, near Boston. I have four lectures this week. I inclose a ticket for one. I wish I could see you there. Good-by, dear Aunt, Uncle, and Willy. I am, always,

Truly yours,

J. Boyle O'Reilly.

As he had given sufficient evidence of his literary skill and journalistic instincts, his steadfast friends, Mr. Collins and Dr. Joyce, addressed themselves to the editor and proprietor of the Boston *Pilot*, an old established newspaper devoted to the interests of Irish-American Catholics, of whom it had been the recognized organ for more than thirty years. Mr. Donahoe recognized the ability of the young man and gave him a temporary engagement as reporter and general writer on the *Pilot*. This was early in the spring of 1870.

The moment was propitious, occurring as it did at the time of the second Fenian invasion of Canada under the leadership of General John O'Neill. O'Neill had made a successful foray across the border, near Buffalo, in 1866, and

had everything his own way with the Canadian militiamen, until the United States forces under General Grant, cutting off his supplies and reinforcements, compelled him to retreat. In June, 1870, he made his second attempt at the conquest of Canada by way of St. Albans, Vt. O'Reilly went with the invaders to the front as "war correspondent" of the *Pilot*.

Coincidently with the date of his first bulletin in that brief and inglorious campaign, in the *Pilot* of May 28, 1870, there appeared a little poem, written by him in prison and entitled "Pondering." It is interesting for its hopeful spirit, if not for its poetic worth.

Have I no future left to me?
  Is there no struggling ray
From the sun of my life outshining
  Down on my darksome way?

Will there no gleam of sunshine
  Cast o'er my path its light?
Will there no star of hope arise
  Out of this gloom of night?

Have I 'gainst Heaven's warnings
  Sinfully, madly rushed?
Else why were my heart-strings severed?
  Why was my love-light crushed?

Oh, I have hopes and yearnings—
  Hopes that I know are vain;
And the knowledge robs Life of beauty,
  And Death of its only pain.

On May 28, he wrote his first dispatch as a special correspondent from the "seat of war." On the 30th he telegraphed from St. Albans, Vt.: "I have just been arrested by the United States marshal. I shall not have a hearing until to-morrow."

His first dispatches and letters were terse summaries of the events which he had witnessed. On the following week appeared his full report, as follows:

Your reporter left Boston on Tuesday evening, 26th inst., *en route* for St. Albans, Vt., and having provided himself with divers morning

papers had his imagination inflated to extreme tightness before his second cigar was finished. Each paper had distinct and detailed accounts of thousands of men and trains of war material; and so precise were they in their statements, that even the officers commanding were named. These statements were all false. There were no thousands of men moving on St. Albans, nor on any other point, as the sequel shows. The best way to give a correct idea of the numbers of the Fenian "armies," is simply to state what was seen by a man who was there.

At six o'clock on the morning of the 25th, I arrived in St. Albans. There were about sixty Fenians on the train—forty from Boston under command of Major Hugh McGuinness, and about twenty who were taken in at the various stations. When the train arrived at St. Albans these men passed quietly through the town, and proceeded to the front, beyond Franklin, which is seventeen miles beyond St. Albans. Along the road between St. Albans and Franklin were scattered groups of men, principally hurrying to the front, but some, even at that early stage, turning their faces and steps homeward, and excusing their cowardice by tales of mismanagement and discontent. However, these dispirited ones grew fewer as we went on, the hurrying men seeming to lose their weariness as they neared the front. About ten o'clock we arrived in the village of Franklin, and found the solitary street filled with wagons and teams of every description, and a large crowd of men, composed principally of citizens, attracted by curiosity. For the first time, we saw the uniformed Fenians here in very considerable numbers. The uniform was a capital one for service, and, in mass, most attractive,—a green cavalry jacket, faced with yellow, army blue pantaloons, and a blue cap with green band.

General O'Neill commanded in person. He walked up and down the road conversing with his chief of staff, Gen. J. J. Donnelly, observing the occupation of the men, and now and then making some remark to aid a waverer in his choice of two rifles with perhaps equally bright barrels. Gen. O'Neill was dressed in a light gray suit, and wore a staff-sword and spurs. His horse, a small bay, stood by the roadside, held by a green-coated orderly. When informed of the arrival of the United States Marshal, he merely smiled and continued his walk. He said to your reporter that he meant to fight, and he would have a fight. Among the officers present was Major Daniel Murphy, of Bridgeport, Conn., in command of a very fine body of men. Major Murphy had his men formed up on the road, and minutely inspected them to see if every man's equipment was complete. He looked a fine, soldierly fellow, and throughout the whole day, and since then, no officer or man deserves higher notice than he for conspicuous bravery or clear-headed projects. Capt. Wm. Cronan, of

Burlington, Vt., also commanded a splendid company, in perfect uniform and equipment. His men had asked to be given the front in the advance on the enemy, and their request was granted. They were in line farther on the road, going through their manual and platoon drills, and showing by their motions that they were well disciplined soldiers. Another company, under command of Capt. J. J. Monahan, was still nearer the Canadian front. Col. Humphrey Sullivan, of Boston; Col. Brown, of Lawrence, Mass.; Major Chas. Carlton of Burlington, Vt.; Capt. John Fitzpatrick, of Bridgeport, Conn.; Capt. Carey of Fort Edward, and many others were also present. Of the above-named officers the name of Capt. John Fitzpatrick should be especially mentioned for personal bravery, shown in the course of the day.

General O'Neill told your reporter that he knew that the Canadians had taken up a position, and were prepared for him in force. He said he meant to draw their fire, and find their strength and position ; and then he would know whether a project he entertained was feasible or not.

At eleven o'clock, Gen. George P. Foster, United States Marshal for Vermont, arrived at the encampment. The guard which the Fenians had posted had orders to stop all carriages and traffic on the road ; and according to orders the Fenian sentinel told the marshal to "halt." Gen. Foster immediately told Gen. Donnelly that this must not continue, as they were breaking the laws of the United States. The guard was accordingly withdrawn, and the teams were allowed to pass. General Foster then formally ordered O'Neill to desist from his "unlawful proceeding." The order was coolly received by Gen. O'Neill, who then, in a low tone, spoke a few words to Gen. Donnelly. Donnelly went forward and ordered the men to "fall in." In a few minutes the entire Fenian force was in column of fours, with fixed bayonets and shouldered rifles, ready for their general to give the word "Advance !"

General O'Neill, putting himself at the head of his troops, addressed them.

The line of road which the column had to march was narrow and hilly. The distance to the line was about a mile, but the Canadian front would not be visible until they had ascended the last hill, at the base of which ran a small brook. About eighteen rods on the American side of the brook was a post marking the boundary line. The troops marched steadily and well, but they certainly did not think that they would be engaged as soon as they were. Gen. Foster, the United States Marshal, who had driven over the line and visited the Canadian forces, now returned, meeting the Fenians on their advance. He told them as soon as they cleared the hill the Canadians would fire on them. Many teams were on the road, but at this news they disappeared very quickly. The Fenians were in good spirits, and when they heard the

fight was so near, they flung down their knapsacks and took off their great coats to be ready for it. Up to this time everything was orderly and soldierly. The men kept their places, and the officers held them in strict command. Col. Brown, who had no definite command, shouldered a breech-loading rifle, and went forward with Cronan's skirmishers. Gen. O'Neill rode at the head of the column, which presented a fine appearance, with its steady line of bayonets and the green flag in the front.

As soon as the column had reached the brow of the hill overlooking the line, Capt. Cronan's and Capt. Cary's companies were sent forward by the road as skirmishers, with orders to deploy when they had reached the base of the hill where stood Alvah Richards's farm-house. This house is about fifty rods from the line. On the Canadian side of the line, for about five hundred yards, the ground is flat, and then rises abruptly into a steep, rocky hill, on which the Volunteers were strongly posted. From Richards's farm on the west side of the road, rose another abrupt hill covered with trees. On this side O'Neill had determined to take position, and, while his men were under cover, draw the fire of the enemy, and find their exact position. His object was to make a flank movement on the Canadian right, and advance on Cook's Corners, a village about two miles to the west.

Capt. Cronan's company advanced steadily to Richards's farm, and on passing it, dashed with a cheer along the road to the bridge. When the first files had crossed the line, and before the company could deploy, the Canadians opened a heavy fire on them. Almost at the first discharge, Private John Rowe, of Burlington, Vt., was shot through the head, and fell dead in the center of the road. The Fenian troops, without deploying, returned the fire for a short time, and then fell back in rear of Richards's house, where General Donnelly commanded a reserve of about fifty men. The Canadians then turned their fire on the troops, which were taking up positions on the hill. The men were filing over the exposed ground between the road and the hill, when the heaviest firing of the day was opened on them. Francis Carraher fell by the roadside, shot through the groin, and, in an instant after, Lieutenant Edward Hope went down in the field, and Mr. O'Brien fell dead, with a Canadian bullet through his heart. When the troops gained the hill, they got the order to advance to the front and open fire. They advanced, but before they had reached the position which General O'Neill wished them to occupy, they fell back again under the close, steady fire of the Canadians. The Fenians also kept up a steady fire, but all the energies of their officers could not get them to advance. Major Murphy, Col. Sullivan, and Capt. Fitzpatrick did all that brave men could do to inspire the men with confidence. It was evident then that the troops were too few to achieve anything. The men felt that they had

no support to fall back upon, and that even if they drove the Canadians back, they were too weak to hold a position against any considerable force. Gen. O'Neill, who had been in their front under the hottest fire, cheering and rallying the men, then formed them up under cover and addressed them.

After some ineffective attempts by the officers to rally the men and lead them to the position on the hill which O'Neill wanted, the men fell back in rear of the hill.

This was virtually the end of the fighting. The Canadians still kept up a close fire on the hill, and the road leading to Alvah Richards's house, where they knew that General Donnelly, with the reserve, was posted. The bullets of the volunteers swept every approach to the house, and Donnelly determined to hold it until night, and then evacuate.

The news of Gen. O'Neill's arrest* was a crushing blow to Gen. Donnelly and Col. Brown. Donnelly was so much affected that he walked away from his men some fifty yards, and bowing his face in his hands cried bitterly for several minutes. He returned to his men, calm and collected, and told them he would hold the place until night.

At about half-past three, a flag of truce was observed coming from the Canadian lines, and Gen. Donnelly ordered his men at once to cease firing. The volunteers who carried the flag came down to the line, and General Donnelly went to meet them. At first they asked Donnelly if he did not want to take away the body of Rowe, which lay in the center of the road about ten rods on the Canadian side of the line. They proposed some conditions to Gen. Donnelly, which your reporter, who accompanied him, could not hear. Gen. Donnelly drew himself up, proudly, and said: "Sir, go back and say that on those conditions I will never treat with you." He then turned and walked back to the farm-house, and the Canadians returned to their lines, the body of Rowe remaining on the road where he had fallen.

The Fenian troops on the hill, under command of Maj. Murphy, fell back to the old encampment, where a reinforcement of about fifty men had arrived from New York. They held a council of war, when the majority of officers decided to go to Malone, N. Y., but before doing so they would move to the assistance of Gen. Donnelly.

At six o'clock the solitary field-piece which represented the "parks of artillery" of the Fenians, was brought into position on the hill overlooking Richards's farm. Col. McGuinness of Boston directed its operations. The piece was loaded with round shot, and three or four missiles

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* O'Neill was arrested by the United States Marshal near the house of Farmer Richards. He turned the command over to O'Reilly, who was also in turn arrested. Both were released after a brief detention.

were sent whizzing into the Canadian lines. This was done to draw the attention of the volunteers from the farm-house, and so enable Donnelly and his men to escape. Gen. Donnelly immediately took advantage of the *ruse*, and led his men, by the left, into the low ground, where, after a short distance, he would be under cover. The Canadians, however, saw the movement, and opened a tremendous fire on the retreating men. Maj. Charles Carleton, of Burlington, a brave and handsome young officer, was wounded, a bullet passing through his leg, but his men carried him off. Another man was shot badly in the foot. When nearly out of range, a bullet struck Gen. Donnelly above the hip, passing into his body. Some time afterward two gentlemen who were returning from the Canadian side in a carriage brought Gen. Donnelly to the Franklin House, where he now lies. The report of his death is incorrect. A physician, who saw him on Saturday afternoon, says he is progressing favorably.

In the evening the men deserted the encampment and strayed off toward St. Albans, utterly demoralized and disheartened.

On the next morning, when your reporter visited the encampment, not a vestige of the immense quantity of stores was left—not even the empty boxes or broken cartridge tins remained. All was gone. Ah, me ! ah, me ! all was "gobbled up" !

The citizens here all feel for the poor fellows who are thus left destitute in their towns. It is a universal theme of wonder that the men are so respectful and well-conducted. They may be seen in groups of from ten to a hundred, sitting on the side path or lying under the trees ; and, if a question be asked them, they invariably answer it cheerfully and politely. A United States officer yesterday asked a Fenian officer how in the world they kept their men, disorganized as they were, in such splendid order, and the Fenian major only smiled sadly, and went over among his poor boys.

It is a grand truth, spoken of here by every citizen, and your reporter is very proud to write it, that not one outrage, of any sort whatever, has been committed by a Fenian, either in St. Albans or Malone.

When the "thousands" of Fenians who had been sent to Malone (by telegraph) had arrived there, they numbered about 400 or 500. This was the strength on the morning of the 27th, when the attack, or, rather, the attempt at an attack was made by the Fenians. For two days previously their camp had been pitched in the enemy's country, but on the evening of the 27th, when "General" Starr took command, he wisely recrossed the line to the safe side, fearing the proximity of a fight, and, like all the other "generals," I suppose not knowing what to do with the spreading wings of the army under his command, in case of a breach of the peace. Taking a mean from all the conflicting accounts, the troops under his command, on the morning of the 27th,

numbered 450 men. Rumor in the Fenian camp had swelled the Canadian force to about 4000 men and three regiments of cavalry. Although the poor fellows believed this, and believed, also, that the Canadians had artillery, they were not disheartened. They were older and steadier soldiers than the men who had been engaged at Richards's farm, and they were eager for a fight and sanguine of results, even against superior numbers. They were in uniform, and armed with the breech loader. In passing, we may remark that this weapon is, perhaps, as good a service rifle as any in the world, and the cartridge supplied was of the best material.

About nine o'clock, A.M., the advance commenced. A strong skirmish line was thrown out, and the men acted in a steady, soldierly manner. The Canadian troops were posted strongly on elevated ground, with good shelter, and their skirmishers well advanced. There were fears among the Fenian ranks of the much talked of American guns, but, if they were there, they were silent. The skirmishers had not passed the line twenty rods when the Volunteers opened fire, which was steadily answered by the Fenians for a short time. Their main body had not reached the line when the Canadian troops were seen advancing. The Fenian skirmish line fell back in first-rate order. The Canadians then fired some heavy volleys, and made so rapid an advance that it was thought they meant to cross the line. This, however, they did not do. They followed the retiring Fenians to the line, sent some triumphant bullets whizzing after them, took three prisoners, wounded two men slightly, and fell back, to indulge in mutual admiration on account of their victory.

Your reporter is sorry to have to write it, but this is what the Fenian officers (not the men) call "the fight at Trout River."

As soon as the direful strife was over, "Generals" Starr, O'Leary, and several other generals (we use the word general as a mean—there might have been a colonel, and there probably was a field-marshal) ordered their carriages, which, like prudent soldiers, they had kept in readiness, in case of failure, and left the men to look after themselves, they starting for Malone. There they held a council of war—a favorite occupation of Fenian officers, it would seem. A great Bashaw of their organization, and, of course, a general, named Gleason, was here, holding a court at the Ferguson House. He vociferously expressed his "disgust" with affairs in general, and interlarded said expression with Munchausen assertions of what could be done, were things after his way of thinking, and especially of what he himself could do.

Along the road from Malone to Trout River the poor, disheartened fellows came straggling. Unlike the men at Richards's farm, they kept their rifles and equipments, and, notwithstanding the intense heat of the day, great numbers of them still carried their knapsacks and great

coats. When they gathered in large groups they imitated their officers so far as to express disgust at existing generalities, and especially were they disgusted with the man of the Munchausen proclivities.

Your reporter drove out to Trout River, where the encampment had been formed, and a repetition of the scene at Hubbard's Corner was presented—an immense quantity of military stores, piled there awaiting the men who were *not* coming; hundreds of young men grouped around in utter disorder; very little noise or bustle for so large a gathering, and when the voices of the men were heard in passing through the camp, their tenor was an emphatic and stern condemnation of their officers. Many of the men, in describing the events of the day to your reporter, burst into tears at what they termed their disgrace, and said that they only wanted a man to lead them, and they would go anywhere with him. Judging from the military physique of the greater number, there can be no doubt that, with qualified officers, these men would prove that they did not merit the name they now feared—cowards. The officer in command, when Starr and O'Leary went away, was Maj. Lindsey, but his men declared that they had no confidence in his ability to lead them.

Sitting on a log by the roadside we saw a group of officers, among whom were Col. W. B. Smith, of Buffalo, and Maj. Robert Cullen, both, we believe, brave and accomplished soldiers. Their faith in the success of the movement was gone, as the men were hopelessly demoralized; Col. Smith had arrived that morning. He had started from Norfolk, Westchester County, for Trout River, on Tuesday, in command of 280 men from Buffalo, armed and equipped. His command formed an escort for a train of 130 wagons, loaded with arms, ammunition, and provisions. He had accompanied the wagons to within seven miles of Trout River camp. When the state of affairs existing there became known it was deemed best to send the wagons back to the places from which they came, and where they have been held in secret by friends of the Brotherhood. It was reported that the Government had seized six of the wagons, but the remainder had disappeared.

On the afternoon of the 27th a number of the demoralized Fenians were addressed by Surgeon Donnelly, of Pittsburgh, Pa. He urged them to march to the front again, and by a sudden and unexpected attack they might retrieve in part, at least, their former defeat. He said that he was not a soldier, but if they could not find one to lead them, he would lead them again across the lines, and would do all he could to guide them to success. About forty men fell into rank and followed him for some distance, but, rightly appreciating their insignificance, they melted away among the demoralized crowd again.

On the 27th, and following day, men continued to arrive in Malone from various places. They met with a sorry reception from the mass

of weary men who crowded the depot; but, as a rule, they expressed their disbelief in the statements of failure, and would go to the front and see for themselves; and go they did, and came back sadder and wiser men.

Immediately after Gen. O'Neill's arrest at St. Albans, O'Reilly had attempted to assume the command verbally delegated to him by the former, but the men were demoralized, and one officer, to whom he had issued a command, refused with an oath to obey. Another, who had seen real fighting, was so chagrined with the insubordination of his comrades, that he broke his sword, and so surrendered his brief commission. Among the trustworthy friends of O'Reilly in this wretched fiasco was Mr. (now Rev.) P. B. Murphy, who had with him attended an enthusiastic rally at the Sherman House in Boston, and had gone forward full of bright anticipations. He and Mr. Chas. E. Hurd, representing the Boston *Journal*, saw the ignominious end of the campaign, and the arrest of O'Reilly and Maj. McGuinness, both of whom were released after a detention of a day or two.

The Fenian leaders had been egregiously misled by lofty promises of support from various quarters. O'Neill was undoubtedly an honest man, but his followers, equally honest, were for the most part untrained and undisciplined raw recruits; some were so unacquainted with warfare that they did not know how to load their guns! They were brave enough, unskilled as they were, to have overcome the forces confronting them, had they been well handled and assured of reinforcement. The United States Government would not have been very sorry had they been able to carry out their scheme of invasion successfully; but, as it was, it interposed at the proper time and ended the tragical farce.

O'Reilly's correspondence from Canada was his first extended work on the *Pilot*. It created a marked impression both on account of the writer's revolutionary antecedents, and because of the frankness with which he had criticized the whole ill-judged and ill-managed undertaking. Still

more frank and daring was his criticism of some of his countrymen in the matter of the Orange riots in New York a month later.

On the 12th of July, the Orangemen of that city held a picnic, and paraded the streets with insulting flags and music, to which they added, on entering the Irish quarter, delicate shouts of, "To hell with the Pope," "Croppies lie down," etc. The natural, if not justifiable, consequence ensued; and some three or four men were killed and several others wounded. It is almost impossible for an American to understand the bitter anger with which Irish Catholics resent these taunts from the party of Protestant ascendency, or the tragic memories of two hundred years of persecution which they evoke. O'Reilly was born on the banks of the Boyne, ill-fated scene of Irish disaster; he had suffered every insult, torture, brutality, that his enemies could inflict, as punishment for the crime of patriotism. If any man would have been justified in feeling the bitterness of party spirit to the uttermost, it would have been he.

Instead of extenuating or defending the action of those Irish Catholics, who had resented the insults of the Orangemen, he looked upon the whole affair with the eyes of a patriot, ashamed of the disgrace which his countrymen of either class had brought upon their name. In the *Pilot* of July 23, he wrote this strong and scathing rebuke:

> Events have at intervals occurred in the history of this country which have justly called up a blush of shame on the faces of patriotic Irishmen; but we doubt if they ever have received so great a reason for deep humiliation as during the past week. On the 12th of July the "American Protestant Association,"—in other words, the Orange Lodges of New York, had advertised their intention of celebrating the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne. Accordingly on that morning, with colors flying and bands playing, they paraded to the number of 3000, and marched to the scene of their celebration, Elm Park. On the line of march they lost no opportunity of goading to intensity the bitter feelings of their Catholic fellow-countrymen whom they passed. This resulted in a general banding of the laborers of the vicinity, who set upon the Orangemen with sticks and stones, which were answered by

them with pistol bullets. A terrible *melée* was the consequence, in which four lives were lost, and numbers endangered.

Is not this cause for deep humiliation? Earnest men have labored for years to remove that bitter old taunt of our enemies—"You cannot unite." Patient workers have tried to teach the world, and even ourselves, that this reproach was not the truth. This is the reward of their labor. Our own people, in a strange land, have insultingly turned on their benefactors and flung their labor in their faces. Oh, what a national degradation is this! *We* talk of patriotism and independence! *We* prate and boast of our "national will"! What evidence is this? What are we to-day in the eyes of Americans? Aliens from a petty island in the Atlantic, boasting of our patriotism and fraternity, and showing at the same moment the deadly hatred that rankles against our brethren and fellow-countrymen. Why must we carry, wherever we go, those accursed and contemptible island feuds? Shall we never be shamed into the knowledge of the brazen impudence of allowing our national hatreds to disturb the peace and the safety of the respectable citizens of this country? Must the day come when the degrading truth cannot be muffled up, that the murderous animosity of Irish partyism has become a public nuisance in almost every corner of the world? We cannot dwell on this subject. We cannot, and we care not to analyze this mountain of disgrace, to find out to which party the blame is attached. Both parties are to be blamed and condemned; for both have joined in making the name of Irishmen a scoff and a by-word this day in America.

Thus, almost his first word as a journalist was one of rebuke to the wretched spirit of faction which has ever been the bane, and shame, and ruin of Ireland. So also, the last words that he ever penned for the *Pilot*, after twenty years of untiring service as the guide and friend and counselor of his people, were in condemnation of the foolish, futile, dangerous dissensions among men who, enlisted in the service of their country, would forget the enemy before them, to turn their arms against one another.

A year after the Orange demonstration of 1870, the same organization again paraded in New York, and again another disgraceful riot ensued. In the *Pilot* of July 29, 1871, O'Reilly wrote these wise and temperate words concerning—"The Orange Parade—and Other Parades."

On both sides of the question there have been made about enough wild and intemperate assertions, charges, and countercharges. Let us

now try to clear away the vapor from the subject and look at it in its nakedness, not through mere curiosity, but with a view to the removal of the bitter feelings which are kept living in this country by parades. We do not speak to either party in the late riots—we have neither Orange subscribers nor rowdy readers : but we speak to the great class—the Irish in America—who are made to bear the blame and the shame of the disgraceful proceedings that have marked the 12th of July in New York for two years past.

After reviewing the comments of the press on the riots the article continues :

But let us return to the main consideration. How is a recurrence of this disaster to be avoided ? Let us look at the matter all round, and with coolness ; other people look at it so, and we should also. It will help us to examine fairly, if we remember that a few months ago we—the Catholics of America—held monster meetings of a semi-religious nature, whereat we protested strongly against the Italian occupation of Rome—an usurpation which appears just in the eyes of many of our Protestant fellow-citizens. And later, on the 16th of June last, we celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of Pius IX. in many cities, with immense processions, in which we carried the Papal colors. We were not interfered with on either occasion. With this as a standpoint let us proceed. Let us, in the first place, express our firm conviction that the action of many of the Irish-American journals is both inconsiderate and unwise. If the Irish people will act judiciously on this matter, they will not widen still more the temporary gulf that a few scheming politicians have placed, or attempted to place, between them and the natives of this country. The intemperate course of a part of the Irish-American press tends to widen that gulf. The question is, Do we or do we not defend the New York rioters ? As Irish-American Catholic citizens, we answer, we condemn the rioters, and ignore them both as Irishmen and Catholics. By making ourselves responsible for their acts, which we do by a vain attempt to justify them, we give the 200 Orangemen who walked in New York the satisfaction of knowing that they have destroyed all friendly feeling between Irish Catholics and native Americans ; in a word, we play into their hands, and give them more than they could ever have hoped for.

It may appear very strange to some of us that all men do not see at once that the Orangemen have no right to parade. They cannot be citizens of this country so long as they remain citizens of England, to which their oath as Orangemen binds them. But the Irish people here could talk with more weight on this subject if they could show that more than a tithe of their own number evinced such an interest in the welfare of the Commonwealth as to secure the power of a vote. Such

a time as this is too serious for flattery. It may be outside the track of Irish-American journals to say harsh things to their readers, or venture to attack old beliefs. But there are things to be said on this question that must be said some time ; and it is better that a friendly hand should pull down our old rookeries than that an enemy's torch should be applied to them. Plain talk is like spring medicine—unpalatable, but necessary.

If the Orangemen determine to parade, they have a right to parade ; that is, they have as much right to parade with orange scarfs and banners, as a Fenian regiment has with green scarfs and sunbursts. But, it may be that *neither* party has a *right* to parade ; that they have simply been tolerated by the authorities. If it be found that such toleration is detrimental to public security, we think that every reflecting Irish-American citizen will at once say that both processions should be proscribed. The very ablest defenders of the mob say that they do not quarrel with the Orangemen simply because they are Protestants. What do they quarrel with them for ? They have no right to quarrel with them for their colors, for the Fenian Legion of St. Patrick, organized with a view to make war on England, flaunts the green flag of Ireland in the faces of thousands of Englishmen in New York City. Really, we are almost forced to the conclusion that the whole ground of objection consists in the fact that the Orangemen play, "Croppies Lie Down." We admit that this is, and should be considered, an insulting tune by the Irish people ; and we should deeply regret to see them lose their detestation of it. But, let us ask, is it sufficient cause to warrant a violation of the law and a sacrifice of life ?

We have written this article with a most oppressive feeling of its necessity. Thousands of people who are too intelligent to put their individual opinions against the decree of the State of New York, still allow their sympathy to run away with them, and thus leave it in the power of their enemies to say that they are in all things in unison with the New York mob. This is a sad mistake. Certain it is that the Orange procession is not a pleasant sight to *any* Irish Catholic, however unprejudiced ; but it is just as certain that the Irish Catholics of this country, as a body, condemn all breach of the law in attacking an Orange procession, just as honestly as they would condemn a riot of any other criminal nature.

There are two ways of getting rid of this apple of discord. The first is, by an agreement between the general Irish population and the Orangemen foregoing all right to parade, and expressing their determination never to hold processions for Irish political objects alone. This we may rest assured, will not be easily agreed to. The second one is the best, and the one that must come in the end, when America, tired out and indignant with her squabbling population, puts her foot down

with a will and tells them all—Germans, French, Irish, Orange—"You have had enough now. There is only ONE flag to be raised in future in this country and that flag is the Stars and Stripes."

Such bold and frank expressions elicited, as might have been expected, comments of approbation as well as of censure. The unpartisan press commended the honesty and courage of the young journalist. Some of his countrymen criticized his sharp rebuke of hot-headed Irishmen, who had allowed their natural indignation against the oppressors of their native country to make them forget their duty to the land of their adoption. To one such critic he replied as follows, defending the right of an honest man to change his opinion, or, as he expressed it, "It is better to be Right than Stubborn."

On our third page will be found a letter signed "Corcoran," purporting to be an expression of Fenian dissatisfaction with our editorial on the New York riot. When we wrote that editorial we were fully aware that it would not be acceptable to certain people in the community. But we knew that therein we expressed the opinions of the calm, rational, and respectable Irish Catholics of America. Least of all did we expect dissatisfaction from the Fenians, whose temperate action in New York, during the excitement immediately preceding the riot, won for them the well-merited praise of every class in the community.

We must, as a friend, remind the writer of this letter that his assertion that we "sneer at the Sunburst" is extremely unjust—and he knows it. Boasting is not our trade, but none of them all loves the Sunburst better than we do. The writer also says, "The *Pilot* has entirely changed its tone on Fenianism, and, from being friendly, adopted directly the opposite course."

The *Pilot* has done no such thing. The *Pilot* is as true a friend to all organizations aiming at Ireland's good, now, as it ever has been, and ever shall be. Still, we must reserve our right to criticise unfavorably as well as the opposite. It is said that "there has been no change in the circumstances of Ireland, nor in the principles or policy of the Fenian Brotherhood," but that all the change has been in ourselves. This is incorrect. There has been a very great change in the circumstances of Ireland since the Fenian Brotherhood was a great organization, and, whether in its policy or not, there has been a vast change in the organization. On the column next to that in which is "Corcoran's" letter, is something that tells of a change in Ireland, and something well worthy of every intelligent Irishman's consideration.

We don't believe in that ignorant old prejudice that sneers at every man who changes his opinions. There is much of Ireland's bane in the habit. The man who has the courage to honestly change his opinions is the best man. If convinced that we were pursuing a wrong course, or that a better one was open, we would change every day in the year. The world is all change. Every thinker is a changer—every discovery is a change. Only an ignorant or thoughtless person can believe that a man who changes is a bad man; such a belief would sink the world in stagnation in a day. Our friends may rest assured that, with God's assistance, we shall never change from the Right or turn our back on the Truth: but in all debatable questions our motto is—"It is better to be Right than Stubborn."

CHAPTER VII.

Civilian Prisoners in Australia Set Free—The Story of Thomas Hassett—O'Reilly's Narrative Poems—His Love of Country and Denunciation of Sham Patriots—Death of his Father—Speech for the Press—His Marriage, and Home Life—*Pilot* Burned Out in the Great Boston Fire—The Papyrus Club Founded.

IN addition to his daily editorial work, O'Reilly filled several engagements to lecture during this and subsequent years. His first lecture, after the collapse of the Fenian invasion of Canada, was given in Liberty Hall, New Bedford, Mass., on the 20th of June, 1870, for the benefit of Captain Gifford of the *Gazelle*. The Captain and Mr. Hathaway occupied seats on the stage, and heard the story of their kindness told with all the eloquence of gratitude, and received with all the enthusiasm of an Irish audience.

On the 29th of October, he lectured in Boston Music Hall, for the benefit of the Engineer Corps of the Ninth Regiment, and again, on December 11, for the benefit of St. Stephen's Church, Boston. During all this time, amid professional and public cares, he found leisure for constant study, for the rewriting and revising of some of his earlier poems, and for a ceaseless, active interest in the fate of his fellow-prisoners. To the end of his life, any man who had worn the badge of honor as a penal convict, for his devotion to Ireland, held a lien on the affection and good services of Boyle O'Reilly. In the early part of 1870, the British Government granted conditional pardon to such political convicts in Australia as had been civilians at the time of their offense. The act of clemency carried little with it, beyond the mere boon of liberty. Their prison doors were opened, and they were turned loose to make what use they

might of their only capital, freedom. Thanks to the kindness of Irish residents in the colony, they were provided for, and aided in making their way, some to their homes in Ireland, and others to the Mecca of all aspirants for liberty—the United States.

Eight civilians and fifteen military prisoners were exempted from the amnesty. One of these, writing to the more fortunate man who had amnestied himself, said: "It is my birthday as I write this, and I know I am turning it to the best account by writing to such a dear old friend. Who knows, perhaps I may be able to spend the next one with you; if not, then we will hope for the following one. At all events, we must not despair. I would count the time I spend here as nothing if I could only see the factions in America and elsewhere all united in one grand organization. This is a something to hope for. Let such a thing once become *un fait accompli*, and then it is but a little more time, a little more patience, and—what? The thought sends a thrill through my whole frame like an electric shock." "Poor fellow!" commented O'Reilly, in the *Pilot*, "how much pain is he not saved by the rigor which excludes news from the prison. That sweet old dream of unity can bear him up under all clouds of fate, giving a young and talented man, like the writer of the above letter, patience to write calmly—'If not next year, perhaps the following. We must not despair!' To him who would breed dissension among Irishmen, are not those words of this imprisoned man as terrible as the 'Mane, Thecel, Phares' which chilled the heart of the Assyrian?"

One of the *Hougoumont's* life convicts, Thomas Hassett, rightly despairing of amnesty, made his escape from the road party early in June, and, like O'Reilly, penetrated through the bush to the sea, taking refuge on board ship at Bunbury. There he was recaptured, on the very threshold of freedom, and sentenced to three years' hard labor in the chain-gang at Swan River, with six months' solitary confinement. Hassett was a remarkably daring man. He, with James Wrenn and other Fenians, had served through two

campaigns in the Papal Brigade. Returning to Ireland he joined the Twenty-fourth Infantry, and immediately began organizing a revolutionary movement. He was doing sentry duty at the Royal Hospital, Dublin, in December, 1865, when he received timely warning that a guard had arrived at the picket room to arrest him. O'Reilly tells the picturesque sequel as follows:

"Private Hassett walked off his post, and, shouldering his rifle, proceeded confidently through the streets of Dublin, in which a soldier with arms is never questioned. It was ten o'clock at night, and it so happened that Hassett knew of a certain meeting of organizers and other 'boys on their keepin,' which was being held that evening. Thither he bent his steps, reached the house, and, knowing how it was done, gained admission. The rebels sat in council up stairs: faces grew dark, teeth were set close, and revolvers grasped when they heard the steady stamp on the stairs, and the 'ground arms,' at their door. A moment after, the door opened and the man in scarlet walked into the room—all there knew him well. With full equipments, knapsack, rifle, and bayonet, and sixty rounds of ammunition, Hassett had deserted from his post, and walked straight into the ranks of rebellion. He was quickly divested of his military accoutrements; scouts went out to a neighboring clothing store, and soon returned with every requisite for a full-fledged 'civilian.' The red coat was voted to the fire, and the belt and arms were stored away with a religious hope in the coming fight for an Irish Republic. The next evening one more was added to the group of strangely dressed men who smoked and drank their 'pots o' porter' in a certain house in Thomas Street. The new-comer was closely shaven and had the appearance of a muscular Methodist minister. The men there were all deserters, and the last arrival was Hassett. Vainly watching for the coming fight, the poor fellows lived in mysterious misery for several weeks. It is hard to realize here now the feeling that was rife in Dublin then. At last one of the deserters was recognized in the streets by the military informer,—Private Foley, of the

Fifth Dragoons,—tracked to the rendezvous, surrounded by the police, and every one captured."

Hassett and his comrades were not forgotten, as we shall see in relating the romantic story of their rescue by the American whaling bark *Catalpa*, in 1876.

The partial amnesty was extended also to certain Fenian prisoners in Ireland, including John Flood, Thomas Clarke Luby, John O'Leary, O'Donovan Rossa, John Devoy, O'Meagher Condon, and others, who arrived in New York in January, 1871.

During this year, the Uncle Ned's Tales, and other early poems were reprinted in the *Pilot*, and attracted a good deal of attention to their author. There was an element of strength underlying their occasional crudities, which gave promise of something better in the young poet. The appearance of his "Amber Whale," "Dukite Snake," and other narrative poems confirmed that promise. They were original in conception and dramatic in form. Although he was to achieve his greater, enduring fame in a far different field of poetry, his first popular success was made as a writer of narrative verse. The popular taste is not to be despised; for, undoubtedly, the versified story is the natural poem—if anything so artificial in form as a poem can be said to have a natural character. The world loves a story; and it is the bard's chronicle, from the tale of Troy Town, down to the latest ballad, that is committed to memory when loftier and more elevated flights of the Muse are admired and forgotten. In this respect the world of twenty years ago was very like the world of two thousand years ago. It craved for something new, and the demand created a supply of brilliant young writers, who brought novel wares to the literary market. Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller came from California with widely differing, but equally striking, lyrics of wild life. John Hay and Will Carleton struck other notes of the people's heart. There was a renaissance of natural poetry.

O'Reilly, fresh from a newer, stranger land of songless birds and scentless flowers, sung not of birds, nor of flowers,

but of mankind. The setting of his stories was doubly foreign—the social, as well as geographical antipodes. The dullest reader could not fail to see that the story, however fanciful it might be, bore the stamp of truth to nature, and that the teller spoke only of what he himself had seen, or felt, or been. The "Dukite Snake" might be as unreal as the phœnix; but the Bush and its inmates were taken from the life. The "Amber Whale" was redolent of the sea—nobody but a sailor-man could have given its nautical flavor and technical lore with such perfect fidelity.

These long narrative poems were not distinguished for analysis or character study. They were anything but subjective. They gave no hint of the philosophical quality which was to mark his later verse; but they were picturesque, dramatic, virile, and achieved their only purpose, that of telling a strong story in direct, forcible fashion. He had not as yet learned the finer art of pruning away extraneous matter, and presenting a powerful tale in a terse, concrete form, as he afterward could do with such a story as that of "Ensign Epps."

The "Dukite Snake" appeared in the Christmas supplement of the Boston *Journal* for 1871. O'Reilly wrote but once over a pseudonym. It was a short poem contributed, I think, to the Boston *Traveler*, and signed with the punning name "Boileau."

Shortly after the publication of the "Amber Whale" in the New York *Tribune*, the author received a tempting offer from Horace Greeley to join the staff of that paper. The proffered salary was large compared with that which he was then receiving; but it was met by a counter offer from the proprietor of the *Pilot*, which induced him, wisely, to remain where he was. He was making a reputation in the American city which was the literary center of the country. The circle of his personal friendship was large, and steadily growing. More than all, he was in a position to be of incalculable service to the cause of his native country; and it is the simplest of truths to say that this consideration would have outweighed, at any period of

his life, every prospect of personal gain or literary honors. Love of country was with him not merely a strong sentiment,—it was the ruling passion, to which he would have sacrificed any and every other ambition or possession.

It was in this spirit of absolutely unselfish patriotism that he sharply arraigned the demagogues and self-seekers who endeavored to mislead his countrymen by posing as Irish-American "leaders."

"If the Irish people in this country," he said, "were to utter one prayer with more devotion than another, we think it should be, 'Save us from our leaders!' The consideration of the mysterious union between an acknowledged impostor, imbecile, or fire-eater, and the people who are affected by his words and acts, is full of interest to any one who looks beneath the surface at men and things. The authority of the demagogue, or, rather, the toleration with which people bear his noisy assumption of authority, springs from some metaphysical mystery far beyond the ken of common mortals.

"We have noticed in one of the most prominent of the demagogic journals, lately, an editorial call for 'An Irish-American Party,' for which the dangerous demagogue says 'the necessity is forced upon us.' We can tell him that the day is surely coming when the necessity of punishing the author of such criminal folly will be forced upon the Irish people of America. Day after day we see sheets called 'Irish-American journals' filled with such blatant nonsense or suicidal advice. Thank Heaven, these productions are not very numerous, nor do they compete in influence with our respectable Irish-American press. But their existence is a sore, which will spread, as all sores do, if neglected. The Irish people should keep their eyes on these fellows who sway the passions of the most ignorant portion of the community. On every occasion that arises, it is the duty of Irish-American Catholics, in view of their own respectability, to protest shortly and decisively against these would-be 'representative Irish leaders,' or 'Irish' newspapers."

It would be hard for the most critical of native Americans to find fault with the Americanism of the foregoing advice, or with the editoral appeal to his fellow-countrymen, in the following issue, to "Think it out"—to reflect and reason, before indorsing every well-meant, but ill-directed, project proposed to them.

The cause of Home Rule, then being discussed in Ireland, received his earnest support, as "a greater effort for political equality than any that Ireland has yet seen, not even excepting the agitation of Daniel O'Connell." The Irish Republican Brotherhood and the Fenian movement had done admirable service for the Irish cause, but the Home Rule movement was distinctly of home origin. Then says O'Reilly: "Why in the name of wonder is it that the Irish in America who profess to have such intense sympathy with Ireland's politics, are so silent or so ignorant of this great but quiet movement? Surely the people in Ireland have greater rights to decide what sort of government Ireland wants than the Irish people in America. Those who have left the motherland may love her as well as those who have remained; but the people there have more right to choose their government than the people here to choose it for them. There is a great deal that wants consideration in this question, and we earnestly advise our Irish-American journals, politicians, and people to quietly THINK IT OUT!"

Again, he excoriates the blatant demagogue who asks for support in American politics, on the ground that, "He's a friend to an Irishman."

Of all the offensive sayings that are habitually uttered in this country, we are of opinion that this sentence is, or should be considered, the most offensive. And yet it has evidently originated from the very people it should insult. The Irish people have introduced it; they use it daily in their criticisms on public men; and it is no wonder that it should have become a "plank in the platform" of every one who seeks for Irish favor. If the phrase were used in England, or in any country where men were debarred from equality, we should commend it as a healthy rallying cry. But in this republic, where men, if they only will, can be "free and equal," the word becomes a confession of inferiority, an utterance of acknowledged childishness that should be

resented by every *man* of the Irish race as an insult. "He's a friend to an Irishman!" The poor, helpless Irishman! The man who is not allowed to vote; the man who can't look after his affairs; the man who has not sense to judge who is the best man to be elected; in a word, the poor, blind foreigner, who stands all alone with every man's hand against him, is expected to rally to this call, and support the man who is "a friend to an Irishman!" What does it mean, this worn-out rant?

Are we debarred from equality? Have we not got the ballot? Have we not got reason enough to judge as American citizens what American citizen we should vote for? There are certain men to whom this character is commonly given, and with some justice. In the days of old bad feeling, when we were not so strong that we could walk entirely alone, we did want friends, and the men who showed the brotherly feeling then should not be forgotten now. But the idea of allowing every new candidate for office, every raw youth from the country, every cunning fellow who aspires to anything, between the offices of President of the United States and that of policeman, to bid for the Irish vote by sending it out in large letters, "He's a friend to an Irishman," is simply an insult, and should be resented accordingly.

There was need just then of a public censor like this young man, who had no selfish or political ends to gain, and who struck boldly and untiringly at everything openly or secretly inimical to the welfare of his race. He broke no lances against wind-mills. When he saw an abuse, he attacked it with all his might, and never abandoned the fight until the abuse was ended. The "comic" Irishman of stage and novel was mercilessly criticised by him, at the same time that he recognized where the responsibility primarily lay. "We do not dream," he said, in speaking of a particularly offensive performance by a troop of so-called "Hibernian Minstrels," "that the people who have established them will remove them; these people are too ignorant or too selfish. But they depend on the public,—and the Irish-American public,—for support. Let us laugh at the good-natured attempts of Englishmen or Americans to portray Irish humorous character; but if we want to see the truth, let us do it ourselves and do it truthfully. But this copying of the worst attempts of people who do not understand the Irish character, and this exaggeration by our own people of the most offensive misrepresentations of

the others, is unworthy of rational and respectable beings. No wonder that people who do not know us, who only see us *as we represent ourselves on the stage*, should judge us harshly and wrongly. It is in the power of every person, and of every family, especially of Irish extraction, to do something toward the removal of this evil by refusing support to these vulgar libelers of our national character."

In February of this year (1871), O'Reilly received the sad news of the death of his father, who had survived his beloved wife but two years. He was buried beside her in Glasnevin Cemetery, Dublin, the following inscription being placed on his coffin plate:

WILLIAM DAVID O'REILLY,
Aged sixty three years.
Died February 17, 1871.
DECEASED WAS FATHER OF
JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY,
A good Irish Soldier.
Convicted by English court-martial, and self-amnestied
by escaping from Western Australia to America.
May the brave son live long, and may the
remains of the noble father rest
in peace!

O'Reilly's place was soon allotted him among the journalists of Boston. He appreciated the grave responsibilities of his profession as few men have done. Replying to a toast for the Press at a banquet given to the Irish Band which attended the great Peace Jubilee at Boston, in July, 1872, he said:

To me, at times, the daily newspaper has an interest almost pathetic. Very often we read the biography of a man who was born, lived, worked, and died, and we put the book on our shelves out of respect for his memory. But the newspaper is a biography of something greater than a man. It is the biography of a *Day*. It is a photograph, of twenty-four hours' length, of the mysterious river of time that is sweeping past us forever. And yet we take our year's newspapers, which contain more tales of sorrow and suffering, and joy and success, and ambition and defeat, and villainy and virtue, than the greatest book ever written, and we give them to the girl to light the fire. It is a

strange fact that nobody prizes a newspaper for its abstract value until it is about a century out of date. It would seem that newspapers are like wine; the older they are, the more valuable. If we go into a library piled with books, old and new, we may find it hard to select one to suit our taste. But let a man lay his hand on a newspaper of a hundred years ago, with its stained yellow pages and its old-fashioned type, and he is interested at once. He sits down and reads it all through, advertisements and news and editorials—only, fortunately for the people of the olden times, there were very few editorials written then. And why does he do this? Because he recognizes the true nature of the newspaper. He sees in the yellow paper and small page what he probably fails to see in his splendidly printed daily or weekly newspaper of to-day. He realizes as he reads that the newspaper is indeed the truest biography of a day. Its paragraphs and articles are a mosaic of men's daily actions; and his heart feels the touch of the wonderful human sympathy that makes us brethren of the men of all climes and all ages.

But I will not generalize further. I was led into this train of thought by a something that I know will be interesting to every man here, and to thousands of those who are not here. A short time ago I held in my hand a Boston paper printed seventy-six years ago. It was the first daily paper ever printed in Boston—please to remember, the first daily paper ever printed in Boston. It was called the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, a name which has a highly respectable representative to-day. And why, gentlemen, did this old paper interest me; and why do I say it will interest you to hear of it? Because the editor of this paper, the first daily of Boston, was an Irishman; and not only an Irishman by birth, but a man who was a fugitive from his native land, because he had been a friend of Napper Tandy, and a United Irishman. This talented Irish exile, whose name was John Burke, had been expelled from Trinity College, Dublin, because the Government found that he was the author of a series of articles on republicanism which had appeared in the Dublin *Evening Post*. Buckingham tells us, in his "Reminiscences," that the paper published by this Irishman was one of unusual ability, moderation of language, and broadness of view. I will read you a short extract from his opening address, which will touch many a heart here to-night, and which will show what sort of man was this John Burke:

"I call you fellow-citizens! for I, too, am a citizen of these States. From the moment a stranger puts his foot on the soil of America, his fetters are rent to pieces, and the scales of servitude which he had contracted under European tyrannies fall off; he becomes a free man; and though civil regulations may refuse him the immediate exercise of his right, he is virtually a citizen; . . . . he resigns his prejudices on the threshold of the temple of liberty; they are melted down in the

great crucible of public opinion. This I take to be the way in which all men are affected when they enter these States ; that I am so will be little doubted when it is known how much I am indebted to their liberality ; I shall give better proof of it than words ; there is nothing that I would not resign for your service but my gratitude and love of liberty."

These words were written seventy-six years ago by an Irishman, and although men of our race, and of the religious belief of our majority, have lived down many prejudices and many injustices since then, there still remains a mountain to be removed by us and our descendants. But with the help of an enlightened and unprejudiced press, we can succeed where our forerunners failed ; and to the daily press of Boston—especially to that able paper which bears the name of the first of the family—I offer the words of John Burke, the first editor of a daily paper in Boston.

Such was O'Reilly, the editor, lecturer, and rapidly growing leader of the Irish-American people. In private life he was an earnest student, yet, at the same time, one who could and did relax with boyish *abandon*. His bachelor's den on the top floor of a lodging-house in Staniford Street became the nightly resort of a group of young men of kindred tastes. Dr. Robert Dwyer Joyce, the Irish poet, was the oldest member of the nameless club, to which also gathered Charles E. Hurd, the scholarly journalist ; Edward Mitchell, Dr. Dennett, and two or three other congenial spirits, to smoke and read and discuss, and sometimes dismember, the newest works from their own and other pens. Out of this informal coterie grew the almost equally informal, but famous literary and social organization, the "Papyrus Club," of which more anon.

He had been over two years and a half in Boston when he vacated his bachelor's den, and took upon himself the responsibilities of married life. In the *Pilot* of August 24, 1872, appeared the modest announcement : "Married, on Thursday, August 15, the Feast of the Assumption, in St. Mary's Church, Charlestown, by Rev. George A. Hamilton, Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly, of Boston, to Miss Mary Murphy, of Charlestown." The romance of love thus happily culminating had existed for over two years. The young poet first

heard of his future wife through reading a little story written by her in *The Young Crusader*, a very successful juvenile magazine edited by Rev. William Byrne, the present Vicar-General of Boston. Something in the little story took his fancy; he made inquiries about the writer, whose *nom de plume* was "Agnes Smiley," and sought and obtained an introduction to her. A mutual love soon grew up between them. Miss Murphy was born in Charlestown on the 5th of May, 1850. Her parents were John Murphy, who was born in County Fermanagh, Ireland, in 1823, and died in Charlestown June 28, 1861, and Jane Smiley, born in County Donegal, Ireland, 1830, who came to Charlestown in early life, and still lives, a widowed mother with her widowed daughter.

O'Reilly and his bride made a brief wedding trip through New Hampshire and Maine, and on returning began the joys and cares of domestic life at their home on Winthrop Street, Charlestown. There were born to them four daughters: Mollie, on May 18, 1873; Eliza Boyle, July 25, 1874; Agnes Smiley, May 19, 1877, and Blanid, June 18, 1880. In naming the children, the first was called after her mother, the second after the poet's own mother, the third by the pretty name to which such tender associations were attached, and the fourth after the heroine of Dr. Joyce's Irish epic. The following letter, written two years later, gives a charming picture of the quiet, happy home which he had made for himself in a strange land:

THE "PILOT" EDITORIAL ROOMS,
September 7, 1874.

MY DEAR AUNT CRISSY:

It was like listening to you and looking at you, to read your kind letter. It has made me so happy and yet so sad that I do not know which feeling is uppermost. *I know* you were pleased to see my poor book; but what would my own dear patient mother have felt when she saw me winning praise from men? Thank God! I have her picture—the girls and Edward were kind enough to send it to me—and I have it grandly framed, and hung in our parlor. My little Mollie loves to kiss it, and I can only allow her to kiss the frame for fear of injuring the picture. Mary loves to look at it as much as I do, and she loves you,

dear Aunt, from your one or two letters. Please write her a letter as soon as you can. She is getting strong again, from the birth of our *second* baby—our Eliza Boyle O'Reilly. Is it not strangely touching to see this new generation *with the old names*—springing up in a new land, and cherishing as traditions all that we knew as facts? Somehow, I feel as old as you and Uncle James. It seems so long since I was a boy that I really do not, cannot, accept young men or their ways of thinking. It gives me the sincerest pleasure to know that Uncle James is doing so well. He has a good book-keeper when he has you; but I am sure he knows that God has blessed him with that greatest of all blessings—a good wife. Willy's good fortune is as dear to me as if he were my own brother. I always knew he would be a clever chemist, and I am sure he is. Please God, sometime, when the Government lets me, I shall walk into his shop and ask for a bottle of medicine. He would never know the bearded man, with streaks of gray, from the thoughtless boy he knew long ago. Nobody in England would know me but *you:* you could see the Boyle in me.

It will please you, I know, to know just how I am doing. I inclose a lot of extracts from the leading papers of America, which will show you that I do not lack literary reputation. My position in Boston—which is the chief city in this country for literature and general culture—is quite good. I am chief editor of the *Pilot*—which is the most influential Catholic paper in America, probably in the world. My salary is $3,000 a year (£2 a day); $4,000 next year. Besides, I write when I please for the leading magazines and literary papers—which also adds to my income. Of course, $3,000 a year does not represent its equivalent in English money in England. Everything is sold at a higher rate here. However, Mary, who is a wonderful manager, has saved a few thousand dollars (I give her all the money), and we are prepared for a rainy day. My health is excellent. I have just returned from a vacation, which I spent in the glorious Southern States of Maryland and Virginia. I visited Baltimore and Washington, and had an invitation to stay with the President of the Jesuit University, at Georgetown. I do not know what you think of America, Aunt, but it may surprise you to hear that the cities here are far greater and grander than those in the Old World, always excepting London for size, of course. Washington is the most magnificent city I ever saw. But what do you care for America! Give my love to all, and believe me, dear Aunt, to be,

Always your affectionate nephew,

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

The great fire of Boston, beginning on Saturday evening, November 9, wiped out of existence the richest portion

of the business quarter, destroying eighty-five million dollars' worth of property. The large granite building owned and occupied by the *Pilot*, on Franklin Street, was entirely consumed. As soon as possible, new quarters were taken on Cornhill, in the building of Rand & Avery, which, by a strange fatality, was also burned to the ground eleven days later. Nothing daunted, the *Pilot* resumed business again at No. 360 Washington Street. A little impatience was excusable in it when called upon to announce, early in the following June, that the paper had been burnt out for the third time on May 30. "When a fire comes to Boston nowadays," it said, "it comes looking round all the corners for its old friend the *Pilot*. It is evident that the fire has a rare appreciation of a good newspaper and a good companion to pass a brilliant hour. . . . . Nevertheless, we do not want to appear too light-hearted on this occasion: it might lead people to think that a fire was not of much account anyway. Of course we are used to being burnt out, and it does not affect *us* much after the first mouthful of smoke and cinders. But when it comes to three times in seven months, we protest. We are not salamanders; the oldest phœnix of them all would get sick of such a gaudy dissipation. For the remainder of our lives in Boston we want the fire to let us severely alone." The *Pilot's* stock was totally destroyed in this last fire, and though it was well insured the loss was hard to bear, following the greater preceding calamities. By these Mr. Donahoe had been made poorer to the extent of $350,000, a loss which, with other reverses, ultimately brought on financial failure. The friends of the paper showed their timely good feeling by doing their utmost for it in its hour of adversity; some old subscribers paying arrears of fifteen years or more, others subscribing for ten years in advance, and a few requesting to have their names put down as subscribers "for life."

O'Reilly's "Wail of Two Cities" (Chicago and Boston) appeared in the number of the *Pilot* issued immediately after the great fire of November 9, 1872.

The Papyrus Club was the outcome of a reception given by the newspaper men of Boston to Henry M. Stanley, the famous African explorer, on Saturday afternoon, December 14, 1872. About thirty of Stanley's fellow-journalists assembled at the Parker House, W. B. Smart, President of the Boston Press Club, presiding, and John Boyle O'Reilly delivering the address of welcome. He paid a tribute to the "reportorial" profession, and especially to the representative of it, "a man, a young man, trained only as all present had been, who had yet been able to lead an expedition into the heart of Africa, and succeed where the Old World, with all its resources, had failed." After the formal reception and dinner, half a dozen of the young newspaper men present continued the post-prandial exercises at a then famous old chop-house known as "Billy Park's," in Central Court, on Washington Street, in the rear of Jordan & Marsh's dry-goods establishment. The march of commerce has wiped out the hostelry, and built over the Court, but it was on that night, and in "Billy Park's" Tavern, that the Papyrus Club was born. Its christening did not take place until some weeks later. The men who met that night at Park's were O'Reilly, Stanley, Edward King, Charles Eyre Pascoe, William A. Hovey ("Causeur"), Francis H. Underwood, first editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Alexander Young, the historian, and W. W. Messer, Jr. The second meeting of the club occurred on the following Saturday at the same place. Its object, as stated in the newspaper reports at the time, was that of "organizing the leading writers of the daily, weekly, and periodical press of the city in a club, for the purpose of promoting better acquaintance, one with another, and affording headquarters to which gentlemen of reputation in literature and art may be invited while on visits to Boston."

At this meeting, besides those who had attended the first, were present, Geo. M. Towle, the historian; N. S. Dodge, and Benjamin Woolf, who gave the club its name. It was quickly organized, with N. S. Dodge as president.

and Charles E. Pascoe as secretary. Its early history is shrouded with some of the mystery appropriate to all great institutions. O'Reilly was one of the executive committee. A printed call, dated February 26, 1873, says:

The Papyrus Club having at its last meeting effected a complete organization, it is very desirable that at its next dinner, which will take place at Park's Hotel, on Saturday, March 1, every person who has heretofore been connected with the movement to establish the club should be present.

I am requested by the president and members of the executive committee to suggest that the opportunity will be a favorable one for presenting the names of persons who desire to join the club, and that it will materially add to the pleasure of the occasion, and afford members an opportunity to vote intelligently upon the admission of candidates, if gentlemen see fit to bring with them, as their guests, those whose names they intend proposing.

As it is necessary that exact information as to the number to be present should be in the hands of the caterer for the evening prior to Friday, the 28th inst., you are requested to inform Mr. Benjamin Woolf, *Globe* office, by note or otherwise, and not later than Thursday, 27th inst., whether you intend to participate, and if so, whether a guest will accompany you.

As the organized existence of the club will in a great measure date from the meeting in question, it is hoped that every member will make an effort to be present.

Very respectfully yours,

CHAS. F. PASCOE,
Secretary.

Among the other early members of the club were J. Cheever Goodwin, Nat. Childs, Geo. F. Babbitt, Robert G. Fitch, Henry M. Rogers, Edgar Parker, Edwin P. Whipple, Dr. George B. Loring, E. A. Sothern ("Lord Dundreary"), Benjamin H. Ticknor, T. B. Ticknor, Howard M. Ticknor, James R. Osgood, George M. Baker, Dr. W. S. Dennett, William T. Adams ("Oliver Optic"), Dr. R. D. Joyce, Lambert Hollis, Dr. F. A. Harris, William M. Hunt, the famous artist, and several other men distinguished in art and literature.

It goes without saying that none of the members were blessed with worldly wealth. At first the club was a pure

democracy, unfettered by law or precedent, the only authority ever invoked by the kindly ruler, President Dodge, consisting in a vague threat to "name" any member whose boisterousness exceeded the bounds of decorum. The dinner was simple, consisting of chops, steaks, or joints, its austerity being mitigated by beer.

In due time, as the club prospered, an attempt was made, which never wholly succeeded, to introduce evening costume. The president had always appeared thus arrayed, and it was voted, by way of compromise, that his dignified "swallow-tail" should be considered the "club coat." At an early stage in its career the club voted to increase its membership and finances, simultaneously, by admitting a certain number of gentlemen, not exceeding one third of the whole, as "non-literary members." There was a hazy expectation that wealth would thence flow into the coffers of the club, which should be thereby enabled to build a house and live up to its reputation. Bonds were to be issued, but those securities were never listed on the Stock Exchange. When it came to the election of "non-literary" millionaires, the club insisted on choosing candidates possessed of qualities not usually concomitant with wealth. The non-literary members chosen were "good fellows" to a man: the literary members were of the same character *ipso facto*. On one historic evening there were elected Thomas Bailey Aldrich, William Dean Howells, Charles Gaylord, and Dr. George B. Loring. Such non-literary men as E. E. Rice, of "Evangeline," George Roberts, W. A. Means, F. V. Parker, and a score of others, did not detract from the gayety of the genial Bohemian crowd.

There was something more than mere pleasure associated with those meetings. As George M. Towle has well said: "Pleasant as are its literary features, its habit of hospitality to prominent strangers, its brilliant ladies' nights, its occasional music and fitful eloquence, to me its most grateful use is the freedom, the enlivenment, and I may perhaps even add, the affectionateness of its social sphere. I suppose most of us feel a kindlier interest in a man when

we know he is a Papyrus man. I think we are more ready to help him when he is trouble, to regret his calamities, to rejoice in his good fortune. I think any Papyrus man who has suffered some worldly grief may come here to this board in the absolute certainty that he will be surrounded by such an atmosphere of brotherly sympathy and encouragement as will enable him to carry away revived spirits and renewed hopes. These genial customs, these monthly greetings, soften the harshness of life, encourage the kindliness, tolerance, and generosity of feeling which serve us in good and noble stead in our daily battles with the outer world."

CHAPTER VIII.

His Public Life—Editorial Condemnation of Bigotry—He Speaks for the Indian and the Negro—"Songs of the Southern Seas"—Death of Captain Gifford—Poem on the Death of John Mitchell—Controversy with Dr. Brownson—His Poem for the O'Connell Centenary—O'Reilly Becomes Part Owner of the *Pilot*.

EARLY in February, 1873, the Orangemen of Boston, with the flexible loyalty which has ever distinguished the order, became suddenly and vociferously American, and announced their intention of celebrating Washington's birthday by a parade. Whether they paraded or not is a matter only of small-beer chronicles. O'Reilly, true to his principles of tolerance and conciliation, wrote:

Last year the Orange and Green were twined on the *Pilot* building, on Franklin Street. Will the Orangemen carry both colors in their precession? Come, now, that's the way to kill bad feeling. Don't let a few sore-headed bigots keep us apart. No matter if we do differ in religious belief: that is no reason why we should be enemies and ready to fly at each other's throat. The best Irishmen in our country's history were North of Ireland Protestants. Twine the flags—they are both Irish. The Orange is the oldest national color. Let us be sensible, friends on both sides, and not carry our island bickerings into the view of America's friendly cities.

He was just as prompt to condemn the introduction of foreign issues into American politics by Catholics as by Protestants.

Announcements had been made in various papers that a convention of a proposed "Irish" party would be held at Cleveland, O., in July of the same year. Quoting these announcements O'Reilly commented:

We do not know the men who have originated the idea, or those who have called this convention; we do not know their purposes, save what we learn from such notices as the above. But we know that, whoever

they are, they are men of worthless account, unknown and unrespected, and we have no fear that their influence will corrupt the mass of our people. They belong and appeal to that portion of the Irish in America of which true Ireland has least reason to be proud. But no matter how small the snake that wriggles through your garden, the only safe way is to take a switch and break its back.

The Irishmen who would form or join such an order as that described above, stand in the same relation to us as the members of the O. A. P. or O. U. A. M., or any other order of Know-nothings in the country; nay, the Irishman who would join such a party is even more our enemy than they are, for not only does he adopt their shameful course, but he throws the discredit of his conduct on the people to whom he belongs.

The Irishman who would proscribe a native American, and the native American who would proscribe an Irishman, are guilty of the same crime against the principles of the Constitution. But the Irishman is guilty of more than the other: when he joins a secret society he is recreant to his religion; when he joins a proscriptive society he is recreant to his citizenship.

* * * * * *

All that was good and beautiful in our dear native island, we should cherish forever. We have her faith and her honor to preserve and to make respected. We have sympathy with her trials and her efforts to be free. But we cannot, as honest men, band together in American politics under the shadow of an Irish flag.

* * * * * *

We do not know whether this Cleveland Convention is designed to affect Irish or American politics. The heads of it have taken care not to let us know anything of their movements. But we shall follow their track with a lantern at all times; and we advise our people in Cleveland and elsewhere to treat them as a pack of miserable Know-nothings.

Reviewing the editorial work of John Boyle O'Reilly during twenty years, and understanding, as only newspaper men can understand, the difficulties under which such work is performed, especially the necessity which it involves of deciding quickly on matters, often of gravest importance, the unerring instinct with which O'Reilly decided rightly in almost every case is little short of marvelous. The editor of the ordinary weekly paper is supposed to have abundance of leisure for forming and expressing his opinions. Such was not the case with O'Reilly. He preferred writing his articles at the last moment; he was as scrupulous as the most enterprising of "night editors" in getting the latest

news, and in supplying the final editions of his paper with everything of importance chronicled up to the moment of going to press.

Yet, reading through those editorials of twenty years, with the light of subsequent events to guide, I am amazed at the sureness of his instinct, the accuracy of his judgment, and the terse vigor of his pronouncements on every event of more than ephemeral interest. His political forecasts were often as erroneous as those of other editorial prophets; but his instincts never once failed on a definite question of right and wrong. There he was infallible.

When the treacherous murder of General Canby by the Modoc Indians, in the lava beds of Oregon, aroused a clamor for vengeance throughout the country, he took the part of the poor savages who had no newspaper organ to advocate their cause, saying:

> We have too much and too old a sympathy with people badly governed, to join in this shameful cry for Modoc blood. We grant that they have committed murder, and that they are unstable, treacherous, and dangerous. Who would not be so, with the robberies and outrages of generations boiling in their blood? If they are ignorant and debased they cannot be cured by corn whisky and fire-arms; and these the only mission-books they have received from our government or our settlers.

He was a Democrat, imbued with the best spirit of his party, but he was never a blind partisan. On the negro question he stood beside his friend, Wendell Philipps, on the platform of Daniel O'Connell. Here is one of his early pleas in behalf of the Southern negro, written at a time when the rascally rule of the carpet-baggers in the South had made even the Republicans in the North lose much of their sympathy for the freedmen.

> . . . . The destiny of the colored American is one of the big problems to be worked out in the life of this Republic. The day is fast coming when this man's claim cannot be answered by a jest or a sneer. The colored American of to-day may not be equal to his position as an enfranchised man. He has still about him something of the easy submission and confessed inferiority of a race held long in ignorance and

bondage. But this man's children and grandchildren are coming, and they are receiving the same education in the same schools as the white man's children. In all things material before God and man, *they* will feel that they are the white man's equal. They are growing above the prejudice, *even before the prejudice dies:* and herein is the opening of the problem. . . .

The year 1873 saw the practical inception of the movement for Irish Home Rule. O'Reilly, wise from experience, advised the Fenians to give the new scheme a fair hearing. "They," he said, "had done their work. Their movement, whatever its faults, aroused the national sentiment and forced the people into the study of their country's position. Nobody in the world has clearer grounds of objection to Fenianism than we have: we have known it all through, root and branch, its faults, its weaknesses, and its virtues: but we are not quite sure that had it not been at all, there would be no such hopeful movement as there is in Ireland to-day."

He, of all men, might have been justified in declaring war to the knife against the oppressors of his native land, but he did not think of his own wrongs when the best interests of his country were to be considered. He sincerely espoused the cause of Home Rule, and urged the wisdom and charity of forgetting past grievances. "That measure once attained," he said: "Let both neighbors combine for every neighborly purpose, and pull together, if need be, against the rest of the world, as good neighbors should; but let each give up, once for all, the arrogant, mischievous pretension of lording it over the hearthstone and dictating the domestic economy of the other. Thus will be combined national freedom with national strength."

Thenceforward, and to the end of his life, he remained an unwavering advocate of the pacific policy, an unshaken believer in its ultimate success. In his sanguine way he made, in 1886, one of the predictions which failed of fulfillment, that Home Rule would be achieved in the year 1889. He had not reckoned on the treachery of Chamberlain, and the selfish ambition of the English Unionists.

In March, 1873, the Catholic Union of Boston was founded, with Theodore Metcalf as President, and John Boyle O'Reilly as Recording Secretary. He remained a member of the organization until his death.

Two interesting events marked this year in the poet's life. The first, a pleasant one, was the appearance of his book of poems, "Songs of the Southern Seas," published by Roberts Bros., of Boston. The second, a sad one, was the death of the man to whom that book was gratefully dedicated. Captain David R. Gifford died on board his ship, off Mahe, Seychelle Islands, on August 26, without having seen the tribute paid him by the Irish exile whom he had befriended.

The "Songs" were favorably received by American readers. Most of them had appeared in the weekly or monthly publications of the country. Two had first seen the light in the *Dark Blue Magazine*, of Oxford University, England, where the new contributor was welcomed, until his political status became known, when the magazine, like a loyal Conservative, declined to accept further contributions from the rebel poet. The press and scholars of America, having no such scruples, took his work at its just value, and their verdict was indorsed in due time by the best critics of England. The modesty of the young poet, and the spontaneous and unconventional spirit of his verse, won immediate appreciation and praise. Edwin P. Whipple, profound scholar and judicious critic, commended the "Occasional Poems" in the book as "very tender, fanciful, earnest, individual, and manly, claiming nothing which they do not win by their inherent force, grace, melody, and 'sweet reasonableness,' or, it may be at times, their passionate unreasonableness. Nobody can read the volume without being drawn to its author. He is so thoroughly honest and sincere that he insists that his imaginations are but memories." The versatility of his work invited comparisons, which were seldom aught but favorable, with many older and more distinguished poets. "There is the flow of Scott in his narrative power, and the fire of Macaulay in

his trumpet-toned tales of war," said the Chicago *Inter-ocean*. "The 'Dog Guard,' leaves an impression on the mind like Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner,'" said the Boston *Advertiser*. R. H. Stoddart, in *Scribner's Monthly*, wrote: "William Morris could have spun off the verse more fluently, and Longfellow could have imparted to it his usual grace; still, we are glad it is not from them but from Mr. O'Reilly that we receive it. . . . . He is as good a balladist as Walter Thornbury, who is the only other living poet who could have written 'The Old Dragoon's story.'" The *Atlantic Monthly* commended especially the discretion with which inanimate nature is subordinated to human interest in the "King of the Vasse": "The Australian scenery, and air, and natural life are everywhere summoned around the story without being forced upon the reader. Here, for instance, is a picture at once vivid and intelligible—which is not always the case with the vivid pictures of the word painters. . . . . There are deep springs of familiar feeling (as the mother's grief for the estrangement of her savage-hearted son), also, touched in this poem, in which there is due artistic sense and enjoyment of the weirdness of the motive; and, in short, we could imagine ourselves recurring more than once to the story, and liking it better and better. The 'Dog Guard' is the next best story in the book,—a horrible fact treated with tragic realism, and skillfully kept from being merely horrible."

The "Songs of the Southern Seas" were subsequently incorporated in a volume, published in 1878 and entitled, "Songs, Legends, and Ballads," which reached a seventh edition, and will have attained its eighth in the present compilation.

It was dedicated as follows:

TO
MY DEAR WIFE,
WHOSE RARE AND LOVING JUDGMENT HAS BEEN A STANDARD
I HAVE TRIED TO REACH.
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK.

On Saturday morning, May 16, 1874, occurred the great flood at Mill River Valley, Hampshire County, Mass., caused by the breaking of a mill-dam. Four villages were swept away and nearly two hundred lives lost in the calamity. Collins Graves, a milkman, mounted his horse and spurred through the villages, warning the inhabitants and saving hundreds of lives. O'Reilly's ringing ballad, "The Ride of Collins Graves," inspired by this incident, has taken a permanent place in the literature of heroic verse.

In the *Pilot* of July 11, of the same year, O'Reilly printed a poem of about sixty lines, into which he had compressed all the pent-up fierce democracy of his nature. In it he reaches his highest point of thought, if not of expression. It is the poem, "Bone and Sinew and Brain." His figures are bold and strikingly original; Manhood is its theme—Manhood, and its corelative, Womanhood—before which all else must give way in the battle for the survival of the fittest. Inveighing like a Hebrew prophet against the effeminacy of the time, and the cant of the "march of mind,"—

> Till the head grows large and the vampire face,
> Is gorged on the limbs so thin—

and still more fiercely against "the sterile and worthless life" of the childless woman, he cries out:

> Ho, white-maned waves of the Western Sea
> That ride and roll to the strand!
> Ho, strong-winged birds never blown a-lee
> By the gales that sweep toward land!
> Ye are symbols both of a hope that saves,
> As ye swoop in your strength and grace,
> As ye roll to the land like the billowed graves
> Of a suicidal race.
> You have hoarded your strength in equal parts;
> For the men of the future reign
> Must have faithful souls and kindly hearts,
> And bone and sinew and brain.

On the 20th of March, 1875, John Mitchell, the sturdy Irish patriot, breathed his last at Dromolane, County Down, Ireland. O'Reilly's poem on the dead patriot was pub-

lished in the following week. It contains this striking figure, among others:

> Dead! but the death was fitting:
> His life to the latest breath,
> Was poured like wax on the Chart of Right,
> And is sealed by the stamp of Death!

Within twenty days Ireland lost three of her most loyal sons, John Mitchell, John Martin, and Sir John Gray. Of them O'Reilly wrote: "All three were Protestants: and their death draws attention to the truth that no people in the world are so utterly without religious bigotry as the Irish. These three Protestants were the most beloved and trusted men in Ireland, and by the Irish Catholics and Protestants throughout the world. The only question Ireland asks her public men is—Are you true to my cause? England has tried with inhuman cunning to put the wedge between Protestant and Catholic in Ireland: she planted the seeds of Orangeism and Ribbonism, and watched and watered them to make them grow. But, thank God! the weed of religious hate will not spread on Irish soil. It is never the difference of religion that makes the bad blood; it is the taint of English money and English sympathy."

To this broad-minded editor nothing was more odious than the narrow bigotry which would array sect against sect, especially when displayed by Catholics. In this year, 1875, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, Mr. Peter Paul McSwiney, issued a circular calling for the formation of an "Irish Catholic party," saying: "To make a united Ireland, our motto must be 'Faith and Fatherland.'" The Irish Catholics indignantly repudiated the bigoted appeal, which O'Reilly stigmatized as "Catholic Know-nothingism."

He crossed swords with a foeman more worthy of his steel when Dr. Orestes A. Brownson, a convert to Catholicity, and, as converts sometimes are, one rather more zealous than discreet, took exception to the *Pilot's* honorable praise of the Irish Protestants who had served their country with a loyalty that redeems their class from the

disgrace even of Orangeism. O'Reilly's answer to Brownson is eloquent with the indignation of a man who had suffered from intolerance enough to detest it in every form. He says:

Dr. Brownson—angry Dr. Brownson—in reviewing an unfortunate book by a clever Irishman (Shelton McKenzie), steps off the path to take a howl in the primeval savagery of his nature. Of course, the first Irish head he meets—he is looking for Irish heads—is the *Pilot's*; after that come the Irish generally—and with the full force of his ancient Know-nothingism, the Doctor "goes for" them. He says:

"Mr. McKenzie is a man of considerable literary ability and reputation, and, though a Protestant, we believe a genuine Irishman. Perhaps, we ought not to say *though* a *Protestant*, for our poetical friend of the Boston *Pilot*—a high authority in such matters—assured the public, not long since, that the truest and best Irishmen going are Protestants. Why, then, complain of 'Protestant ascendancy,' and denounce the Irish parliament of 1800, that sold the Irish nationality for British gold, every member of which was a Protestant? Grattan, Flood, Plunkett, Curran, and a few others, were, no doubt, able and eloquent, and regarded Ireland as their country, but they were powerless against the mass of their Protestant countrymen; and we have never seen, and never expect to see, any good come to Catholic Ireland from following Protestant and infidel leaders. We have much more confidence in the Catholic bishops and clergy than in Protestant and infidel 'head centers.' We have no confidence in those Catholics even who sink the religious in the national question, for no nation can be really free and independent that is not Catholic.

"Protestant Irishmen are for us neither more nor less than the Protestants of any other nationality; and Catholic Ireland has suffered far more from Protestant Irishmen than from Englishmen. Our interest is in Catholic Ireland; and Irish politics, save so far as they affect the Church, are no more to us than the politics of any other foreign nation. We have very little respect for those Irish patriots who think they can serve their country by leaving their religion in abeyance and acting under the lead of its enemies. If the Boston *Pilot* insists in glorying in 'our element,' let it visit our prisons, penitentiaries, almshouses, etc.; above all, let it look into the reports of our police courts and mark the frequency with which 'our element' is brought up for drunkenness, and husbands of the same element for brutally beating and kicking their wives, not seldom even to death. It may also count the 'street arabs,' belonging to the same 'element' that swarm in our cities and live only by begging and stealing—chiefly by stealing. There it can find 'our element,' as also in the emigrants from remote Irish dis-

tricts, who have never been instructed in the first principles of religion and morality, and hardly know how to bless themselves."

To this intemperate onslaught O'Reilly replied :

A good deal of this is true, we are sorry to say ; no one ever denied it. A good deal of it is untrue ; and the remainder is discreditable to Doctor Brownson. First, "our poetical friend of the *Pilot*" never said that "the truest and best Irishmen going are Protestants"; but he did say, not once but often, and he says it again, that a great many of the best Irishmen—the men whose memories are respected by their countrymen the world over, *were Protestants.* Dr. Brownson knows enough about Ireland to pick out from the end of the last century the names of four Protestants who loved their country. Perhaps he thinks there were no more. We, being Irish and knowing something about the subject, take the liberty of presenting the doctor with a list of twenty times four Protestant Irishmen from the same period of Ireland's history, whose names will be revered by millions of Catholics when Dr. Brownson and his *Review* are forgotten :

CHURCH OF ENGLAND PROTESTANTS.—Thomas A. Emmet, barrister ; Arthur O'Connor, barrister ; Roger O'Connor, barrister ; Thomas Russel, John Chambers, Mathew Dowling, Edward Hudson, Hugh Wilson William Dowdall, Robert Hunter, Matthew Keogh, Joseph Holt' Thomas Corbett, William Corbett, Hon. Simon Butler, A. H. Rowan' James Napper Tandy, Lord Edw. Fitzgerald, Henry Sheares, barrister ; John Sheares, barrister; Oliver Bond, Leonard McNally, B. B. Harvey, barrister; William Weir, John Allen,* Thomas Bacon, Anthony Perry, Theobald Wolf Tone, Barthol Tone, Thomas Wright, Wm. Livingstone Webb, William Hamilton, Richard Kernan, James Reynolds, M.D., Deane Swift, barrister ; Robert Emmet.

PRESBYTERIANS.—William Tennant, M.D., Robert Simms, Samuel Neilson, George Cumming, Rev. Mr. Warwick, Joseph Cuthbert, Rev. W. Steele Dickson, William Drennan, M.D., William Orr, Samuel Orr, William Putnam McCabe, Rev. William Porter, Henry Monroe, James Dickey, attorney ; Henry Haslett, William Sampson, barrister ; Henry Joy McCracken, Rev. Mr. Barber, William Sinclair, J. Sinclair, Rev. Mr. Mahon, James Hope, Robert McGee, M.D., Gilbert McIlvain, Robert Byers, Henry Byers, Rev. Mr. Birch, Rev. Mr. Warde, S. Kennedy, Robert Hunter, Robert Orr, Rev. Mr. Smith, Rev. Mr. Sinclair,

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* Here O'Reilly makes a curious lapse, according to the testimony of a relative of his own, and, like himself, a direct descendant of Patrick Allen ; of whom the John Allen above mentioned was the grandson and a steadfast Catholic ; in fact, the Colonel Allen of Napoleon's army, referred to in Chapter I. of this biography.

Hugh Grimes, William Kean, Rev. Mr. Stevelly, James Burnside, James Green, Rowley Osborne, Mr. Turner, Rev. Mr. McNeil, William Simms, John Rabb, Rev. Mr. Simpson, Israel Milliken.

It may interest Dr. Brownson to know that eighteen of the above named Protestants loved Ireland so well that they were hanged for their affection. It was to these men, when speaking to Irishmen who understood him, that "our poetical friend" alluded.

Shall Irishmen forget these men because they were Protestants? Dr. Brownson says he takes no interest in anything but Catholic politics and Catholic leaders. In the name of God he is preaching the devil's own doctrine—the old English doctrine of dissension. Are the Catholic citizens of this country to repudiate the deeds of all Protestant Americans, and scout the memory of the Protestant Washington? Are Irish Catholics, at Dr. Brownson's bidding, to forget the name and fame of such a Protestant Irishman as Edmund Burke, who was addressed by Pope Pius VI. as a "noble man" and a benefactor to the world? Dr. Brownson, we suppose, would reject the services of Warren and Putnam at Bunker Hill because they were Protestants; he would depose Washington, Clay, Henry, and the others from their high place in the national memory; he would reject Grant, Sherman, and Thomas, because they were Protestants, and fling Sheridan after them because he was only a middling Catholic. Dr. Brownson mixes too much religion in his politics. His intolerant meddling can bring nothing but discredit on Catholicity. He has made a reputation for literary pugilism by knocking his own straw men to smithereens; but now, in his old age, he forgets himself and strikes at living men, with other results. When Dr. Brownson says that Ireland suffered more from Protestant Irishmen than from England—he is doting. Irishmen know better. They remember whole centuries of wrong—

"Strongbow's force, and Henry's wile,
Tudor's wrath, and Stuart's guile,
Iron Stafford's tiger jaws,
And brutal Brunswick's penal laws;
Not forgetting Saxon faith,
Not forgetting Norman scaith,
Not forgetting William's word,
Not forgetting Cromwell's sword."

Such a spirit as that shown by Dr. Brownson in this article is scandalous and abominable.

As to the Irish in the prisons, and the Irish children in the penitentiaries, it comes with a bad grace from a converted Anglo-American Protestant to cast them in our teeth. They were prepared for prison and penitentiary by English law that enforced generations of ignorance

on Ireland. There is no blame attached to the Irish "street arabs" for their poverty,—not an atom. Nobody but an exasperated and impotent old man would scoff at them. God help them, and God pity their forefathers, who lived under the penal laws, who could not help leaving after them a legacy of poverty and crime!

When *Brownson's Review* passed out of existence in the following October, with some sharp denunciations of the *Pilot*, in its valedictory, O'Reilly, always generous to a foeman, wrote :

Farewell, stanch and fearless old man! You have done a large labor, and have done it in full manhood and good faith. Those who objected shall be the first to praise. Your life has been a success, as every life must be that follows principle through light and darkness. Not mockingly do we write these words of respect, but with all sincerity, admiring an individualized, noble nature. Not in any belittling spirit do we say that the death of *Brownson's Review* reminds us of the last hour of the old pagan bard converted by St. Patrick!

"I give glory to God for our battles won
By wood or river, by bay or creek;
For Norna who died; for my father Conn;
For feasts and the chase on the mountain bleak.
I bewail my sins, both known and unknown,
And of those I have injured forgiveness seek.
The men that were wicked to me and mine
(Not quenching a wrong, nor in war nor wine)
I forgive and absolve them all, *save three*,
And may Christ in his mercy be kind to me."

Nobody could better appreciate a vigorous antagonist than Dr. Brownson himself, of whom a characteristic anecdote is told, during his early life, when he was a Unitarian minister. Being in a bookstore on a certain occasion, he had a controversy with Mr. Trask, the famous anti-tobacco apostle. Mr. Brownson became irritated at some remark of Mr. Trask, and promptly knocked him down. The by-standers protested earnestly, and Mr. Brownson as promptly made a humble and complete apology for his loss of self-control. The apology was accepted and the conversation resumed, but Mr. Trask overdid his magnanimity by saying, once or twice afterward, "I forgive you." At last

Brownson became enraged a second time and said, "I have knocked you down and I have apologized for it. If you say anything more about forgiving me, I will knock you down again." Dr. Brownson should not have been so severe on the Irish people, with whom, as this anecdote shows, he had a very kindred spirit. Another good anecdote was told of him by the late Bishop Fitzpatrick. Brownson had a marvelous memory, and a corresponding fluency in presenting facts with which his mind was so richly stored. Added to this was "a certain dogmatic way of enlightening the company on every subject. The Bishop, who was known to have been fond of a quiet joke, agreed with the rest to take him, for once, off his guard. They decided to study well some subject which Brownson would be least apt to think of, and accordingly fixed on Iceland. At the next gathering they caused the conversation gradually to slide into Iceland, directing it in a manner to set forth all their knowledge of the subject, and quietly ignoring the doctor as one out of his latitude. The latter, however, soon broke the ice, set them right on various points, and wound up with an elaborate array of facts. He afterward disclosed that he had recently been studying an extensive work on the subject, just issued; and the company despaired ever after of overshadowing Brownson on any subject whatever." The venerable controversialist died in April, 1876, heartily regretted even by those with whom he had broken lances in many a sharp encounter.

On the 6th of August, 1875, the centenary of O'Connell's birthday was celebrated by the Irish people throughout the world. In Dublin it was especially commemorated by the inauguration of a noble statue to the Liberator from the hand of the Irish sculptor, John Henry Foley, R.A. The celebration in Boston was a notable event. Wendell Phillips was the orator, and John Boyle O'Reilly the poet. Fully four thousand people crowded Music Hall; Patrick Donahoe presided. Governor Gaston, William Lloyd Garrison, General Banks, Charles Francis Adams, Jr., and leading clergymen of all denominations, with white and colored

citizens, occupied the platform. Whittier, who could not attend in person, sent a letter in which he recalled the fact that:

"More than thirty years ago, in an elaborate and carefully prepared paper, I defended him from the unjust attacks of some of my countrymen; and I have seen no reason since to retract a word of the very high praise which I then awarded him.

"He was a consistent Christian reformer. To use his own words, 'He hated all tyranny and intolerance, social, political, or ecclesiastical.' By birth and conviction a faithful member of the ancient Church, he asked nothing for Catholics which he was not ready to ask for Protestants. He was no reactionist. He believed it his privilege to co-operate with Divine Providence in making the world better and happier; and held with his brother religionist, Lamartine, that to oppose the progress of civilization and humanity was to sin against the Holy Ghost. His philanthropy was logical, and therefore universal."

The oration of Phillips was worthy of orator and subject. O'Reilly's poem was entitled "A Nation's Test." Nothing truer has been said in panegyric of the great Liberator than is conveyed in these four lines:

> Races and sects were to him a profanity:
> Hindoo, and negro, and Celt were as one;
> Large as Mankind was his splendid humanity,
> Large in its record the work he has done.

The poet was unconsciously foreshadowing the world's verdict on his own life. On October 20 of this year he read his grand poem "Fredericksburg," at the inauguration of the armory of the Second Regiment, Illinois State Guards, Chicago, taking as his text the words of General Meagher—"The Irishman never fights so well as when he has an Irishman for his comrade. An Irishman going into the field has this as the strongest impulse and his richest reward, that his conduct in the field will reflect honor on the old land he will see no more. He therefore wishes that if he falls it will be into the arms of one of the

same nativity, that all may hear that he died in a manner worthy of the cause in which he fell, and of the country which gave him birth."

O'Reilly's reputation as a poet was fully established by this time. The *Atlantic Monthly* for December, 1875, contained his poem "Macarius the Monk." *Scribner's* for the same month had "The Last of the Narwhale," a nautical story in his old vigorous vein.

All this time, amid the press of daily editorial duties, the manifold calls of public life, and the steady pursuit of literature, O'Reilly had time to listen to any story of wrong done to the humblest of his countrymen, and to espouse the cause of the wronged man until the injustice was repaired. Was it a sailor refused enlistment in a government ship "because he was an Irishman," or a victim, half of circumstances and half of prejudice, like Thomas Cahill, extradited from Ireland on a false charge of murder in Massachusetts, or a shop boy confronted with the offensive shibboleth, "No Irish need apply"—O'Reilly was ever ready to take up as a personal quarrel the cause of the injured one. And when he did so, the quarrel did not end until the offender had amply repented. He literally followed his own creed of the brotherhood of mankind, and carried out his mission of helping the helpless ones among his brothers.

Early in February, 1876, Mr. Donahoe's misfortunes forced him to suspend. He had lost a fortune in the fires of 1872. The failure of insurance companies prevented his partial recovery from that disaster. He had, furthermore, indorsed heavily for a friend, who failed in business, leaving him responsible for the sum of $170,000. The paper was prosperous, but its gains were insufficient to meet those tremendous losses. Property which he held had sadly depreciated in value, and business depression prevailed everywhere, until the shrinkage on his real estate left no equity beyond the mortgage. He was indebted to the extent of $300,000, of which some $73,000 was due to poor depositors. In this crisis he was compelled to make an assignment.

The trustees of the property decided that the *Pilot* should be kept intact, and accordingly disposed of it by sale to the Archbishop of Boston, and John Boyle O'Reilly. In announcing this transfer the *Pilot* made the further gratifying announcement:

"The Most Rev. Archbishop Williams and Mr. O'Reilly, the future proprietors, hope to be enabled to prevent this terrible loss from falling too heavily on the poor people. With continued success for the *Pilot*, the purchasers intend to pay the depositors every dollar on their books."

This voluntary obligation was carried out to the letter, the $73,000 being paid, in ten annual installments, to the depositors.

CHAPTER IX.

The Cruise of the *Catalpa*—The English Government Rejects the Petition of One Hundred and Forty Members of Parliament for the Pardon of the Soldier Convicts—John Devoy and John Breslin Plan their Rescue—Good Work of the Clan-na-Gael—The Dream of O'Reilly and Hathaway Fulfilled—The *Catalpa* Defies a British Gunboat, and Bears the Men in Safety to America.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY was now (1876), in his thirty-second year, happily blest with wife and children, entering on the sure road of literary fame and worldly prosperity. Under such conditions the shrewd man becomes conservative, the selfish man ungrateful, the weak man cowardly. But "the wise of Bohemia"—thank God—"are never shrewd." They do not become conservative, in the sense of abandoning the generous aspirations of their youth. Wiser he certainly grew with advancing years and responsibilities. He recognized, albeit with sufficient humility, that he stood as a representative of his countrymen in the eyes of a friendly but critical people. He perceived, also, and profited by, the mistakes of his ardent youth.

But he never used this clearer vision to see the errors of another with unkind eyes. He passed no harsh judgment on those who honestly differed with him as to the best method of righting the wrongs of his countrymen. He never faltered in comrade loyalty to the associates of his revolutionary days.

Six of those fellow rebels, less fortunate than himself, still wore the convict's garb, and toiled in the penal gangs of Western Australia.

Let it be set down to the credit of the Fenian cause, especially to that much abused body, the Clan-na-Gael, that half a score of years of change, discouragement, and

defeat had not sufficed to make these forlorn men forgotten by their comrades. John Devoy, the whilom organizer of treason in the British army; John Breslin, the rescuer of James Stephens from Richmond Prison, and several other bold spirits on both sides of the Atlantic, remembered the men in bondage, held clandestine communication with them, and patiently awaited the chance of proving their devotion in the most practical way. O'Reilly was not a member of the Clan; but the Clan trusted him, as everybody did.

To him in due time came John Devoy with a scheme so audacious and romantic as to seem wildly impossible. Not only was the plan extravagant in its conception, but for its execution it needed the confidence and assistance of thousands of men belonging to a race who are said to be unable to keep a secret, and incapable of conspiring without betraying. Nevertheless, five thousand men of the Clan-na-Gael were taken into the confidence of the plotters. A large amount of money was needed, and it had to be raised by the contributions of these thousands. The plot was known to them for more than a twelvemonth, yet never a whisper of it reached any but friendly ears.

The plan, in brief, was to buy a ship, man her with hardy fellows who did not fear the consequences, and, sailing to Western Australia, rescue the life prisoners from their captivity. It meant, at the least calculation, an outlay of twenty thousand dollars, a voyage of thirty thousand miles, a forlorn hope, and a possible gibbet at the end.

O'Reilly proposed an amendment and it was adopted. It was to buy a whaling vessel, and send her ostensibly on a whaling cruise, thus averting the suspicion which would be sure to attach to a ship of any other description cruising in Western Australian waters. There was one man in all the world best fitted to give counsel and aid in such an enterprise, O'Reilly's old-time benefactor and friend, Captain Henry C. Hathaway, of New Bedford, Mass. He had retired from the perilous adventures of his youth, and, giving hostages to Fortune, had begun to receive the favors of

Fortune in return; only his loyalty and courage had not changed with years. He entered into the plan with zeal, bringing to the council the best attributes of an American sailor, a warm heart and a cool head.

In the *Pilot* of May 27, 1876, appeared an editorial entitled, "Who are the Irish Political Prisoners?" It answered that, "There are seventeen Irishmen still in prison for the attempted revolution of '66 and '67. The leaders and organizers of that movement have been long at liberty, pardoned by the British Government. The men still confined were not leaders in the revolutionary movement, and the cruelty of their imprisonment was all the more inhuman when their subordinate position was considered. Thirteen of the seventeen prisoners were soldiers in the English army, and in a few months these men will have completed their tenth year in prison. The other four, Michael Davitt, John Wilson, Edward O'Meagher Condon, and Patrick Meledy, were civilians.

"Of the thirteen soldiers, ten were privates, one a corporal, and two color-sergeants. Five or six other soldiers were condemned but are now free—some by pardon, one by escape from Western Australia, and one by the hand of the great emancipator Death." The article goes on to say that among these soldiers were four especially distinguished, Color-Sergeant Charles Heapy McCarthy, a brave soldier who had served for thirteen years, and wore two medals for bravery in the Indian mutiny; Color-Sergeant Darragh, who was on the rolls for a commission for brave service during the Chinese war, and was a Protestant and an Orangeman; Corporal Thomas Chambers, confined in England, and Private James Wilson, in Western Australia, intellectually the best men of the military prisoners. Patrick Keating, of the Fifth Dragoons, had died in Western Australia.

One hundred and forty members of Parliament, including Mr. Bright, Mr. Plimsoll, Mr. Mundella, Mr. Fawcett, and many others of the ablest men of the House, presented a petition for the pardon of these men on the occasion of

the Queen's accession to the title of Empress of India. It was rejected.

The next news of the unpardoned prisoners was contained in a cable message from London, dated June 6, 1876. "A dispatch from Melbourne, Australia, states that all the political prisoners confined in Western Australia have escaped on the American whale-ship *Catalpa*."

Commenting on this fact, the *Pilot* of June 17 said: "To one devoted man, more than to any other, the whole affair is creditable. He it was who, with the pitiful letters received from the prisoners in his hand, excited the sympathy of Irish conventions and individual men. The event proves the truth and devotedness of the man. We have asked him for permission to publish his name, but he will not allow us until the men are absolutely safe." That man was John Devoy.

Among Devoy's first confidants were John Kenneally and James McCarthy Fennell, two political prisoners who had been released in 1869. The Clan-na-Gael convention at Baltimore, in 1874, appointed as a committee to carry out the project, John Devoy, John W. Goff, Patrick Mahon, James Reynolds, and John C. Talbot. The dangerous rôle of active agent in the case was assigned to John Breslin, associated with whom was Thomas Desmond of San Francisco. The two sailed from that port for Sydney, New South Wales, September 13, 1875, arriving on October 16, and at once placing themselves in communication with friends of the prisoners. One of these was John King, another J. Edward Kelly, an ex-prisoner, who died afterward in Boston. Sympathizing miners in New Zealand, canvassed by the friends of King, contributed $4000, which proved very timely at an important crisis of the enterprise. Two other agents sent out by the revolutionary organization in Ireland also appeared on the scene. They were Denis F. McCarthy of Cork, Ireland, and John Walsh of Durham, England. They had $5000 capital with them, and were surprised and delighted on learning that a much more feasible scheme had been planned by the Americans. They

volunteered their assistance and were assigned the duty of cutting the telegraph wires after the escape should be effected. King was given the post of rear guard, to ride behind the rescued prisoners and notify them in case of pursuit. Breslin and Desmond, under the respective aliases of "Mr. Collins" and "Mr. Jones," arrived at Fremantle in November, 1875. They traveled, one first and the other second class, and did not appear to be acquainted with each other. Both men were well supplied with funds, and both showed good taste in horse flesh; regularly, once a week, or oftener, during the summer season, between November and April, hiring carriages and driving about the suburbs of the town. "Mr. Collins" appeared to be a capitalist, and interested himself in studying the resources of the country with a view to investment. The Governor of the place showed him the only lion in Fremantle, the great penal institution, which "Mr. Collins" visited more than once during his stay. During one of his visits he conveyed a letter to the six political prisoners, and soon after met James Wilson, with whom he arranged the details of the escape. Wilson was to have his party ready on a certain day, with a pass to take them through the sentry lines, after achieving which they would find horses, weapons, and allies. The medium of communication was William Foley, ex-private of the Fifth Dragoon Guards. He had been found guilty of complicity in the Fenian movement and sent to Western Australia, where ill-treatment, insufficient food, and hard work shattered his strong constitution long before the expiration of his seven years' sentence. Just before the rescue was effected he was sent to England by his friends; thence he traveled to New York, where he died of his sufferings on the 1st of November following.

In the mean time the bark *Catalpa*, purchased by the Clan-na-Gael men, had sailed from New Bedford, the 29th of April, 1875. It was commanded by Captain Anthony, a native of Nantucket, and a cool, brave man. His first officer, Smith, was an American, of Scotch parentage; only one Irishman was among the crew, which was purposely

selected by Captain Hathaway to consist of Malays, Kanakas, and Portuguese negroes, with one or two whites. It was necessary that the ship should present in every respect the appearance of a genuine whaler. Captain Anthony had a roving charter, "To go where I liked, stay as long as I pleased, and return home when I got ready. I was to be at Australia in the spring of 1876 to co-operate with Fenian agents for the release of six prisoners confined at Fremantle."

The *Catalpa* cruised for a year, capturing one whale in the North Atlantic, from which $11,000 were realized, and on the 1st of March, 1876, arrived at Bunbury, Western Australia. Captain Anthony's story is as terse as a log book: "We cleared at Teneriffe on the 10th of November for River La Platte and other places beyond the seas; did not go to the river, but sailed direct for Bunbury on the west coast of Australia, arriving the last of March. The day after arrival, received a telegram from Fremantle, signed J. Collins, as followed: 'Any news from New Bedford? When are you going to Fremantle.' I answered, 'No news from New Bedford; shall not go to Fremantle.'"

Two days later "Collins" came from Fremantle and took lodgings in the hotel at which Captain Anthony was staying. He was introduced to the latter, who invited him on board his ship. There Breslin and Anthony studied the chart of the coast and decided upon their plans. The next day the coasting steamer *Georgette* stopped at Bunbury on her way to Fremantle. Anthony and Breslin went as passengers; the former, as a fellow sailor, made acquaintance with the Captain of the *Georgette*, who gave him all the information he desired in regard to the course taken by vessels in those waters, the soundings, etc. On arriving at Fremantle they were surprised to find a British gunboat in the harbor, and decided to defer operations until her departure. Anthony remained at Fremantle five days, driving with Breslin over the twenty-three miles of road between that place and Rockingham, which was to be their point of

departure. At Rockingham they planted stakes to mark the spot at which Anthony's whaleboat was to land in the night for the prisoners. Before parting they arranged a cipher code for telegraphing. "When the ship was ready for sea," continues Captain Anthony, "I telegraphed the fact to Collins, stating that I should leave the next day. The next day there was a fierce storm and I could not leave, but I thought I would get away in time to carry out the plans, and so did not communicate with Collins. The day following I found that I could not get away; attempted to telegraph to Collins, but it was Good Friday, and the telegraph offices were not open. Found the female operator, who said that the office could not be opened unless it was a case of 'life or death.' Told her it was more important than either, and she decided to send the message. As good luck would have it, the office at Fremantle was open, and the dispatch was received. Saturday morning I telegraphed to Collins, 'I shall certainly leave Bunbury for the whaling ground to-morrow; I suppose you and your friends start for York on Monday morning.'

"York is a small village, and according to our cipher it was to mean Bunbury. 'Collins' telegraphed back 'I wish you flood luck; I wish you would strike oil; *au revoir*.'"

The *Catalpa* sailed on Saturday afternoon, and on Sunday noon was thirty miles southwest of Rottennest lighthouse, when Captain Anthony, with six of his best men, started in his whaleboat for the shore. The boat was manned with a third mate, two Portuguese, two Malays, and a native of St. Helena. "None of them," says Captain Anthony, "knew my errand, nor did any one on board the ship except my mate, who was informed when the ship was six months out; told the boat's crew I was going to Fremantle for an anchor to supply the place of one that was broken in the gale at Bunbury. I kept it a secret from my boat's crew, for their own good, knowing that there was a great chance of our being caught, and feeling that in such a case their ignorance would clear them."

(There is a good deal of unassuming chivalry in this last simple statement.)

The boat arrived at the Rockingham shore at eight o'clock Sunday evening. At daylight next morning they saw a party of five men working at a jetty about a quarter of a mile away.

"One of them came down and began questioning me; told him the same as I had told the men, that I was bound to Fremantle for an anchor to supply the place of one broken; had got so far and had stopped to rest. He did not appear satisfied, and intimated that we were deserters. Convinced him that we were not by showing him that I was master of the ship. On inquiry, I found that the men at work at the quay went there to load timber on the steamer *Georgette*, which was hourly expected to take it on board. Things now looked slightly squally; my boat's crew began to grow uneasy at remaining so long on shore without any apparent object. I told them to obey my orders and no harm would come to them. I told them, also, that when I gave the order to man the boat and pull off, they must do it in a hurry. This seemed to cause them more uneasiness than before; but it was now after ten o'clock, and I knew the men would be alongside soon."

Leaving Captain Anthony and his uneasy miscellaneous crew for the moment, we will let John Breslin take up his story. The following is his graphic narrative:

At 7 o'clock A.M., I went to Albert's stables and found the pair of horses I wanted, and a nice light four-wheeled trap already harnessed up and waiting. I told the hostler to let them stand for about twenty minutes, and then went and told Desmond to get his horses harnessed up and be ready to leave at 7.30 A.M. I had arranged with Desmond for him to leave Fremantle by a side street, which, after a few turns, took him on to the Rockingham road, while I drove up High Street, as if going to Perth, turning sharp round by the prison and on to the same road. King, being well mounted, was to remain after we started, for a reasonable time, and then to follow and let us know if the alarm was given. At 7.30 A.M. I drove slowly up the principal street, and, turning to the right, walked my horses by the warden's quarters and pensioners' barracks. The men were beginning to assemble for parade,

I had arranged with our men that I would have the traps in position on the road at a quarter to eight, and would remain so, the nearest one being within five minutes run of the prison, until 9 o'clock A.M. Being ahead of my time, I drove slowly along the Rockingham road, and Desmond, coming up shortly after, drove by me. Coming to a shaded part of the road, we halted, and having divided the hats and coats, three of each to each trap, I commenced to drive back to Fremantle, Desmond following; time, five minutes to eight. A few moments after, I saw three men in the prison dress wheel round and march down the Rockingham road. Driving up to them, I found the men were Wilson, Cranston, and Harrington. I directed them to pass on and get into the trap with Desmond and drive away. Desmond wheeled his horses around and they were only seated and ready to start when the other three came in sight, and on driving up to them I found one man carrying a spade, and another a large tin kerosene can. As soon as I came near enough to be recognized, he who carried the spade flung it with vim into the bush, and the holder of the kerosene can bestowed a strong kick upon it in good football fashion. I found the men were Darragh, Hogan, and Hassett. I now had all the men I wanted, and felt glad. My horses got restive and refused to wheel around. Darragh caught one by the head, but he jibed and kicked so I was afraid he would break the harness. I told Darragh to let him go, and, whipping both of them up smartly, they started fairly together, and when I got them on a wider part of the road they wheeled around nicely. I now drove back and took up my men. Desmond was already well out of sight, and King shortly after rode up and told me all was quiet when he left.

With regard to the method or plan of communication between the prisoners themselves, it may be well to state that their good conduct and length of imprisonment had entitled them to the rank of constable, which enabled them to communicate with each other with greater ease and freedom than the other prisoners. Wilson and Harrington worked in the same party at the construction of harbor works in Fremantle. Hogan was a painter by trade, and on the morning of the escape was employed painting the house of Mr. Fauntleroy, outside the prison walls. Cranston was employed in the stores, and as messenger occasionally. Darragh was clerk and attendant to the Church of England chaplain, and enjoyed considerable facilities for communicating with the other prisoners, and on the morning of the escape took Hassett with him to plant potatoes in the garden of Mr. Broomhole, the clerk of works for the convict department.

After breakfast on the morning of the 17th of April, all the political prisoners were engaged outside the prison wall. Cranston passed out as if going on a message, and, having overtaken the warder who was

marching the working party in which Wilson and Harrington worked, showed him a key, and told him he had been sent to take Wilson and Harrington to move some furniture in the Governor's house, which was the nearest point to where they expected to meet me. The warder told Wilson and Harrington to go with Cranston, and they marched off. Darragh took Hassett, as if going to work, in the same direction, and was joined by Hogan, who made an excuse for temporary absence to the warder who had charge of him. Both parties met at the Rockingham road.

I now drove on, letting King fall behind, and in half an hour was close behind Desmond. We held on without accident or incident until we reached the Rocking Hotel, when Somers, the proprietor, who knew me, called out to know what time the *Georgette* was expected to be at the timber jetty. I told him the *Georgette* was at the jetty in Fremantle when I left, but I did not know when she would be at Rockingham. At 10.30 A.M. we made the beach and got aboard the whale-boat. The men had been instructed to stow themselves in the smallest possible space, so as not to interfere with the men at the oars, and in a few moments all was ready and the word was given to shove off. Under the powerful strokes of the whalemen the boat had made two miles out to sea before the mounted police, who had promptly taken the alarm, had arrived at the spot to recover the horses and wagons used in the escape.

In the mean time the wind and sea had arisen, the boat's course was dead to windward, and the ship invisible below the horizon. Presently the wind changed a little and the crew hoisted a small sail. They soon sighted the ship and were fast overhauling her when a squall struck them, carrying away their mast and sail. They pulled wearily ahead for two hours longer; then set the jib on an oar. The heavily laden boat continually shipped seas over the stern, keeping the men engaged in baling her out. So they worked all through the stormy night, hungry, tired, and soaking wet. At daylight they sighted the ship again and tried to signal her, but in vain. Fortunately for themselves, as it proved, their little boat was not visible in the waste of waters, for the Government steamer *Georgette* came presently out of Fremantle harbor, steering straight for the *Catalpa*. The men in the boat took in the small jib which they had hoisted and again resumed their work at the oars. The *Georgette* was seen to go out to the *Catalpa*,

parley awhile with her, then steam in toward the shore, making a complete circuit around the boat without perceiving it.

Another enemy was also in sight, the coast-guard boat, which went out toward the *Catalpa* as the *Georgette* came back from her, thus intending to head off the fugitives wherever they might be. The men in the whaleboat again hoisted their little sail and made for the ship, which at last sighted and bore down toward them. As it did so, the coast-guard boat also discovered the boat and made sail in the hope of intercepting it. So close was the race that the *Catalpa*, reaching the boat first, did not wait for the passengers to swarm up the sides, but lowering the falls, grappled it fore and aft, and hoisted boat, men, and all on board.

Immediately Breslin and his men went below, where they armed themselves, with the full determination not to be taken alive. The coast-guard boat drew off after witnessing the escape and identifying several of the prisoners.

"We have not done with you yet," shouted the inspector of the water police, as Captain Anthony, turning to Breslin, said, "What now, Mr. Collins?" "Put to sea," was the answer, and the captain thundered out, "'Bout ship; put to sea."

At 6.30 on the following morning the *Catalpa* was overhauled by the *Georgette*, which fired a shot across her bows.

The captain of the *Georgette* spoke through his trumpet, "Heave to."

Captain Anthony answered, "What for?"

The steamer replied, "You have six Crown prisoners on board."

Anthony answered, "I have no prisoners here."

"May I come on board?" was the next question from the *Georgette*.

Anthony quickly sent back the answer, "No, sir."

"I see the prisoners on the deck," came from the steamer

Captain Anthony ordered his men to stand up to show there were no prisoners there (the prisoners were at this time below).

Colonel Harvest, who was in command of the troops, then spoke to the *Catalpa:* "You are amenable to British laws. Heave to, or I'll blow your mast out."

"I know no British laws," said the captain of the whaler.

"I have telegraphed to your Government, and I find you are amenable to me," said Harvest.

Anthony replied, "I'm bound for sea; I cannot wait."

Colonel Harvest then shouted, "I'll give you fifteen minutes to surrender. May I come on board, sir?"

"No, sir!" said Anthony, so decidedly as not to be mistaken.

During the altercation between the bark and the steamer, "Collins" called the men, and said, "What had we better do, men?"

They replied resolutely, "Sink or swim, *no* surrender!"

The mate, Mr. Smith, then deliberately said, "By —— we'll sink under that flag before we'll give it up."

He got his rifles, whale lances, and harpoons ready, and also some heavy logs to sink any boat coming alongside; the whale-guns were loaded, and every man had fifty rounds of rifle and pistol cartridges, and stood ready.

After an interval Colonel Harvest again asked: "May we come on board?"

Then Anthony's clear voice again rang out, but louder than before, "No, sir!"

"Collins" observed by this time that the *Georgette* was following up the *Catalpa* and trying to hedge her in to the land. He communicated his suspicions to the captain, who cried out, "'Bout ship, keep off to sea."

The *Catalpa's* sails filled, and her bow was directed amidships of the *Georgette.* As she gathered way, the police boat, being in some danger of being cut in two, backed hastily out. Then, after following the *Catalpa* a short distance, she swung around slowly and went home

to report the failure of a very vain attempt, that of beating an American in the national game of "bluff."

There was one incident of this daring enterprise which completed its dramatic intensity. The soldier convicts in Fremantle numbered one more than those who were rescued. That one was purposely left behind, because of an act of treachery which he had attempted against his fellows ten long years before. He was tried with the others, by court-martial, and found guilty of treason; but before his sentence received the approval of the Commander-in-Chief he had offered to divulge the names of certain of his comrades not yet arrested, though implicated in the Fenian conspiracy. His offer was not accepted. The Government punished him for his treason, and his comrades, half a score of years afterward, punished him more cruelly for the treason which he had contemplated against them.

There was also an interesting sequel to the affair. The city marshal of New Bedford, some time in August, received a formidable document bearing the following address:

ON PUBLIC SERVICE ONLY.
Via San Francisco and Sidney.

The Officer in charge of Police Department,
New Bedford,
Massachusetts,
United States America.

Police Department.

The contents were as follows:

POLICE DEPARTMENT,
CHIEF OFFICE, PERTH, WESTERN AUSTRALIA,

April 18, 1876.

SIR:

I beg to inform you that on the 17th inst. the imperial convicts named in the margin absconded from the convict settlement at Fremantle in this colony, and escaped from the colony in the American whaling bark *Catalpa*, G. Anthony, master. This bark is from New Bedford, Massachusetts, U. S. A. The convicts were taken from the shore in a whale-boat belonging to the *Catalpa*, manned by Captain Anthony and six of the crew. The abettors were Collins, Jones, and Johnson.

I attach a description of each of the absconders, and have to request that you will be good enough to furnish me with any particulars you may be able to gather concerning them.

I have the honor to be, sir,
Your obedient servant,
M. A. SMITH, *Supt. of Police.*

James Darragh, 9707, life sentence, 2d March, 1866, aged 42, Fenian, absconded from Fremantle, 8:30 a.m., April 17, 1876.
Martin Hogan, 9767, sentence, life, August 21, 1866, aged 37, Fenian, absconded as above.
Michael Harrington, 9757, life sentence, July 7, 1866, 48 years, Fenian, absconded, as above.
Thomas Hassett, 9758, life sentence, August 15, 1866, age 36, Fenian, etc.
Robert Cranston, 9702, life sentence, June 26, 1866, Fenian, absconded, etc.
James Wilson, 9915, life sentence, August 20, 1866, age 40, absconded, etc.
N. B. — Martin Hogan's marks include the letter D on his left side; so do those of Michael Harrington, Thomas Hassett, and James Wilson.

To the Officer in charge of the Police Department,
New Bedford, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

Now, the officer in charge of "Police Department, New Bedford, Massachusetts, U. S. A.," at this period was one Henry C. Hathaway, the same who had rescued John Boyle O'Reilly from captivity and who had helped to fit out the *Catalpa*. It is surmised that he did not show any undue zeal in aiding the Australian authorities to recover possession of the fugitives.

The *Catalpa* arrived at New York on Saturday, August 19. Five days later she came into the port of New Bedford, a great crowd assembling on the wharves to welcome her with cheers and booming of cannon. Next day a public reception was given to the heroes. John Boyle O'Reilly was the orator of the occasion. The following summary of his speech was published at the time. He said it was with no ordinary feelings that he was there. That he owed to New Bedford no ordinary debt, and would gladly have come a thousand miles to do honor to the New Bedford whalemen. Seven years of liberty and a happy home in a free country were his debt of gratitude, and when the close of his sentence came, in 1886, his debt to New Bedford might be grown too heavy to bear.

"They were there," he said, "to do honor and to show their gratitude to the man who had done a brave and wonderful deed. The self sacrifice and unfailing devotion of him who had taken his life in his hand and beached his whaleboat on the penal colony, defying its fearful laws, defying the gallows and the chain-gang, in order to keep faith with the men who had placed their trust in him—this is almost beyond belief in our selfish and commonplace time.

"There are sides to this question worth looking at. To Irishmen it was significant in manifold ways, one of which was that these men, being soldiers, could not be left in prison without demoralizing the Irishmen in the English army, who would not forget that their comrades had been forsaken and left to die in confinement when the civilian leaders of the movement had been set free. But the spirit that prompted their release was larger and nobler than this, and

its beauty could be appreciated by all men, partaking as it did of the universal instinct of humanity to love their race and their native land.

"England said that the rescue was a lawless and disgraceful filibustering raid. Not so; if these men were criminals the rescue would be criminal, but they were political offenders against England, not against law, or order, or religion. They had lain in prison for ten years, with millions of their countrymen asking their release, imploring England, against their will to beg, to set these men at liberty. Had England done so it would have partially disarmed Ireland. A generous act by England would be reciprocated instantly by millions of the warmest hearts in the world. But she is blind as of old; blind, and arrogant, and cruel. She would not release the men; she scorned to give Ireland an answer. She called the prisoners cowardly criminals, not political offenders. . . .

"When the ship sailed and was a long time at sea, doubts and fears for the safety of the enterprise were sure to come, but Captain Hathaway said once and always, 'the man who engaged to do this will keep that engagement, or he wont come out of the penal colony.'"

After describing some of his experiences in the penal colony, Mr. O'Reilly pointed to the bronzed and worn face of Mr. Hassett, one of the rescued prisoners, and said: "Look at that man sitting there. Six years ago he escaped from his prison in the penal colony and fled into the bush, and lived there like a wild beast for a whole year, hunted from district to district, in a blind, but manful attempt to win his liberty. When England said the rescue was illegal, America could answer, as the Anti-Slavery men answered when they attacked the Constitution, as England herself answered in the cause of Poland: 'We have acted from a higher law than your written constitution and treaties—the law of God and humanity.' It was in obedience to this supreme law that Captain Anthony rescued the prisoners, and pointed his finger at the Stars and Stripes when the English vessel threatened to fire on his ship.

"The Irishman," concluded Mr. O'Reilly "who could forget what the Stars and Stripes have done for his countrymen, deserves that in the time of need that flag shall forget him."

In the *Pilot* he gave the following sketch of the daring leader of the *Catalpa* exploit:

JOHN J. BRESLIN—THE MAN OF TWO RESCUES.

Out of all the incidents of the so-called "Fenian Movement," the most brilliantly daring have been two rescues of prisoners—namely, that of the Chief Organizer, James Stephens, from Richmond Prison, Dublin, in 1865, and of the six military prisoners from Western Australia last April. These two rescues are in many ways remarkable. Unlike almost every other enterprise of Fenianism, they have been completely successful; and, when completed, have been commented on in the same way, as "well done." Every other attempt or proposal has fallen through or ended with loss. The rescue of Kelly and Deasy from the police van in Manchester was successful so far as the release of the prisoners went; but it was bought with the lives of Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien, and the nine years' misery of Condon. The proposed attack on Chester Castle was discovered and prevented by the English government. The seizure of the Pigeon House Fort, with its armory, at Dublin, never emerged from the stage of dreamland. The attempt to blow up Clerkenwell Prison, London, to release Rickard Burke, was a disastrous failure, by which nothing was accomplished, by which many suffered, the lives of several poor working people were sacrificed, and the wretched lodging-house homes of others destroyed.

But the rescue of James Stephens, even while the government was gloating over his capture, was as unexpected and thorough as if the man had vanished in smoke. No one suffered from it—at least from English law—no one was arrested; neither the government nor the public ever knew how or by whom it was accomplished. The man or men who did the work claimed no recompense either of money or notoriety. Two thousand pounds reward failed to elicit the slightest clew. The thing was cleverly, cleanly, bravely done, and those who knew of it knew how to keep the secret.

The recent rescue of the six military prisoners from the penal colony of West Australia was performed in a similar manner, as to daring, silence, and complete success. Looking back on it, no one can say that aught was forgotten or left to chance. With admirable deliberation every inch of the train was laid, every sporadic interest was attended to, and the eventful rescue was carried out to the prearranged letter with scientific precision. As in the escape of Stephens, no trail re-

mained ; no one left in the trap ; no price paid in human life or suffering. It was a clean thing from beginning to end ; it was "well done."

They have a resemblance, these two rescues, and so they ought to have—for the same mind planned and the same hands carried both to a conclusion.

In both these desperate undertakings, John Breslin was "the man in the gap." In both John Devoy was his careful, patient, forethoughtful fellow-worker. Such men are not paid in words,—they are of that mold that draw their reward from the inner consciousness of achievement. But there is a public good in upholding the deed of bravery, modesty, and devotion ; there is the highest teaching in silent, manly purpose ; and Mr. Breslin and Mr. Devoy must pardon us for criticising their work without their consent. John J. Breslin has lived in Boston for many years. A man of few words, of small acquaintance, earning his bread in unassuming ways—few knew, and to few were shown, the culture and refinement behind the modest exterior. In thought and appearance eminently a gentleman ; in demeanor dignified and reserved ; in observance, rather distrustful, as if disappointed in his ideal man ; somewhat cynical, perhaps, and often stubbornly prejudiced and unjust ; a lover of and a successful worker in literature,—such is an outline of a character that may indeed be called extraordinary,—of a man who, if he break down the barrier of reserve that has hitherto hedged him round, has it in his hands to win brilliant distinction in any public career he may select.

The Irish nationalists, owners of the bark *Catalpa*, disposed of the vessel in a generous and highly creditable way. Mr. John Devoy, of New York, and Mr. Reynolds of New Haven, Conn., in whose name the *Catalpa* was entered, visited New Bedford in February, 1877, and presented the vessel, as she stood, with her whaling inventory, to the three men who best deserved her, namely, John E. Richardson, the agent ; George S. Anthony, the captain, and Henry C. Hathaway, the Chief of Police, whose fidelity and sagacity had so much to do with the success of the rescue. Devoy and Reynolds also settled with the crew on most liberal terms. The total expense of the expedition was about $25,000.

CHAPTER X.

Death of John O'Mahony—O'Reilly's Tribute to the Head-Center—Prison Sufferings of Corporal Chambers—He is Set Free at Last—O'Reilly on Denis Kearney—"Moondyne," and its Critics—"Number 406."

THE *Catalpa* rescue was as gallant and chivalrous a deed as ever loyal knights had dared for suffering comrades. There was not a taint of sordid or selfish purpose in it, from beginning to end. Any nation might be proud of the sons who had so boldly conceived and so shrewdly carried it to success; but the world has no laurels for the heroes of a defeated cause. Fenianism in Ireland had been a tragedy: in America it was a wretched farce. And the world looking at the stricken gladiator, turned its thumbs downward.

Among the men whom disaster had crushed and saddened was John O'Mahony, the once famous Head-Center. He came of revolutionary stock, his ancestors having been concerned in every rising against the English for generations. His father and uncle were rebels in '98; he himself had to fly the country on the failure of the insurrection of '48. He organized the Fenian Brotherhood in 1860. Although hundreds of thousands of dollars had passed through his hands, he died absolutely poor, on the 7th of February, 1877. When the news of his mortal illness in New York became known, O'Reilly paid this just tribute to the dying enthusiast, who had suffered that bitterest penalty of failure, unjust reproach and undeserved distrust.

John O'Mahony was the first "Head-Center" of the Fenian movement in America, and he is the Head-Center still in its decadence. He watched beside its cradle; he rose with it in its sudden strength; he

was its head when it assumed the extraordinary attitude of a foreign national government with headquarters in New York ; its copious stream of gold passed through his hands ; the scores of thousands of its builders, looking to their Center, beheld and believed in the rapt face, the solemn figure, and the streaming hair of their chosen leader. He was not merely the guide or fabricator of Fenianism. He, more than any man alive or dead, was the spirit and subtending principle of the movement. Its single-heartedness and devotion were his, no matter whose its narrowness and shortcoming. Stephens was the "Chief Organizer," but John O'Mahony was the "Head-Center." His whole life and aspirations were bound up in one word—Fenianism. It was he who christened the movement with this title, which was objectionable to most of its members. Only of late years, when they saw that the world knew them only by this name, did they accept the ancient word imposed on them by their leader.

The fate of too many Irish leaders followed O'Mahony. Dissensions came, and doubts, and divisions ; the walls crumbled, the floors shook, and the antique figure descended in sorrow from its place in the Moffat mansion. The aim of the movement was broken ; other minds than O'Mahony's entered in and were averse to the old style. As Young Ireland departed from O'Connell and followed the brilliant youths of the Sword, so Fenianism swerved from O'Mahony and half its supporters faced toward Canada. Col. William R. Roberts, a natural leader of men, sanguine, intellectual, eloquent, replaced O'Mahony in their hearts. Lower and lower went his Fenianism, till the only men who clung to it in a practical way were a few severe or simple natures, those who stand by a solitary idea for a lifetime, whose grasp and hope are coeval with their existence. With these was John O'Mahony. The gilded palaces were gone ; and he was the same antique Fenian still. Years went by, and the name of the man was rarely mentioned ; and when spoken, even in assemblies of Irishmen, too often the taint of suspicion was said or insinuated, and left uncontradicted. The money sent to him in the heyday of Fenianism was remembered, and the old charge was made—he had duped the people.

If any man who made this charge had met John O'Mahony in New York for the past seven years, he would have begged the old man's pardon. A tall, gaunt figure—the mere framework of a mighty man ; a large, lusterless face, with deep-sunken, introverted eyes ; faded, lightish hair, worn long to the shoulders ; an overcoat always buttoned, as if to hide the ravages of wear and tear on the inner garments ; something of this, and something too of gentleness and knightlihood, not easily described, were in the awkward and slow-moving figure, with melancholy and abstracted gaze, so well known to the Irishmen of New York as John O'Mahony, the Head-Center.

Leaving aside the faults and failures of Fenianism for the sake of its honest and sacrificial patriotism, and for the sake of poor John O'Mahony, whose whole life was a sacrifice, we say that this man's existence and work, though both were darkened by disappointment, were on the whole of good service to Ireland. Unquestionably the movement of 1865-66 kindled the dead wood of Irish nationality. There was sore need of a torch and a hand to fire the stubble. There was actual danger of national death in Ireland. The new generation had been brought up under a system of apparent lenity, and educated in "national schools," cunningly designed to make Irish children West Britons. It may be that no patriotic light from above, no open political teaching could avert the danger. Be that as it may, the light came from below—it was carried in secret through the country, from town to town, by James Stephens. The peasant and mechanic lit their lamps at the sacrificial flame—and carried it years after, in loving care, though it scorched them to the bone, in English dungeons. He organized Fenianism on this continent; and all of him that was in it was pure and devoted and good.

The life of a good and pure man—a life held in his hand and daily offered up with pagan simplicity for one unselfish object—for his country—can never do that country aught but good. We do not think he was a great man: we never thought him a wise man; but that he was a faithful and unflinching son and servant and slave to Ireland, no one who knew him will deny above his grave. God send more men as lovable and unselfish as he! A gentleman born and bred, he chose to live in poverty, putting all things aside that might interfere with his dream of a free Ireland. He never stained his white hand with one unworthy coin from the treasury of Fenianism.

O'Mahony was the incarnation of his cause, sincere, honest, unselfish, and uncalculating—not wise as the world judges, but wiser, perhaps, than he or the world knew, in cherishing a dream:

> For a dreamer lives forever,
> But a toiler dies in a day.

The body of the dead chieftain was borne to Ireland and buried in Dublin, being followed to the grave by thousands of his mourning countrymen.

There were other Fenians less fortunate than the dead O'Mahony, in that their graves held living men. Sergeant McCarthy and Corporal Chambers, O'Reilly's fellow-prisoners in Pentonville, Chatham, Portsmouth, and Dart-

moor, still wore the felon's garb and chains. O'Connor Power moved in the House of Commons, on June 5, for an inquiry into the treatment of the political prisoners, and presented a communication from Michael Davitt, who had then been in prison for seven years, detailing some of the hardships which himself and his comrades had endured. McCarthy was then within a year of the release which was to come to him only through the clemency of death. Davitt gave a minute account, as follows, of the indignities and cruelties heaped upon poor Chambers:

. . . . . Corporal Chambers, for five months during which he was in custody before trial, was treated far worse than a convict. I make every allowance for the prejudice of the members of the court-martial in daily expectation of Fenian disturbances, but having found him guilty of treason, why not shoot him? It would have been mercy itself compared with sending him to herd with the common thief and murderer. Perhaps a living example is required. Therefore, my poor comrades, the military men, were not included in the amnesty five and a half years ago, though the leaders of Fenianism and men who had borne arms against the government in 1867 were. Well, if they are intended as an example to their countrymen in the army, they may also serve as an example to their countrymen out of the army when England wants Irish soldiers again. "Imprisonment for the term of his natural life," signed by her most gracious Majesty. So ran his sentence, and he was removed from the Irish jails, where there is some humanity, to the English jails, where humanity and the Ten Commandments are set aside by the "Abstract of Prison Rules." Those rules, ambiguous and elastic as they are, are stretched and tortured in every way, in order to inflict extra punishments on us, or deprive us of the few privileges granted to the ordinary convict. On the 4th of June, 1868, he was told by the director that the Secretary of State had ordered him to be treated with greater severity than an ordinary prisoner. This order is still in force, although he has several times petitioned the Secretary of State about the injustice of it, and begged for an inquiry. He has always received "no grounds" for an answer. Nor would they produce him before the Inquiry Commission in 1870. Nor is he allowed a visit, although he applies within the rules. The last quibble is that he must give proof that those whom he applies to see him are blood relatives. Not a word about proof is mentioned to the thieves when they ask for a visit. He has very little better fortune with his letters. Thus every possible means are taken to prevent us

from exposing the horrors of the last ten years. The prison regulations say that the authorities are to instill into the minds of convicts "sound moral and religious principles"—very nice to read, but if the authorities have neither moral nor religious principles themselves, how then? In June or July, 1868, Chambers received "no grounds" as an answer to a petition that he had sent to the Secretary of State, begging to be allowed to attend to his religious obligations, a privilege of which he was deprived by a "moral and religious" director for six months. At present he is daily driven in and out of chapel by officers brandishing bludgeons, and shouting like cattle-drovers; even in chapel he is not quite free from their rudeness. Dozens of times those officers have stripped him naked in presence of thieves, and subjected him to insults too disgusting to describe. He is made to open his clothes five times a day while an officer feels over his body. He has been several times separated from other political prisoners—although our being together was within the rules—and forced to associate with picked ruffians. He has been for six months in constant contact with lunatics. He has been forced to mop out filthy dens of dirt with a small piece of a rag, to carry a portable water-closet on the public road and across the fields for the use of common malefactors. He has often been sick, but, except on a few occasions, was not taken to hospital. On one occasion he was sent to the dungeons for applying for relief after he had met with a severe hurt by falling from the gangway of a building. Last year, while laid up with rheumatism, they kept him sixteen days on ten ounces of food daily, two months on half diet, and then put him out of hospital far worse than when he was taken in. He is weekly forced to act as char-woman to a lot of very dirty creatures. He has had punishment diet (sixteen ounces of bread and water), penal class diet, and dungeons—dark, cold, wet, and dirty—in abundance. A smile, a movement of the lips—aye, even a glance of the eye—is often condemned as a crime in Dartmoor. We have been frequently insulted by thieves and even struck by them. Chambers has been held by a jailer while another jailer was ill-using him. Worthy sons of worthy sires, who shot down the poor prisoners of war here! Their scattered bones were collected lately, and "'Tis good to die for one's country" written over them. When Chambers's sentence of imprisonment for the term of his natural life is brought to a close by unnatural means, the jailers will write "No. 36, Felon Chambers," over him. No fine epitaph shall mark his murdered bones. Nevertheless, the only difference between the French and American prisoners and him is that while they were shot down, he will be slowly tortured to death.

In December of this year O'Reilly received a "letter" from Chambers, *i.e.*, a printed document in which the

prisoner had been allowed to write exactly four words, or five, if we include the word "friend."

The following is the letter, with the prisoner's part of the composition italicized:

WOKING PRISON, ENGLAND, November 29, 1877.

Dear *Friend.* I was transferred from *Dartmoor* on the 26th inst., and am now in this prison; I am in *worse* health, and if I do not forfeit the privilege I shall be allowed to write a longer letter afterward, *and then* receive one from you in reply.

T. CHAMBERS.

This is the answering message of cheer sent in the happy Christmas time, and gratefully preserved by the receiver as long as he lived. When both sender and receiver had passed away, a loyal comrade, Mr. James Wrenn, to whom Chambers had bequeathed it, brought me the paper. It was well worn with many readings, for this terrible "rebel," who had been so severely punished, was the simplest and kindliest of men, and loved O'Reilly with the trustful love of a dog or a child:

BOSTON, U. S. A., December 22, 1877.

John Boyle O'Reilly
to
Corporal Thomas Chambers, Sixty-First Foot; in prison.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND: I cannot go to my home to-night without writing to you and actually saying the words, "May you have a happy Christmas, dear boy," as happy as you may have in your sad surroundings.

Your last letter was more a grief to me than a pleasure. I see your familiar hand in only four hearty words. I am glad, however, that the prison authorities allowed you to have my letter. I feared that it would go the unknown road of many previous ones.

Eleven years ago—and what a long lifetime it seems—we were both young and enthusiastic boys, and I am impressed to-day, somehow, with the vast changes worked on men by time; you in your prison, and I in the world, have both equally changed. When ten more years have passed we shall both look back with pleasure—yes, as sure as you live, old friend—at the dark shadow.* When your time comes, as it

*The ten years had become eleven when O'Reilly closed the dead eyes of the dear comrade, whom he was soon to follow.

surely will before long, the revulsion of feeling will in itself be so deep a joy that whole years of suffering will be swallowed up.

I grieve to hear of your declining health. Dear Tom, a stout heart keeps a man healthy. Bear up ; remember you have a hearty welcome in the home of one friend, I might say of very many,—and now, at the eleventh hour, do not despond nor sink. You must come to us, rugged and strong; come a boy, to begin the world anew, and to work out your manly way in the New World.

I know that if I were to write news it would break the prison rules and nullify my letter, and I must confine myself to mere words, but believe me, there is a heart behind every sentence.

I do not believe you will be long a prisoner, but, long or short, husband your health for the time of delivery. When you write me, I trust in God you will tell me you are gaining strength. I wish I might write you a newspaper full.

Sincerely yours,

J. B. O'REILLY.

578 Washington Street, Boston, U. S. A.

This letter was indorsed :

To the Governor of Woking Prison :

SIR : I respectfully beg that this letter be handed to the person to whom it is addressed. His health may be affected by despondency which a friendly message may arrest or dispel. I have tried to avoid breaking your rules or discipline.

Respectfully,

J. B. O'REILLY.

On the 27th of August, 1877, Mr. John O'Kane, a scholarly gentleman who had been assistant editor of the *Pilot* for some years, died of pneumonia, at the age of forty years. He left one son, Daniel P. O'Kane, whom Mr. O'Reilly took into the office and made his confidential clerk. "Dan"—it seems impossible to speak of him save by the familiar name by which he was known and loved—was an amiable, kindly youth, warmly devoted to his chief and dearly loved in return. The fatal seeds of consumption were in his system, and developed such alarming symptoms in the year 1890 that he was forced to give up his work on the *Pilot* and go to the Boston City Hospital for treatment. His declining health was the cause of heartfelt grief to O'Reilly. While the latter was away on his lecturing tour on the

Pacific Coast, he telegraphed to the writer from San Francisco for news of the sick lad. It was one of those little things which, somehow, find lodgment only in big hearts. Dan survived his chief but one week; the strong, lusty man died, after all, before his frail *protégé*.

In this year, 1877, O'Reilly was called upon to write an obituary notice of another great journalist, Samuel Bowles, founder and editor of the Springfield *Republican*. His eulogy of the dead editor may be fitly applied to himself, even as his warning against overwork is sadly prophetic of his own fate:

> Mr. Bowles was a born editor—a comprehender of facts, a compeller of circumstances. Mr. Bowles had the clearest perception of what was of immediate interest; and his readers were spared the trouble of sifting the chaff to find the grain of daily wheat. He trained his young men so admirably that his whole paper was a mosaic of equal excellence, every paragraph having the mint-stamp of journalism. He dies of the great American disease,—overwork. The brain had too much to do; like a patient beast of burden it obeyed the untiring will, laboriously breasting the collar, till at last the tension grew rigid; the ceaseless pressure had worn the line—something snapped—the strained attention lost its aim—the whole organism collapsed—the toil was done forever—the editor was stricken down with paralysis of the brain! Is there a lesson in this story? Who heeds? Pshaw! there is no time to moralize. Slacken the traces for a minute, till the funeral passes—then to work again. Time is very short. Strong men love vigorous labor. And wives and children,—ah, well!—they must fall back on the insurance companies.

Writing in the last month of the year 1890, it is not hard to understand the pain and chagrin with which Irish patriots, thirteen years ago, confessed the utter failure of Isaac Butt's parliamentary efforts to secure Home Rule for his country. But the inefficient leader was supplanted and a new one chosen, and Ireland—God help her!—saw another dawn breaking in the east. Mr. Butt was hopelessly amiable:

"Whenever a motion trenching on Irish nationality was brought forward," wrote O'Reilly, "it was beaten with nothing short of contumely. Still not a severe word from

Mr. Butt. As soon as one bill was squelched, he smilingly sat down to draw up another, and courteously awaited its extinction. It was plain that such a character was badly suited for his place; but the country waited and trusted that 'at the right moment' their chosen leader would rise up in virtuous indignation, and for the sake of Ireland's very manhood utter a statesman's reproof and protest.

"There is no such mettle in Isaac Butt, we are sorry to believe. He has been tried and found wanting. The country is disappointed and sick of him. He has been deposed and supplanted by a younger and bolder man. . . . . The actual policy of the new leader it is not easy to foreshadow; but it will doubtless be a vigorous one. The young blood of Ireland will assuredly be with him, and the old blood that has not stagnated. The peace policy has been misunderstood by Irish leaders like Butt. To these it means peace at any price—peace in legislative action as well as in arms. They do not see that peace everywhere means decay. If Ireland does not fight in the field, she must fight all the harder in the British Parliament. She has never received anything from England for the humble asking. These young and strong men, disgusted with the decent humility of Isaac Butt when his face was slapped and his country sneered at, have adopted a more virile course. They know the lesson of Irish history: The best prophet of the Future is the Past."

Never did Ireland need the comfort of a prophet of good more sorely than she does to-day.

On January 5, 1878, a special cable dispatch announced that three of the Irish political prisoners, viz., McCarthy, Chambers, and O'Brien, who had been confined since 1866, were set at liberty. O'Reilly wrote for this occasion his poem "Released:"

> Haggard and broken and seared with pain,
> They seek the remembered friends and places;
> Men shuddering turn, and gaze again
> At the deep-drawn lines on their altered faces.

She offers a bribe—Ah, God above!
Behold the price of the desecration:
The hearts she has tortured for Irish love
She brings as a bribe to the Irish nation!

We know her—our Sister! Come on the storm!
God send it soon and sudden upon her:
The race she has scattered and sought to deform
Shall laugh as she drinks the black dishonor.

To his fellow-soldier and friend, Corporal Chambers, he sent this wise and kindly letter of welcome to freedom:

BOSTON, U. S. A., February 6, 1878.

DEAR CHAMBERS:

I shall not weary you with many words just now. Welcome, my dear, dear old fellow, welcome a thousand times. You mention a long letter you wrote me in November; I never received it, or any other *real* letter from you during the eight years that I have written to you. When you have time to sit down and write me at length, do so.

McCarthy's death was a great shock to me; God rest the poor murdered old fellow.

I sent you a book the other day; I shall publish another in a month or two and shall send that also. Tell me precisely how you are situated and what you propose doing.

I beg of you to avoid the kindly-meant demonstrations in your honor, either at home or here, should you come here. It is frothy excitement; there is nothing of it left after a few weeks. It has a good moral effect, perhaps; but the same effect can be better secured in another way. You will have to look around now for the means of earning a good livelihood. Pardon my prosaic suggestions, Tom, but I have seen so many men lionized that I have learned to fear the effect on them and to regret it on the behalf of those who make the noise.

Should you decide to come to America, come straight to me, and I will put a stouter chain on you than ever you saw in Dartmoor.

O'Reilly had written a noble poem for the O'Connell Centenary in the year 1875. The hundredth birthday of another, and even more beloved, because more unfortunate, Irish patriot, Robert Emmet, was celebrated on March 4, 1878. The exercises at Tremont Temple, Boston, consisted of an oration by Mr. Anthony A. Griffin, of New York, and a poem, "The Patriot's Grave," by John Boyle O'Reilly,

who succeeded in drawing an original thought from the touching, but well-quoted, demand of Emmet, "Let no man write my epitaph."

Tear down the crape from the column! Let the shaft stand white and fair!
Be silent the wailing music—there is no death in the air!
We come not in plaint or sorrow—no tears may dim our sight:
We dare not weep o'er the epitaph we have not dared to write.

* * * * * * *

He teaches the secret of manhood—the watchword of those who aspire—
That men must follow freedom though it lead through blood and fire;
That sacrifice is the bitter draught which freemen still must quaff—
That every patriotic life is the patriot's epitaph.

The lesson of Emmet's life, as read by O'Reilly, who much resembled him, was this:

A life such as his is never wasted. Often it is the price that is paid for justice. Despots never concede a right until it is forced from them. All that Ireland has ever gained was the fruit of effort. England has given nothing voluntarily. She resisted Catholic emancipation till Wellington saw that to refuse longer would be to invite revolution. The brilliant Forty-eight movement prepared the way for further concessions. Fenianism produced Disestablishment and Land Reform. Not one single step has Ireland taken toward enlarged rights without forcing her way. Not a single step has she been allowed to take till England had fully realized the danger of resisting. Generosity is a virtue that England has never known, and one for which the world will never make the mistake of giving her credit. Ireland has received nothing from her till she was compelled to give it. To the example of Emmet much of what has been gained is due.

In the summer of this year, the laboring people of America were stirred by a crusade against capital, led by an Irish-American, Dennis Kearney of San Francisco, a noisy agitator, who had more than a kernel of right to his bushel of chaff, but his strength lay in denunciation, his weakness in lack of constructive ability. When he came to Boston to harangue the people, some short-sighted conservatives

wished to have him silenced. Wiser counsels prevailed. He was allowed full freedom of speech and he talked himself out. O'Reilly, who refused no man a hearing, demanded only a coherent formulation of his principles by Kearney. In a cogent editorial of August 17, he wrote:

Because the *Pilot* is a workingman's paper, because eighty per cent. of our readers are in the truest sense "honest, horny-fisted sons of toil," we feel bound to ask Dennis Kearney two questions: First. Does he believe that profanity and abuse are argument? Second. Where are the facts or issues upon which he came to the East to agitate the workingmen?

The workingmen of this country need wise leaders. There are half a score of burning questions for their consideration and action. Has Dennis Kearney any message to deliver on any of these subjects? The workingmen are all divided on their issues. In another column we give sixty remedies proposed by workingmen to the Hewitt Committee, ranging all the way from the abolition of labor and property to the abolition of money and government. On which of these, or on what else are the workingmen to agree?

Let us say to Dennis Kearney that he had, and has still, if he have brain and principle, a rare and splendid opportunity. There is no grander fame than that of a trusted leader of workmen. This is the country for the production of such leaders. Labor is free, and respected, and enfranchised. Turn to the study, man, before it is too late. Seize the deep wishes and hopes; take hold of the strong lines; be wise, and powerful, and gentle. Be faithful, and able to lead the masses to better laws and greater happiness. Be Rienzi, if you can; be Masaniello, if you fail; but for the honor of toil, be even a decent Wat Tyler or Jack Cade.

Remember, Kearney, it is no enemy who speaks. Every word we say here will reach the eyes or ears of a million workingmen.

In their name, for their interests, we condemn your intemperate course. You commit a crime when your furious and blind utterances hold up the cause of Labor to derision.

On the 30th of November, 1878, O'Reilly began a serial story in the *Pilot*, entitled "Moondyne Joe," the latter part of the name being dropped after the issue of the following February 1. It was published in book form, under its new title, by Roberts Bros., in 1880, and has reached twelve editions. The book, "Dedicated to all who are in prison," since so widely read and generally admired, evoked on its appearance some remarkably harsh criticisms from ultra

Catholics, who objected to what they called its pagan spirit. It was not enough that the author had imbued his hero with the principles of Catholic Christianity, his critics were dissatisfied because the artist had failed to label his work in large letters. They were unquestionably sincere, and unquestionably narrow in their judgment. No better answer to such strictures could be given than this of the author himself, replying to the question:

IS "MOONDYNE" A BAD BOOK?

Mr. J. A. McMaster, editor of the New York *Freeman's Journal*, says that when he had read "Moondyne" he threw it down, saying to one that admired the author, and had been charmed with the story: "That is a bad book!" "Why?" cried the guileless one, "was it wrong for *me* to have read it?" "Oh, not a bit! It is a weird romance of impossible characters, and set off with keen and quick perception of nature. It is faultless in regard to those sickly, twaddling love passages that offend in plenty of stories passed off as Catholic. The poison in this book finds nothing in you to take hold of, because you do not understand it. It is worse than pagan. Under the glamour borrowed from the results of Christian civilization, it breathes out principles that are not un-Christian only, but anti-Christian!"

This is a grave charge for one Catholic editor to make against another; but it loses in effect when we remember that he who makes it is given to such startling accusations, and has from time to time hurled condemnation on bishops, priests, and laymen, indiscriminately, and has himself received numerous serious reproofs for his unruly and aggressive disposition. We admire and respect Mr. McMaster's faith and intention; but we have very little regard for his perception, judgment, and temper. He speaks to the author of "Moondyne" as to a friend, and he pays him the respect of saying that he handles him roughly because he knows he can bear it. But the proof of friendship is the deed, not the word. Mr. McMaster refers to the serpent in Eden (which, by the way, he boldly says was not a serpent, "as vulgar stories tell"), saying:

"He deluded our poor dear old foolish grandmother Eve—and terribly she did penance for it. But he deluded her,—and his cry was precisely that of Boyle O'Reilly's 'Moondyne,' 'Away with Law! Liberty! Liberty of the colt of the wild ass!' 'Mankind! Yes, Mankind is older than the Birth of Jesus Christ! If Jesus Christ will become a republican we will adopt him! If not—'"

One would think, on reading these shocking words, that they were from Boyle O'Reilly's book; that this was actually the cry of "Moon-

dyne," and the dreadful spirit of the work. It is not so; God forbid! Those words are wholly McMaster's, evolved from the phantasy of an excited brain and a hatred of republicanism, for he believes firmly that republicanism is anti-Christian and damnable. Here are Moondyne's words (page 119, first edition), which Mr. McMaster has so horribly misrepresented :

"Society could have a better existence with better laws. At present the laws of civilization, especially of England, are based on and framed by Property. . . . . Human laws should be founded on God's law and human right, and not on the narrow interests of land and gold."

These are widely different words from those used by McMaster, and have a wholly different meaning. On what can good law be ultimately founded, if not on "God's law and human right?"

Hasty and harsh and unjust judgment is not proof of good will; yet we are willing to believe that Mr. McMaster means every friendly word he has written. That "Moondyne" should be mistaken for a pagan does not seem to be possible ; but from the testimony of friendly critics we are willing to conclude that his silence on the matter of creed may be misconstrued. It was not the author's intention that "Moondyne" should be so mistaken : it was directly opposite to his intention. To demand of a Catholic author that his chief character shall be a Catholic is absurd. A novelist must study types as they exist. The author of "Moondyne" made a study of a man who might be typical of the Penal Colony, evolved by the pressure of unjust laws on erring but human lives. To have put a Catholic or Protestant *preacher* in the position might have pleased some; but he saw fit to put the man there who actually belonged to the place. The leading traits of "Moondyne" were mainly studied from the life. The author had before him a strong, virtuous, silent man, cognizant of all the wrongs of the law, sympathetic with all the suffering, saying nothing, but *doing*, so far as his power enabled him, the full duty of a wise, honest, and Christian man. He saw the injustice of existing laws, and he foretold the day when all human codes should be tested, not by the needs of a government, but by the expressed and immutable law of God.

There is not, could not be, an anti-Christian word in "Moondyne." If there were, it should not stand one moment. The words put up and knocked down by Mr. McMaster are not in "Moondyne." They are his own.

Mr. McMaster calls on the author of "Moondyne" to submit to authority. It is impertinent to speak so to one who has not rebelled against authority, who respects the law and the author as profoundly as the editor of the *Freeman*. We must remind Mr. McMaster, in a friendly but firm way, that *he* is not "authority," nor must all who dare to write a book submit to him for approval.

The book which had provoked criticism on account of imaginary theological defects might well have been expected to show faults of a literary character; for it was composed from week to week to meet the printer's demand for copy. Oftentimes the copy was written while the press was waiting. Literary polish was scarcely to be looked for under such circumstances, and yet the story abounds with passages of beauty and strength. The narrative flows smoothly, and the evolution of character is equally worked out from beginning to end.

In "Moondyne," O'Reilly revealed his inner self as the dreamer of an ideal social condition in which Kindness was to be the only ruler. It is easy to understand how only one who had come through the ordeal of convict life unscathed could have built the air-castle of reform in which the ex-convict "Moondyne," or "Wyville," should be an all-powerful but benignant autocrat. O'Reilly, witnessing the harsh yet ineffectual prison discipline when the mutinous "Chains" were quelled into temporary submission at the cannon's mouth, must have often let his boyish fancy carry him to a time when, invested with full power, he should be able to dismiss the soldiers and surprise the convicts as his own comptroller-general does. Mr. Wyville confronts the convicts and calls out the names of twelve men to whom, as a reward for previous good conduct, he grants full pardon. To others he bears the glad news of material reductions in their sentences. Then addressing the astonished throng, he says:

"Men! we have heard the last sound of mutiny in the Colony."

Mr. Wyville's voice thrilled the convicts like deep-sounded music; they looked at him with awe-struck faces. Every heart was filled with the conviction that he was their friend; that it was well to listen to him and obey him.

"From this day, every man is earning his freedom, and an interest in this Colony. Your rights are written down, and you shall know them. You must regard the rights of others as yours shall be regarded. This law trusts to your manhood, and offers you a reward for your labor; let every man be heedful that it is not disgraced nor weakened by unmanly conduct. See to it, each for himself, and each helping his

fellow, that you return as speedily as you may to the freedom and independence which this Colony offers you."

Among the warders, opposition disappeared the moment the gold band of the deputy's cap was seen under the Comptroller's foot. Among the convicts, disorder hid its wild head as soon as they realized that the blind system of work without reward had been replaced by one that made every day count for a hope not only of liberty, but independence.

In a word, from that day the Colony ceased to be stagnant and began to progress.

Quite unconsciously he invested "Moondyne," not only with his own mental characteristics, but even with his physical features:

In strength and proportion of body the man was magnificent—a model for a gladiator. He was of middle height, young, but so stern and massively featured, and so browned and beaten by exposure, it was hard to determine his age. A large, finely-shaped head, with crisp, black hair and beard, a broad, square forehead, and an air of power and self-command,—this was the prisoner,—this was Moondyne Joe.

Moondyne, masquerading later on as Mr. Wyville, is still O'Reilly, in person and dress:

He was dressed in such a way that one would say he never could be dressed otherwise. Dress was forgotten in the man. But he wore a short walking or shooting coat, of strong, dark cloth. The strength and roughness of the cloth were seen, rather than the style, for it seemed appropriate that so strangely powerful a figure should be strongly clad.

His face was bronzed to the darkness of a Greek's. His voice, as he spoke on entering the room, came easily from his lips, yet with a deep resonance that was pleasant to hear, suggesting a possible tenderness or terror that would shake the soul. It was a voice in absolutely perfect accord with the striking face and physique.

Finally, Moondyne's prison number was "406," a number to which two or three odd coincidences had given a certain half-superstitious significance. I think it was the number borne by the author in one of his several prisons, but of this I am not sure. O'Reilly spoke of it more than once. It was the number of the room assigned him in the first hotel at which he stopped in America. Ten years later, on

visiting New York, he was given a room, with the same number, in another hotel.

In his scrap book, written on a sheet of hotel note paper, under the date of February 24, 1880, is an unfinished poem, in blank verse, entitled :

"406."

I do not know the meaning of the sign,
But bend before its power, as a reed bends
When the black tornado fills the valley to the lips.
Three times in twenty years its shape has come
In lines of fire on the black veil of mystery ;
At first, tho' strange, it seemed familiar,
And lingered on the mind as if at rest ;
The second time it flashed a thrill came, too,
For supernature spoke, or tried to speak ;
The third time, like a blow upon the eyes,
It stood before me, as a page might say :
"Read, read,—and do not call for other warning."

I do not know,—O Mystery, the word
Is lost on senses too impure. I stand
And shrink subdued before the voice that speaks,
And know not that its word is light or gloom.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

The fancy seems to have been nothing more than a fancy born of three singular coincidences. Most men of vivid imagination are apt to look for presentiments in coincidences, and to laugh with satisfaction, as he did, when the foreboding proved to be false.

CHAPTER XI.

Elected President of the Papyrus Club, and also of the Boston Press Club—Interesting Addresses Delivered before Both—Speech at the Moore Centenary—Letter to the Papyrus Club—His Home at Hull—Visit of Parnell to America—Founding of the St. Botolph Club and the "Cribb Club"—Justin McCarthy Describes the Poet-athlete—Russell Sullivan's "Here and Hereafter."

O'REILLY had the distinction of holding the office of president in two organizations during the year 1879, the Papyrus Club and the Boston Press Club; he was elected to the former on the 4th of January. In his inaugural address he said:

To be made the president of this club would be an honor to any literary man in the country. The charm of the Papyrus is that it is essentially an ideal club. The charm of the club to its members will be proportionate to our enthusiasm to work for this ideal; this is our pride. Dining, wining, the patronage of millionaires and politicians, the gorgeous service and elaborate style, are as vapor and mud beside the beauty of standing up for our independent, brotherly, anti-shoddy, æsthetic, and ideal Papyrus. Better for us the expression of a single thought, or the admiration of a high ideal, than all the gold-plated enjoyment of other orders of clubs.

Two years before, at the dinner of the Papyrus, on February 3, Mr. William A. Hovey presented the club with a beautiful crystal loving cup. O'Reilly wrote for the occasion his beautiful poem, "The Loving Cup of the Papyrus."

For brotherhood, not wine, this cup should pass;
Its depths should ne'er reflect the eye of malice;
Drink toasts to strangers with the social glass,
But drink to brothers with this loving chalice.

The first "ladies' night" of the Papyrus Club was held on February 22, 1879, during his presidency, and was one

of the most brilliant in the club's history. O'Reilly's opening address was in his best vein, and ran as follows:

Like one called upon to sing who is almost certain to strike the wrong note of accompaniment, I rise to speak for the Papyrus to-night. The right word fitly spoken is a precious rarity. Could I gather the thoughts that tremble to-night toward the lip of every member of the club, I should assuredly speak a sweet word of our own gratification, and of welcome to our distinguished guests.

On this, our annual ladies' night, it seemed right to this club, composed of men who work in or who love literature and art, to make a public testament of our respect for those who have won eminence in these branches,—our gifted writers and sweet singers whom all men honor, because they "can make the thing that is not, as the thing that is."

To express this appreciation and respect, we invited to our dinner a few of those chosen ones. We welcome them with cordial warmth, with pleasure and with pride. In bringing together even so many as are here of the brightest and sweetest flowers of our time and country, we feel that we have done something honorable to the Papyrus, and beseeming the intellectual renown of Boston.

We are proud to say that their presence is a compliment to us and to Boston. A hundred years ago, everbody patronized distinguished literary people, and in doing so displeased and degraded them. To-day, the distinguished literary people patronize everybody else, and in so doing delight and elevate them—so that no questions can be raised as to whom the natural right of patronage belongs.

Perhaps some future historian of literature, seeking for the period of the change, will stop at the record of this reception, to read over the names of our guests, and he will write it down that the Papyrus belonged completely to the new order of things.

The author is no longer "one whom the strong sons of the world despise." The tables are turned on "the strong sons" so heavily that one kind-hearted poet, looking down from his secure seat on the heights, is moved to apologize or plead for the million, "whose work is great and hard while his is great and sweet." You all know the tender lines of that gentle heart that is with us to-night:

> "A few can touch the magic string,
> And noisy fame is proud to win them;
> Alas, for those that never sing,
> But die with all their music in them!"

But there is something particular to be said about our guests—some cunning word to establish reciprocity between them and us; and I

know not where to find nor how to say it. It is related of the Egyptians, as a social custom, that the head of the house always left his seat and gave it to an honored guest. Following out the Egyptian symbolism of the Papyrus it would give me much pleasure to vacate this uneasy chair in favor of Dr. Holmes or Mr. Stedman, whose fertile fancies would flash ideas where others could find only prosy sentences.

But the word is still to be said: "These twenty times beginning I have come to the same point and stopped." You know the story of the Danish astronomer, Tycho Brahe, who, after many years spent with students, at length found himself in a great domed hall, called upon to address the most eminent astronomers of Europe. The roof of the hall was painted like the sky at night. The astronomers sat expectant, and Tycho Brahe stood before them silent. At length one old man said: "Why don't you begin, Tycho?" "I don't know where to begin for *these*." "Begin as if we were students," said another. Tycho raised his wand and pointed to a star. "That," he said, "is the third star in the claw of the Scorpion; this is Sirius; here is Arcturus, and yonder are the Pleiades." "O, that is tiresome," said the old man. "Well, then," said Tycho, "since you all know their places and names as well as I, let me introduce you, brethren, in one word—to the Stars!"

I stand here in the very blaze of the galaxy, "tangled in the silver braid" of the Pleiades. Tycho might have foreseen through these centuries the use I should make to-night of his general introduction.

The note we wished to strike at this dinner was one that may or may not have been struck before;—its sounding is certainly not too common as it will be—namely, that sex is forgotten in literary distinction; that, if in no other profession, at least in literature and art, bright minds cease to be classed as men and women, and are seen only in the rich neutral light of authorship.

To-night we have with us several ladies whose names are nationally and internationally known and honored. We, who read their books, are delighted to have an opportunity of reading their faces, to thank them for coming to us, some from great distances, and to say to them how proud we are of their pure and honorable fame.

Another great Irish centenary, that of the birthday of Thomas Moore, was commemorated in Boston on the 29th of May, by a banquet at the Parker House, Oliver Wendell Holmes reading with genuine feeling a grand poem in memory of the Irish bard. Among the other guests distinguished in literature, were John T. Trowbridge, George Parsons Lathrop, Dr. Robert Dwyer Joyce, William Winter, Francis H. Underwood, William A. Hovey, and

James T. Fields. O'Reilly presided, and delivered the eloquent address which is published among his speeches in the present volume.

O'Reilly was never so winsome as when making an off-hand speech at his club, giving free rein to the fun which found such infrequent expression in his written work, and piling hyperbole upon exaggeration, until the orator himself would break down in a merry laugh at the work of his own fancy. A typical utterance of this kind was his answer to somebody who had challenged some startling assertion of his, saying, "That is not right,—that is Irish." "Sir," replied O'Reilly, assuming an air of Johnsonian dogmatism, "it is better to be Irish than right!"

In half fanciful, half serious mood he glorified the newspaper profession, in his presidential address, at the dinner of the Boston Press Club, in Young's Hotel, on November 8, 1879:

GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS CLUB: It is a pleasant duty to congratulate men who have feasted after a laborious campaign; who have wiped their swords and broken bread together as cheerfully and lovingly as if their hands had never penned a hard word or reeked in a contemporary's reputation.

To-night we occupy a unique and consoling position. We alone are the *unreported*. We speak as we feel, and we don't tremble for to-morrow. Throughout the year we set down the words and deeds of the public, but on this day of our own meeting we shut out the public. We are,—and I say it after due consideration,—we are a privileged class.

We are reminded by meetings like this that there is no profession so complete and rounded as ours, and none so far-reaching in its scope. We have no hangers-on that do not come into the general circulation. He who has no relation to type, except to read what he buys, is indeed a hopeless outsider, belonging wholly to the unregenerate. From the smallest printer's devil up to Horace Greeley, the chain is unbroken. The rawest youth who pens a police report is one end of a line which extends, still vibrating, until it becomes radiant in the editorial room of the *Atlantic Monthly;* and which goes beyond, still growing finer, uniting such essences as Whittier, Holmes, and Longfellow, and vanishing into utter sublimation in the neighborhood of Concord.

All who teach are ours. The priests of all future dispensations shall be members of the press. Ours is the newest and greatest of the pro-

fessions, involving wider work and heavier responsibilities than any other. For all time to come, the freedom and purity of the press are the test of national virtue and independence.

No writer for the press, however humble, is free from the burden of keeping his purpose high and his integrity white.

The dignity of communities is largely intrusted to our keeping; and while we sway in the struggle or relax in the rest-hour, we must let no buzzards roost on the public shield in our charge.

Reunions like this are necessary and wholesome. They are very pleasant,—and yet they have one side shaded with sadness. Looking down this board we miss some well-remembered faces of past years. Our profession changes its units as rapidly as an army in the field. It is a machine always in strong revolution; its pieces are violently tried, and many drop out unable or unwilling to bear the ceaseless strain. Some of our old members die, and are transported to that Nirvana where the angels are not allowed to use their wings for quills—where there are no nights, and, therefore, neither morning nor evening papers.

And then there is that other and more perplexing change which we see come over our living members, who change their papers, or whose papers change their principles. It is necessary to meet in this fashion once a year, to assure ourselves that whatever else changes, the hearts of our men do not, but still beat in kindly and brotherly sympathy and good-will.

As I stand here to-night, I am struck with the prevailing characteristics of the faces around the board—they are unlike the faces of any other professional gathering. They are dissimilar among themselves as the pebbles of the sea, but have lines of similarity, lines that are typical of our observant, reflective, shrewd, sagacious, persistent, enterprising, humbug-hating, and yet modest calling.

I am reminded by this prevalence of types (I do not mean to pun) of the experiment of an English scientist in making a typical portrait, not of a man, but of a class. He visited the great prison of Millbank, in London. He found that the convicts are photographed on entering, and that all photographs are made under similar circumstances; that is, each convict sits before the camera at the same distance and in precisely the same position—so that the photographs are equal in size, and if a dozen were taken in a pack, and the portrait on top pierced through the right eye with a wire, it would also pierce the right eye of those below. The scientist took with him a lot of these photographs for experiment. He proposed to make a negative from them. It takes, say sixty seconds, to make a good negative from one picture. Well, he placed one in position, and opened his camera; in six seconds he dropped another in front of it; in six seconds more another; in six

seconds more another; and so on, till he had used up ten photographs in the sixty seconds. He then had a portrait made from the ten, which was unlike any one of them. It was that of a typical criminal; lines which were common to all the faces were deeply impressed, while those which were individual were not emphasized.

Now, suppose we should take the photographic portraits of the men around this table, and from them select ten, and from these ten make a typical portrait. What a noble presentment that would be!

> A combination and a form indeed,
> Where every god did seem to set his seal
> To give the world assurance of a man.

This noble type brings me to the summit-house of my powers. There being no farther height to climb, no more exalted possibility than this great typical face of the press, I must pause. I would ask you, however, to become the camera, and let all who speak to-night be the slides that go to make up the negative. And if you do this, you will each carry round with you for the coming year, in the busy streets and noisy places, an ideal of strength and beauty that will be joyful and consoling.

His term of office as president of the Papyrus Club ended on the 3d of January, 1880. He was succeeded by Vice-President George M. Towle, the well-known historian and essayist. O'Reilly was absent in New York on election night, and sent the following letter, in which raillery and kindness are blended in such admirable proportions, like vinegar and oil, that the result is the most graceful of sauces to the palate:

January 3, 1880.

To the Papyrus Club.

GENTLEMEN: I am grieved (no lesser word will do) at my enforced absence from the club to-night. I wanted to cast my vote, solid and early, for "Towle and the *Constitution*." I wanted to drink the wine of the country of the treasurer. I wanted to move a timely vote that Towle should be restrained from meddling with our chief instrument, the constitution, which he now has in his power even to carry home with him, by virtue of his office. Friends, I am with you in spirit (you are in spirits; I am in New York). May our loving-cup mean "all that its name implies," as it moves "in love's festoons, from lip to lip." (I quote from Hovey, from memory.)

And now, dear boys, under this veneer of light words lies a well of deep feeling that I almost fear to tap. Face to face with you I could

say my say, as boldly as Rogers, as eloquently as Young. But in leaving the head of your board, where you have allowed my crude ruling to pass for a year, I must say to one and all, from my heart, *Thank you for your kindness and courtesy.* The more I learn of parliamentary law, the deeper becomes my affection for those who sat silent and heard my wonderful rulings. To Towle, and Crocker, and Scaife, especially, this consideration is doubly endearing. What they must have suffered I shall only know when I study Hoyle.

The only consolation I draw from my year of office is this—the Papyrus has not declined in vigor or promise. Its face is full to the front. For this, I earnestly thank, and ask you to thank, the gentlemen who compose the executive committee.

And now I retire to a private station—at the end of the table, left side from the president, near Joyce and Harris, and those who, with kindred blood, rejoice in anarchy.

Farewell my official distinction! Henceforward I carry a musket, at the end of the table, left side, near Joyce. Good night, and a Happy New Year to the Papyrus!

Faithfully and affectionately,

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

In the summer of 1879, O'Reilly bought the house in Hull, Boston Harbor, which was to be thenceforth his summer residence, and in which he died. It was a very old house, perhaps the oldest in Massachusetts. It was built in 1644 by Rev. Marmaduke Matthews, the pastor of Nantasket, and was used as a parsonage by some of his successors. An English revenue officer, Lieutenant William Haswell, occupied it prior to the Revolution. His claim to remembrance rests on the fact that he was the father of Susanna Haswell, afterward Mrs. Rowson, well known in England and America, as actress, author, and editor, and best known by her novel of "Charlotte Temple." O'Reilly bought the property from Amos A. Lawrence, it being then known as the Hunt estate. In 1889, the old house became uninhabitable by reason of general debility and decay, and he had the falling structure demolished, and set about building a new and handsome house on the old site. The plans were made by his wife and carried out under their joint supervision, with careful attention to every detail. In the front yard stood an old cannon rescued from some

forgotten wreck in the early days of Hull. In another place was a sun-dial made by one of the poet's admirers. He planted his little estate with wild vines and creepers gathered by himself in the woods of Hingham, bordering his garden walks with sea-worn pebbles and boulders that he had gathered on the beach. He took a pathetic interest in beautifying the home which he had built for himself, in which he was to die.

The year 1880 opened for Ireland as the year 1890 did, with famine, actual or impending. Charles Stewart Parnell, the young leader of the Irish party, visited America to seek help for his suffering countrymen, and support for their leaders in Parliament. He arrived at New York on January 2, and was met by delegates from all parts of the United States. On the day following his arrival he was presented with an address from natives of his own county, Meath. Mr. John D. Nolan, the chairman of the committee of Meath men, recognized O'Reilly among the Boston delegates, and immediately called that delegation to order, and said :

FELLOW MEATH MEN: I notice that Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly has entered the room. He is a native of the County Meath, a fervent Irishman, an author of recognized ability, who has passed into not only the literature of America, but of the world. He is a journalist, and a recognized leader among our countrymen. He is a representative Irishman in every sense of the word, and I move that he be selected to deliver this address to Mr. Parnell, instead of myself.

The motion was unanimously carried. Mr. O'Reilly thanked the men of Meath, and read the address. Parnell's reply was a just tribute to the fidelity of the priests and people of Meath under every trial.

The distress in Ireland evoked, as it has always done, the profound sympathy and substantial aid of the American people. In addition to the other relief organizations the New York *Herald* inaugurated a fund of its own, heading the contributions with a subscription of $100,000, and inviting Mr. Parnell to become a member of the committee for its distribution. The invitation was accepted on con-

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY'S COTTAGE, HULL, MASS., WHERE HE DIED

dition that Parnell should be allowed to appoint a proxy during his necessary absence in America. This condition the *Herald* refused to accept, saying, "What we desired was his (Parnell's) personal services."

"Certainly," commented O'Reilly; "why, not only the *Herald*, but the English government would give $100,000 to send back the man who has dared to answer the one, and hold the other up to shame in this country. It would be worth a million dollars to England to stop Parnell's mouth in America. . . . . The week he sailed from Ireland, England officially denied that there was a famine, or danger of one, in Ireland."

The fact that the *Herald* had persistently endeavored to discredit the mission of Parnell in America, and had taken the landlord's side in the political contest, made its charity, generous as it was, seem like a contribution from the gift-bearing Greeks. "If he (Mr. Bennett) was wrong before," wrote O'Reilly, "he does not become right by giving a hundred thousand dollars to the famine fund, especially if he hands it over for distribution to the English official committee. Mr. Bennett's paper has been the voice of the landlords who have caused this famine. He cannot argue himself right by the brutal force of wealth. If the Irish people had reason to detest his policy, they cannot sell their principles for a hundred thousand or a hundred million dollars. Nevertheless," he continues, "we await further action before we judge the motives of the man who indorses his belief with a gift forty times as great as that of the Queen of Great Britain *and* Ireland."

On the 3d of January, 1880, the St. Botolph Club of Boston was established on the model of the famous Century Club of New York. O'Reilly was one of the original members, among whom were included the leading authors, artists, and other men of distinction in the city. It was a much more imposing club than the Papyrus, starting with a house of its own and a list of 260 members. Its success was assured from the beginning, for it possessed the happy combination, so seldom found, of brains and money.

In the same year another club was founded, possessing, in addition to these two, a third valuable attribute, that of muscle. The "Cribb Club," named after the famous English boxer, Tom Cribb, was organized on November 27. Its number of members was limited to twenty-five active and one hundred and twenty-five honorary or associate members. O'Reilly belonged to the former. The officers of the club consisted of a "Boss" and an executive committee of three. Mr. E. C. Ellis was the first "Boss," and John Boyle O'Reilly the second. During the administration of the latter, the title was changed to the more dignified one of president, and honorary members of the club were classed as active. The Cribb Club, founded for the encouragement of the "manly art," was one of the most exclusive in the exclusive city of Boston, numbering among its membership men distinguished in art, literature, and statesmanship. They were strong, brave, honorable men, who loved the natural virtue of courage as much as they hated the cowardly custom which has made the use of the knife and pistol a reproach to the American name. O'Reilly had all the qualifications to win him popularity in the company of courageous gentlemen. Here is how the athletic side of his nature appealed to the admiration of refined and scholarly Justin McCarthy:

Although he is not more than common tall, he has the breadth and the thews of a Viking of the days when Olaf Tryggveson dwelt by the Liffey in Dublin town and wooed and won the fair daughter of an Irish royal house. He excels in all manly arts and accomplishments in a way that we are almost afraid to chronicle, so like a hero of romance the list would make him seem.

Who among amateurs can ride better, row better, walk better? above all, who can box better? If such a man is red-hot in his enthusiasm for the brawn and biceps of a famous pugilist, it is not with the sham enthusiasm of the dandies of old Rome who pinched the muscles of gladiators with slim feminine fingers. In the society of the physically strong, of the physically skillful, Boyle O'Reilly is among his peers, and if he finds a man stronger or more skillful than himself it is scarcely wonderful if he accords him his highest admiration.

It is one of the curious privileges of John Boyle O'Reilly to be universally liked. That he should be liked by his own people is only

natural. He is one of the brightest ornaments of the Irish race abroad; he lives in exile for his service to his country; he has enriched its national literature with exquisite prose and yet more exquisite verse; he renders daily service to the national cause. That such a man should be popular with his own countrymen is scarcely surprising. But Boyle O'Reilly's popularity is not limited to the children of his own race. Strangers come to Boston, strangers often enough hostile, if not to Ireland, at least to Ireland's national cause and the men who guide and direct it. The strangers meet John Boyle O'Reilly and they come away with a common tale—enthusiastic praise, unqualified admiration of the exiled Irishman. It has happened time and again that travelers in New England meeting elsewhere, and running over their joint stock of recollections, have each begun to speak with warmth of the man they most admired of all they met, and to find immediately that the name of Boyle O'Reilly was on both their lips.

Once a very gifted man, a stranger to Boston, met one day a friend, a distinguished Bostonian. Said the stranger to the Bostonian: "I have just met the most remarkable, the most delightful man in all the world." "I know whom you mean," said the Bostonian, "you mean John Boyle O'Reilly." And the Bostonian was right, of course.

And here, from the pen of a rare poet and novelist, Mr. T. Russell Sullivan, is a versified tribute to the best loved son of Papyrus, the first contribution of the author after his admission to the club:

HERE AND HEREAFTER.

When the youngest of all is the oldest,
When the bell for our Prexy shall toll:
When death's optic transfixes the boldest,
When the iron has entered our soul;

When adversity's saccharine uses
Shall no longer watch over our gold,
And when Howard takes tea with the muses,
Leaving Tennyson out in the cold;

With earth's greatest grown sadder and wiser,
Old palaces let to new lodgers,
Albert Edward, Gambetta, the Kaiser,
All dust—with ex-President Rogers;

Still the dark dial hand shall go flitting
Till the smallest wee numbers shall chime
Round some dinner committee, left sitting,
On my honor, twelve hours at a time.

While our youngsters—or theirs, as it may be—
Gather here when a banquet is toward,
All as merry as we are shall they be,
And the saddle shall smoke on the board.

And the mirth shall wax deeper and broader
Round the cup we have emptied and filled,
Till the hammer shall knock down disorder,
And the shriek of the hawk shall be stilled.

Then the dusty Papyrus leaves turning,
Says some juvenile bard of the time:
"Let us pick out a brand from the burning,
Let us see what these roosters called rhyme!"

Drawn apart from those time-honored pages
By the hand of good fortune alone,
Falls a leaf of the earlier ages
By the only O'Reilly—our own.

And the voice of the scoffer that reads it
Takes a tremulous turn in our cause;
More expressive the silence that heeds it
Than the loudest and wildest applause.

Then the cherub that once was O'Reilly,
On his cloud in the mystical land,
Shall aslant from his halo peep slyly,
And his harp shall slide out of his hand.

He shall linger a moment to listen,
Looking down from perpetual joys,
And a tear on his eyelids shall glisten
As benignly he whispers: "Dear boys!"

December 4, 1880.

This apostle of muscular Christianity could forgive an injury, no matter how grievous; but an insult he resented promptly with pen or hand, as occasion seemed to require. Such an occasion presented itself one day in the fall of 1874, when a fellow, who had sought the *Pilot's* countenance in aid of a certain object for which he was canvassing, resented the editor's refusal by circulating some slanders about him. When he next called at the *Pilot* office, O'Reilly demanded an explanation and retraction. The

fellow denied the story; but on being asked to put his denial in writing, he quibbled and shirked the act; "upon which," says the *Pilot*, ingenuously, "Mr. O'Reilly gave him a sound thrashing and kicked him out of the editorial rooms. When Mr. ——— speaks about the *Pilot* in future, people will understand his motive."

O'Reilly, ever a loyal Democrat, waged gallant war for his party's ticket in the presidential election of 1880. When the contest ended in the enemy's favor he took the defeat manfully, like the gladiator that he was, and acknowledged it in the next issue of his paper under the caption,

WHIPPED.

Well, we made a great fight. That is enough for honest Democrats. We fling no reproach on the victors. We wrestled, and have been thrown. Curs whine; we don't.

There is no decadence of Democratic health when a tremendous struggle has wavered long in the balance. The controversy of the campaign has been terrible; but it has been magnificent. Out of the seething vortex the country comes tired,—but cleansed. The victors breathe hard; they have had a lesson of fire. Centralization has not yet been killed—never will be killed till the Democrats elect their President; but Garfield does not attempt the policy of Grant.

Great principles and parties are solidified and strengthened by defeat. Why has the Democratic party failed to carry the country?

It is disgraceful to say that the national will has been decided by corruption. It certainly has been influenced by the rapacity and deliberate wickedness of the office-holding organization. But this must always be true of a national election. Outside of this are the people—and the people have elected Garfield.

* * * * * * *

And now, let us draw breath and return to business. The country is Republican for four years more; but it is safe. There is no room for wild exultation in the other camp. Every thew was strained before we were thrown. The victor respects the vanquished. We are all one people—just a *leetle* more than half on the other side this time.

But the grand old Democratic principles still live; and next time we WONT be whipped.

And they were not.

CHAPTER XII.

His Editorials and Public Utterances—Honored by Dartmouth College and Notre Dame—The "Statues in the Block"—"Ireland's Opportunity"—"Erin"—Tribute to Longfellow—His Great Poem, "America," Read before the Veterans—The Phœnix Park Tragedy—Death of Fanny Parnell—"To those who have not yet been President."

IN April, 1881, died the great Tory Prime Minister of England, Benjamin Disraeli, less well known as Lord Beaconsfield. Through all his life, from the day when he first brought down upon his rash head the caustic scorn of O'Connell, to the end of his glittering career, he had been the enemy of the Irish cause,—not from any bigotry,—he was not sincere enough to be a bigot,—but because such was the policy favored by the Tory party. O'Reilly thus summed up the character of the greatest of modern political charlatans:

The place of an able political showman is made vacant in England by the death of Lord Beaconsfield. It was peculiarly his own, and it probably will not be filled again as he filled it. A showman, whether political or otherwise, needs more than common talent to achieve great success. Benjamin Disraeli certainly possessed a high order of talent, and it is equally certain that his success was of no common sort. He employed the arts and tricks of the charlatan; but it was the hand of a master that used them.

It was a great thing for a man inheriting the disadvantages of race, and—at least nominally—of creed, which beset Disraeli at the beginning of his career, to conquer in spite of them. England was still full of intolerance toward Jews when the son of the Jew, Isaac Disraeli, began to attract attention. He had to fight his way against that intolerance, and he fought it well. The barriers which obstructed his progress were overcome, one after another, by persistent, undeviating effort. The obscure son of the Jew, whose only claim to distinction

was that he wrote the "Curiosities of Literature," advanced by sure degrees, till he gained the place of Prime Minister of England.

* * * * * *

Some other man will step into his place as a party leader. The same "ideas" which constituted his policy will, no doubt, continue to command approval in the Tory ranks. Although he occupied an important position in it, the world goes on to-day just as it would if Benjamin Disraeli had never taken part in its affairs. That he possessed signal ability is not to be denied. He gained by it a place on the roll of English statesmen. He tried to do much for mere power. It cannot be said that he did anything for humanity. The world is none the better for the part he played in it for nearly fifty years.

O'Reilly's place in literature had been safely assured by this time; it was recognized by two great centers of learning almost simultaneously. At the thirty-seventh annual commencement exercises of the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, on June 21, 22, and 23, 1881, he received the degree of Doctor of Laws; in the same week, he was elected an honorary member of the Phi Beta Kappa, of Dartmouth College, before which he read his poem of "The Three Queens." In April of the same year he published his second volume of poems, through Roberts Bros., "The Statues in the Block," dedicated "To the Memory of Eliza Boyle, my Mother." The little volume of only 110 pages ran through four editions. It contained some of the most finely finished and musical verses that he ever wrote; among them "Her Refrain," "Love's Secret," "Waiting," "The Well's Secret," and that most tender and melodious of all his songs, "Jacqueminots." In it also appeared his powerful denunciation of social wrong, "From the Earth, a Cry," "Prometheus–Christ," and his most dramatic Australian poem, "The Mutiny of the Chains." "The Statues in the Block," his best effort in blank verse, and the poem which gave the book its title, contained two lines which were the author's favorites, for he most frequently quoted them when requested to write an autograph sentiment:

> When God gives to us the clearest sight,
> He does not touch our eyes with love but sorrow.

The new volume added to the poet's already great fame; on all sides it received the highest praise. The technical faults of his earlier work had been pruned and polished away, without impairing the strength of his verse. His head was not turned by the praise he had won. He was keenly delighted to receive the admiration of his fellowmen, but he was no churl, hugging to his bosom the prizes of fame. No man was quicker to recognize merit in another, and to extend encouragement and praise to every promising aspirant in literature. To young poets he was especially kind and considerate; the *Pilot* being the theater on which a score of bards, afterward more or less distinguished, made their first bow. Transatlantic poets, chiefly Irish, also sought his counsel and friendship, usually making their first American reputation through the columns of his paper. Oscar Wilde wrote him: "I esteem it a great honor that the first American paper I appeared in should be your admirable *Pilot*." T. W. Rolleston, Douglas Hyde, Lady Wilde, Katherine Tynan, William B. Yeats, and a dozen other Irish poets were regular contributors to the *Pilot*. He paid his writers well, never withholding the guerdon, dearest to the poetic soul, of generous helpful praise. He was the kindliest of critics, for he was utterly incapable of saying a harsh word concerning a book whose offenses were only literary. He would not give undeserved praise, but he mercifully withheld deserved condemnation. When a book submitted to him for review was absolutely outside the pale of toleration, he preferred to let it die of its own demerits instead of putting it out of pain. He was totally devoid of that tender literary conscience, which impels its owners to flay alive the criminal who has rushed into print without a permit from Parnassus.

O'Reilly at this period looked much older than his years. A well-known picture represents him with the long hair and full beard, which he wore from 1874 to 1880. It was some throat trouble, probably a legacy of the old Dartmoor drains, that compelled him to wear a beard for

several years. When he shaved it off in 1880, and clipped his flowing locks, he looked five years younger. Dr. Edgar Parker, the portrait painter, made a fine picture of him in the latter aspect; it hangs in the library of O'Reilly's house in Charlestown, where also is a striking bust of him by John Donoghue.

In October, 1881, the strained relations of Gladstone and Parnell reached a crisis. Mr. Gladstone had the Irish chieftain and other nationalist leaders arrested and imprisoned in Kilmainham jail. The arrest was as arbitrary as their subsequent release was illogical; the attempt to intimidate the Irish people recoiled upon its authors.

"The precedent of O'Connell's arrest, with the consequent decay of the repeal movement," wrote O'Reilly, "may be remembered by the English government. But the world has changed since then; the very contrary will be the result now. The millions of expatriated Irishmen, three times as numerous as the population of Ireland, send to 'the men in the gap' a courage and firmness that will defy all pressure.

"The world is so united nowadays that every thrill circulates. Things can no more be done in a corner. Nations cannot in these times be strangled in secret. When England strikes Ireland with a sword to-day, or fells her to the earth and manacles her, throat and limb, humanity looks on—and amid that humanity are millions of strong, indignant men who belong by blood to the suffering country.

* * * * * *

"England may imprison every public representative in Ireland. She may break up every public meeting of the Land League. Very well. Then she drives the people to secret organization—she plays into the hands of the revolutionists."

In January, 1882, there appeared in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* a thoughtful article by O'Reilly, entitled "Ireland's Opportunity—Will it be Lost?" In a few sentences he reviewed the various efforts

of Irish nationalists in recent times—the Young Ireland rising in '48, the Repeal movement of O'Connell, the Fenian revolutionary scheme, and, lastly, the Land League, "conceived in the brain of an Irish political prisoner in a Dartmoor cell, Michael Davitt,—a man of great natural power, with a conscientious hunger for thoroughness of work and understanding, who admitted to his own heart that Irish movements had failed to affect England because they had first failed to enlist Ireland." Referring to the famine of 1880 and the coercive policy of the Government, he said:

The arrest of Parnell and the other leaders—and even the lawless shattering of the Land League in Ireland by armed and ruffianly force, have been futile work for the English Government. The arrest of Parnell differs from the arrest of O'Connell, because there are now, in this country alone, more organized Irish societies, and twice as many Irishmen as there are in Ireland.

And every thousand Irishmen exercising in America the power of their moral force are a leaven to be heeded more by English statesmen than the armed rebellion of the same men or their fathers in Ireland.

The Land League has succeeded. It has compelled the passage of a law that will lower rents, more or less. It has raised the Irish question into cosmopolitan attention. It has crystalized the national sentiment of the Irish people and their descendants in America, Australia, Canada and other countries. But above all its good results, it has nationalized the Irish farmers, traders, priests and well-to-do classes, and they stand now ready and waiting for the next act in the national drama.

It is time for the curtain to rise again. When the Land League, aided fearfully by the famine, began its agitation, its timeliness and force were acknowledged by all Irish parties. The Home Rulers virtually subsided, giving the newcomers their place. The Revolutionists looked on with unfriendly eyes, at first fearing that the land movement, which only aimed at a detail, would distract attention from the National idea. But as they watched, they saw that the new agitation was raising the farmers and tradesmen into activity, and after a time the Land League was left alone in the field to work out its purpose as best it could.

Now, it must be asked and answered: Where does the Land League propose to end?

Mr. Parnell's object for the organization, expressed more than a year ago, was the expropriation of Irish landlords—which means the purchase of the land by the government and its re-sale on easy terms to the

Irish farmers. Ireland does not want this to-day, and would be most unwise to accept it. If England during the past two years had had statesmen of first-rate quality, she would have speedily offered this settlement; and had the people of Ireland accepted her offer, they would now find themselves more inextricably bound to Great Britain than ever the act of Union bound them.

If the English Government purchase the land from the landlords and resell it to the farmers of Ireland, the world's opinion will hold these men bound to their contract. The legitimate outcome of the Land League is therefore not national. It was never meant to be national. On the contrary, it would be the doom of Irish nationality, at least for a full generation, until the debt of the farmers to the English Government had been repaid.

Some, and many, will say that Ireland—even in the case of such a sale—would owe England nothing, in view of the centuries of wrong and robbery. This is doubtless true in equity; but why make a contract at all? It will not help matters any way. Better to preserve the integrity of the Irish farmer, even though he should starve. If the present 630,000 tenant farmers, augmented by at least a million more, as they would be, were to agree to buy from England the land of Ireland, meaning to break the bargain by a revolution next year, their conduct would be, in the mildest judgment of other nations, deceitful and discreditable.

It is not necessary to do this. For the best interests of Ireland it must not be done.

"But," it will be said by some Irishmen, "the Land League means to abolish rent altogether." It means no such thing. It has never said so, nor has it ever so intended. Such a proposition is absurd, so far at least as the present Irish question is concerned. It is a social theory which no country has yet accepted. No sensible person expects poor Ireland, struggling for very life, to voluntarily burden herself also with a socialistic mill-stone that would probably sink the United States.

Therefore, if the Land League has only one legitimate purpose, and if Ireland has reason to reconsider that purpose, it is time to look ahead and take new bearings.

The aim of Ireland in doing this is fortunately assisted by time and tradition. The year 1882 is the centennial of the Irish Parliament obtained by the agitation of Henry Grattan. The progressive issue of the land agitation is a demand for a government of Ireland by the Irish themselves.

Circumstances never worked more fortuitously to an end than here. The Land League has accomplished its work so far as it can safely and wisely be accomplished. The whole people are aroused. The English

Government, at its wit's end, is apparently ready to listen to a proposition from Ireland that will restore peace without dismembering the empire. The present Prime Minister and many other leading Englishmen have clearly so expressed themselves, and without damnatory criticism by any English class or party.

Ireland in 1882 ought to agitate for and demand her own government. No matter by what name the movement is called, whether Home Rule, Repeal or Federation. The result will be practically the same. The natural resources of the country will be worked and cherished by its own people. The official life will no longer be an alien and inimical network spread over the island. The insolent presence of soldiery and armed constablery will disappear. The dignity of a people upholding a nationality they are proud of will take the place of the servile helplessness of an almost pauper population.

We do not fear for Ireland's future in a federal union with England. Nature has given the lesser country inestimable advantages. The anti-trade laws passed by England in the last century are proof that even then she feared mercantile and manufacturing competition with Ireland. The intelligence of commerce will steer its merchant ships into Ireland's southern and western ports, to avoid the dangers of the fatal English Channel. The unrivaled water power of the rivers—from whose tumbling streams even the flour mills have disappeared—will drive the wheels of manufacture into competition with Lancashire.

If the landlords of Ireland are to be bought out—and we see no other way for the farmers to become proprietors, unless the government drive the people into revolution—it is better that they should be bought out by an Irish rather than an English Parliament.

And if, after a fair trial of the Federal union, it were found that Ireland suffered by the bond, that she was outnumbered in council, harassed and injured by imperial enactments, that in fact it was an unequal and unbearable contract, then still there remains the ultimate appeal of an oppressed people—separation—even by the sharp edge of violence.

The next step for Ireland is obviously not revolution. She has been for the past four years a model to the world of intelligent, peaceful agitation. Her people have pursued their legal purpose with marvelous patience, tenacity and temper. They have not broken the law, under terrible excitements and constant presence of the flaunted arrogance and ruffianism of unnecessary military power. They have achieved the greatest of all triumphs in compelling their powerful opponent either to yield or to break all the laws that it had itself invented to oppress and hamper the weaker country.

A people with such political intelligence and fertility need not fear federation with England. If Ireland can beat her even under present

disadvantages, she will assuredly hold her own under a fairer relationship.

The men who recently issued a Home Rule manifesto in Ireland were undoubtedly right. They struck the proper note exactly; but they did it with uncertain hand, for their utterance has already faded into silence, though it met with no serious opposition.

The people of Ireland are to-day without a national policy. The splendid Land League organization goes on grinding, but it is not grinding toward nationality. Its great-hearted work for the present winter is to protect the evicted families of farmers who refuse to pay rent because England has outraged even her own laws. But Ireland cannot go on forever fighting with all her forces against a minor evil. If she go on for six months longer, England will open her eyes to her opportunity, and bind Ireland in new hemp by the sale of the country to the farmers.

The late Irish-American Convention in Chicago might well have started the national proposition. Had that meeting spoken for an Irish Government in Ireland, with the Union repealed, and a federal union substituted, Ireland would have answered like one man. That meeting did not so speak because a few men antagonized the Home Rule idea, and declare that they will have nothing less than utter separation from England, with a republican and socialistic government for Ireland.

To obtain these two objects, Ireland must fight England with arms. She must seize all the strong places, at present occupied by fifty thousand armed men. She must, in one month, put in the field an army of at least one hundred thousand men, equipped with engineers and artillery ; England in the same time will land on her shores at least that number of soldiers. She must establish a fleet, to keep herself from suffocation, if not starvation. And she must fight out a desperate conflict for existence, without a hope of borrowing fifty dollars in foreign markets on her national promissory note.

What sensible Irishman favors this policy ? What earnest revolutionist is prepared to wait until all this can be done before Ireland obtains a Parliament of her own ?

The sooner Ireland in America speaks on this point the better. Many earnest Irishmen, among the leaders in Ireland, firmly believe that Irish-Americans are all blood-and-thunder radicals. One of the ablest of the leaders now in prison, recently wrote the writer that the belief is widespread in Ireland that the Irish-Americans will have nothing less than absolute "no rent" and ultimate revolution.

Such a belief is utterly wrong. Even the revolutionary party in America condemn as absurd the "No Rent" proposition. This party, too, sees that Irish Home Rule in no way conflicts with their own more consummate settlement.

Another, and a very grave reason for an expression of policy, is that the best intelligence, both in Ireland and America, will withdraw from a movement that either cloaks its ultimate purpose, or has none. Already the Land League has suffered deep loss by the vagueness of its drift. One American bishop has publicly uttered his disapproval of an organization which he could not understand; and the Catholic clergy generally have, it is believed, a secret and a growing feeling in regard to the Land League, that they are dealing with an occult and uncertain organism.

To allow so great an organization to collapse through blind management and lack of purpose would be calamitous. To fight the landlords and support the evicted tenants is not a national policy—it is not enough. When the land question is settled, the question of an Irish Government for Ireland will be no nearer a solution than at present.

A demand for Home Rule by the Irish people, supported by their representatives in Parliament, will obtain sympathy in all countries, and particularly in America. The Land League has demonstrated its necessity to the world. It will give life to the magnificent organization which now has nothing to do but raise money. It will receive instant and thorough approval and support from the Catholic hierarchy and priests, both in Ireland and America, and from intelligent and conservative men, who have hitherto avoided all Irish national movements.

Unless this demand is made, and soon made, the Land League organization will dwindle into insignificance, and an opportunity such as Ireland has not seen for a century will be lost.

This frank treatment of the Irish question won the approval of the author's countrymen, with very few exceptions. The extreme nationalists appreciated the sincerity of his words, even while they did not agree with his policy. A few—they were very few—denounced the article as "traitorous." Of these O'Reilly said in the *Pilot:*

The Irish people are too deeply in earnest to be quite calm when their national sentiments are on the table. We do not regret the heat, because by it we perceive the earnestness. The man who wants to be treated with gloves should never leap into a crowd of enthusiastic strugglers. Some of the personalities and angry expressions called out by the article are absurd, and the writers either are, or will soon be, ashamed of them. Out of all, one or two only were unjust or offensive; and these Mr. O'Reilly can well afford to pass, not, however, without regret that any Irishmen could be found to so easily disrespect themselves and others.

At the St. Patrick's Day dinner of the Charitable Irish Society of Boston, in this year, O'Reilly read his poem, "Erin," with its tender Irish words of endearment:

> What need of new tongues! sure the Gaelic is clearest,
> Like nature's own voice every word;
> "Ahagur! acushla! savourneen!" the dearest
> The ear of a girl ever heard.

The death of Longfellow, in March, 1882, evoked this tribute from his brother poet:

Why should we mourn for the beautiful completion of a beautiful life. He died in the later autumn of his grand life. It is well that he was spared the winter. The spreading tree went down in full leafage and rich maturity. We have not seen any signs of decay; and inevitable decay is sadder than death. Our Longfellow's death, like his life, was a noble and quiet poem. . . . . It was and will remain an illustration of the permanent appreciation of mankind for the beautiful, un-trade-like, spiritual work of the poet. When he succeeds in reaching men's hearts, all other successes are as nought to the poet's. All other honors, emoluments, distinctions, are chips and tinsel compared with the separated and beloved light which surrounds him in the eyes and hearts of the people.

The admiration of O'Reilly for Longfellow was sincere and abiding, for the gentle American poet had been his warm friend and admirer. To another friend, the genial essayist, "Taverner," of the Boston *Post*, I am indebted for the following anecdote:

I heard of an incident the other day which has a peculiar interest from its association with a man to whose memory tributes of respect and affection have been paid in remarkable measure here in Boston and elsewhere. A lady residing in the suburbs, the wife of a well-known clergyman, was in Westminster Abbey, July 5, 1885. She noticed particularly that the bust of Longfellow in Poets' Corner was ornamented with a wreath which, it occurred to her, had been placed there the day before in recognition of the association of Longfellow's poetry with the patriotic spirit emphasized by the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. There was a card attached to this wreath, and the visitor's curiosity was excited to know the name of the person inscribed on it, who had paid so thoughful a tribute to the memory of the beloved American poet. The name proved to be that of a man who, prevented by proscription from setting foot on the soil of the

British Islands of which he was a native, had deputed a friend to do what he could not—place a memorial tribute on the bust of Longfellow. The poet who had stretched his hand across the ocean to do this kindly act was John Boyle O'Reilly. It was his name that marked the card.

On June 14, this year, O'Reilly read his great national poem "America," at the reunion of the Army of the Potomac at Detroit. In it he honored, as no other poet has done, the pre-eminent virtue of the American people, magnanimity in victory. Recalling the merciless triumphs of other conquerors, he wrote:

> Not thus, O South! when thy proud head was low,
> Thy passionate heart laid open to the foe—
> Not thus, Virginia, did thy victors meet
> At Appomattox him who bore defeat;
> No brutal show abased thine honored State:
> Grant turned from Richmond at the very gate.

Every passage of the patriotic poem was greeted with applause by the veterans. Even the impassive Grant himself, clutching the arms of his chair, leaned forward and smiled his delight. When the poet had ceased, Grant spoke to President Devens, saying, "That is the grandest poem I have ever heard." "General Grant, I would say so to O'Reilly in person," replied General Devens. He immediately did so, shaking the poet warmly by the hand and saying, "I thank you." This demonstration, of course, redoubled the applause of the witnesses.

Among the many tributes of praise paid him for this great poem were the following letters:

DANVERS, MASS., June 19, 1882.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY, ESQ.

Dear Friend: I have read with great satisfaction thy noble poem "America." The great theme is strongly handled. It has much poetic beauty as well as a noble enthusiasm of patriotism.

Thanking thee for sending it, I am very truly thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

AMESBURY, July 7, 1882.

296 BEACON STREET, July 2, 1882.

MY DEAR MR. O'REILLY:

I have never thanked you for your spirited and patriotic poem, which was indeed worthy of the occasion.

All I have done was to send you a lecture which you need not acknowledge, above all, need not feel it your duty to read.

I am thankful that you are with us as a representative Americanized Irishman.

Very truly yours,

O. W. Holmes.

O'Reilly's prediction of the consequence of coercion in Ireland was literally verified. Early in March, Secretary Forster had made the foolish threat, "When outrages cease the suspects will be released." The "outrages," usually the most trifling of technical offenses, such as whistling "Harvey Duff" and other treasonable airs, did not cease; there was nobody, their leaders being in jail, to repress the discontent of the people. Unfortunately for the Irish cause, the inflamed people, hunted and harassed by the petty tyranny of constables and magistrates, were driven into secret conspiracy, the result of which was the awful tragedy of the Phœnix Park murders. Before that dire crime was committed, Gladstone had recognized the futility of his coercive policy, and ordered the release of Parnell, Dillon, and O'Kelly. They were set free on the 2d of May, 1882. Lord-Lieutenant Cowper and Chief Secretary Forster resigned their offices, Earl Spencer and Lord Frederick Cavendish being respectively appointed to succeed them. An era of conciliation seemed to have opened; the true friends of peace rejoiced; but there were some reckless spirits to whom peace was the least welcome of conditions. Their leader and subsequent betrayer was James Carey, a man who had held the office of Town Councilor in Dublin and was for a time locally prominent in the Land League movement. Half a dozen desperate, unthinking fanatics plotted and carried out a scheme for the murder of Under-Secretary Burke, an official who had made himself especially odious to the people. On the afternoon of May 6, the day of his installation as Chief Secretary, Lord Frederick Cavendish, in company with Burke, left Dublin Castle and walked through Phœnix Park, to the Chief Secretary's Lodge. As they were crossing the path, a common hack-

car drove up, and four rough-looking fellows jumping from their seats, rushed on the two men with drawn knives and stabbed them to death. They then leaped upon the car and drove rapidly toward Chapelizod Gate, where they disappeared. It subsequently transpired that the assassins had intended to kill only one victim, and that Lord Frederick was murdered either to silence him, or because he had defended his companion.

When the news of the crime reached America, nothing was heard but horror and detestation of the act. The Irish-Americans of Boston held a mass meeting in Faneuil Hall; it was called to order by Mr. P. J. Flatley, Hon. P. A. Collins as chairman. O'Reilly spoke as follows:

FELLOW-CITIZENS AND FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN: There is to me more of sorrow in this meeting than of indignation—sorrow and grief for the innocent hearts that are afflicted by the murderous blows of these assassins, and these include every Irish heart that throbs in Ireland to-day. The hearts and hands of the Irish people are innocent of this crime. There is not an Irish mark upon it. There is no indication here of hot Irish blood—of the sudden unpremeditated blow of passion—of the hasty vengeance which ever marks the awful presence of bloodshed in Ireland. No Irishman ever killed his enemy with a dagger. In all the history of the Irish people you cannot find an instance in which Irishmen premeditatedly killed each other with knives or daggers. The dagger never was and never shall be an Irishman's weapon. This assassination was coolly planned and was carried out with intellectual precaution and cruelty. It was perpetrated within shadow of the Lord-Lieutenant's house, the Viceregal Lodge, and within a few hundred yards of the Chief Constabulary barracks in Ireland. I declare here to-night, and confidently appeal to the future for the verification of the assertion, that the deed was not committed by the Irish people. I say that it was committed by the class known as gentlemen. It was perpetrated by the class whose power and livelihood were threatened by the death of coercion. Who were these men? The office-holders in Dublin Castle, the paid magistrates who commanded the military power, the officers of the brutal constabulary, the virulent "emergency men." These were the people to whom Lord Cavendish brought the message of doom. To these men his mission said, "Back! hold off your whips and bayonets from the people! Back with your constabulary bludgeons and swords! Your occupation, if not forever gone, is to be held in abeyance." This was the meaning of the new

policy of the office-holders and the Dublin Castle crowd. These men, hereditary office-holders, thriftless, largely profligate, in danger of absolute beggary and arrest if dismissed from office—these men, I say, were the only men in Ireland whose direct interest it was to retain Coercion, to destroy the new order of Conciliation. How could this be done? How could they achieve this purpose? By the commission of an outrage that would be laid at the door of the people. By the murder of a high official. I say, here is a powerful motive for this awful crime—the only motive to be found in all the complex elements of Irish life. I say there is a charge from us against this class—a charge that must be investigated and settled—and we are ready to abide by the settlement. And now for a word of indignation—not as an Irishman so much as an American. The infamous charge has been made by a portion of the English press and the coercion agents in Ireland that this assassination was traceable to the Irish people in America. I read in the papers this morning that the English Minister at Washington and the English Consul in Boston and other American cities had publicly offered rewards in this country for information relative to this fearful crime. As a citizen of Boston, I indignantly protest against this infamous implication that some of the citizens of our proud city have a guilty knowledge of this horrible thing. I indignantly protest against the shameful implication. It is for us Irishmen to offer rewards not in this country, but among the English coercion agents in Ireland. Depend on it that the Irish people will have to buy justice in this matter. The constablery will make no arrests among the official class, unless urged to do so by enormous rewards. Why should they arrest men and destroy their own power and prestige? They see that this crime has served their own purpose. It is for us to offer rewards, and resolve, as we do here to-night, never to rest until we have hunted down these assassins, and cleared the stain from the name of Ireland.

Resolutions in accordance with the spirit of this declaration were passed, and a letter was read from Wendell Phillips, saying:

BOSTON, May 9, 1882.

GENTLEMEN: I am very sorry I cannot join you to-night in expressing our profound regret for the disastrous eclipse which has come over Ireland's proudest hour, and our detestation and horror for this cruel, cowardly, and brutal murder. No words can adequately tell my sorrow for the injury our cause has suffered or my abhorrence of this hideous crime—a disgrace to civilization. But it is by no means clear whether this black act comes from some maddened friend of Ireland or is the cunning and desperate device of her worst enemies. Let us wait for further evidence before we consent to believe that any Irishman

has been stung, even by the intolerable wrongs of the last twenty months, to such an atrocious crime. Ireland's marvelous patience during the last twenty years entitles her to the benefit of such a doubt. Meanwhile, let us work patiently and earnestly to discover the real state of the case. It will be ample time then to analyze the occurrence and lay the blame where it belongs.

Very respectfully yours,

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

An informal meeting of well-known Irish-Americans of Boston had been held on the preceding day, at which it was decided to offer a reward for the arrest of the assassins, and the following cablegram was sent to Mr. Parnell:

To Charles Stewart Parnell, House of Commons, London:

A reward of $5000 (£1000) is hereby offered by the Irishmen of Boston for the apprehension of the murderers, or any of them, of Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke, on Saturday, May 6.

On behalf of the Irishmen of Boston,

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY,
PATRICK A. COLLINS.

O'Reilly's instincts were at fault, unfortunately, when he supposed that the dastardly deed had been the work of emergency men, or other Government tools. It seemed incredible to him that any men of Nationalist feeling could have been blindly infatuated enough to commit such a crime at such a time. The patriotic papers of Ireland were equally mistaken; the crime, like the murder of President Garfield a year before, was so utterly devoid of reason, viewed from the Nationalist standpoint, that the theory of its perpetration by emergency men seemed the only one conceivable. England's response was the immediate passage of a coercion law, although Mr. Gladstone himself had said two days after the tragedy, "The object of this black act is plainly to arouse indignant passions, and embitter the relations between Great Britain and Ireland." Michael Davitt, who had been released conditionally, after fifteen months of imprisonment without trial, offered to go to Ireland and do whatever he could "to further the peaceful doctrines I have always advocated," and received as his

only reply from Sir William Vernon Harcourt, "The Queen will not accord a full pardon to Michael Davitt."

The following July Mr. Gladstone carried his warfare on the Irish members to the extent of expelling Mr. Parnell and twenty-three others from the House of Commons, because they had "obstructed" the passage of his Coercion bill. The act was prearranged and the victims singled out. One of them at least, Mr. O'Donnell, had been absent from the House all night, and was therefore absolutely innocent of the alleged offense. Sir Lyon Playfair, when challenged to show in what way Mr. Parnell had obstructed the proceedings, said: "I admit, Mr. Parnell, that you have not obstructed the bill, or spoken much during its progress, but you belong to the party; I have therefore considered myself entitled to include you in the suspension." The Coercion bill was one of the most atrocious ever passed, even by the English Parliament; one of its clauses gave power to a judge, without a jury, to pass sentence of death on any person or persons for writing or speaking what he (the judge) might be pleased to consider treason. Mr. Gladstone sought to have some slight modification incorporated in the bill, but the Tories united with the English Whigs in defeating him. O'Reilly placed the responsibility where it belonged, when he wrote:

There will be a day of reckoning for this, and when it comes England shall vainly invoke the pity she so ruthlessly denies her victims now in the insolence of her power. Coercion will fail as it has failed before, but the spirit that dictated it will be remembered; for it is the voice of England, not of this or that party; or, to speak more accurately, it is the voice of England's rulers.

The English may be misled by their rulers in this matter, for to-day it is the peasantry of Ireland who are to be dragooned into silence. To-morrow it may be those of England or Scotland. Always it is the people who must be kept in their place, that their "betters" may be left in luxury and idleness. God speed the day when the people shall know and take their true place! That day will come all the sooner when Englishmen and Scotchmen learn that the cause of Ireland is their cause.

On July 20 the cause of Irish patriotism lost as devoted

a lover as had ever lived, and sung, and literally consumed her heart away in its service, Fanny Parnell, sister of the Home Rule leader. Nearly a year previously she had written her greatest verse, prophetic in its spirit, entitled "After Death." O'Reilly, who had been her warm friend, wrote for her his beautiful poem, "The Dead Singer." In his paper he wrote:

There was something almost mystical in her nature and her life. Like the sacred Pythoness, unlike her own slight physical self, she drew her songs quivering with force and passion. Thinking of Ireland made her soul so tremulous with grief, and love, and hatred of the brutal hand on her country's throat, that her body long ago began to suffer from the terrible strain. Her friends warned her that she must stop writing, stop thinking; that she must go away from those who talked to her of Ireland, or brought her newspapers with Irish reports. She knew, too, herself, that her strength was giving way. It is not quite a year ago since the poem "Post Mortem" was written. She was measuring then with her soul's eye the distance to be traveled to the consummation—to Ireland free—and measuring, too, her own strength for the journey. . . . . We shall never be able to read these lines without streaming eyes; this unequaled picture of national love.

"Ah, the tramp of feet victorious! I should hear them
'Mid the shamrocks and the mosses.
My heart should toss within the shroud and quiver
As a captive dreamer tosses;
I should turn and rend the cere clothes round me,
Giant sinews I should borrow
Crying, 'Oh, my brothers, I have also loved her,
In her lowliness and sorrow.
Let me join with you the jubilant procession,
Let me chant with you her story;
Then contented I shall go back to the shamrocks,
Now mine eyes have seen her glory.'"

The Papyrus Club was old enough in this year to begin to indulge in reminiscences. Since its foundation, in 1872, it had had seven presidents, of whom one, its first and long-mourned ruler, Mr. N. S. Dodge, was dead. The surviving ex-presidents were Francis H. Underwood, Henry M. Rogers, John Boyle O'Reilly, William A. Hovey, George M. Towle, and Alexander Young. To these poetically styled

"veterans," the club gave a reception and dinner on Saturday, April 1. O'Reilly read on that occasion one of his brightest humorous effusions:

TO THOSE WHO HAVE NOT YET BEEN PRESIDENT.

We who have worn the crown salute you! Hail!
The dawn is yours, and ours the sunset pale;
You are the undiscovered land, while we
Are stubble fields of old fertility.

We who have worn the purple! Ah, my friends,
We are the symbols of your latter ends.
We are the yesterdays; all our glory's scenes
Are pigeon-holed just o'er the might-have-beens.

We are the yellow leaves, the new year's vows
Left withering, yellow, on the young spring's brows,
Ours the glad sadness of the crown unmissed,
The rich wine drunken, the sweet kisses kissed.

Therefore, we hail you, who in turn shall wear
The heavy crown that left our temples bare!
You are the mine in which the gold-vein sleeps;
You are the cloud from which the lightning leaps.

Yes, friends, *this* honor comes to each in time—
I see the faces changing in my rhyme,
I see the wire-strung meetings year by year,
From which in turn the chosen ones appear.

First, pushing forth like corn in August days
Shoots the soft cone of Babbitt's budding bays.
Then follows one, pressed forward—modest man—
Our Sullivan—(American for *Soolivan*).
Two years, at least, he rules the noisy whirl
Ere to his chair he leads the "Frivolous Girl."

Then Crocker comes to rule our board with law,
And Chadwick knocks to order, with a saw.
Here Dodd presides, a lily at his throat,
Here Parker sounds his mellow Gloucester note;
Here Howard, dusty from the Board of Trade,
Wields the deft gavel his own hands have made.

Here "Rollo" comes from Cambridge, led by Soule;
And so they come, a long and loving roll.

Forward, like fishes to be fed, they press,
Some must be first—the last are not the less.
Down years remote the brilliant line I see,
And every face turns hitherward—ah me!
How shining baits lure man as well as maid,
How hearts will hanker for the things that fade!

Across the coming century, thy line
Is stretched, Papyrus, and I see it shine
From that far end, while this end curtains drape,
For here stands Time, and winds the golden tape.

To you then, brethren, is our message sent
To every embryo ex-President:
"WE salute YOU. While yet you have us here
Treat us full tenderly, and hold us dear.
Receive us often at the banquet gay,
For our poor cup of wine, be proud to pay.
We are your veterans, scarred on breast and brow;
Let *us* run this Club's business—we know how."

And when thro' Time,—say forty years and nine,—
We get full fifty Presidents in line,
Behold, we can outvote the younger men;
And we shall bind them to our service then.
In their white faces on that day we'll shake
The rule and precedent that now we make;
And we the old presiders, then shall speak,
Saying, "*Young men, receive us every week.*"
And they will gnash their teeth, but eke be dumb,
While we enjoy our soft millen*ium*.

CHAPTER XIII.

His Kindness to Young Writers—Versatile Editorial Work—Irish National Affairs—Speech before the League—His Canoeing Trips—A Papyrus Reunion—Death of Wendell Phillips, and O'Reilly's Poem—Presidential Campaign of 1884—"The King's Men"—Another Papyrus Poem—Touching Letter to Father Anderson.

IN December, 1882, a promising young poet, whose life was cut short in early manhood, James Berry Bensell, wrote this touching sonnet to the older poet, who had given him aid and encouragement:

TO JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

As when a man along piano keys
  Trails a slow hand, and then with touch grown bold
  Strikes pealing chords, by some great master old
Woven into a gem of melodies,
All full of summer and the shout of seas,—
  So do thy rhythmic songs my soul enfold.

  First some sweet love-note, full as it can hold
Of daintiness, comes like the hum of bees;
Then, rising grandly, thou dost sound a chord
  That rings and clamors in the heart of hearts,
  And dying as receding waves, departs
Leaving us richer by a lusty hoard
    Of noble thoughts.

    O poet! would that we
Might strike one note like thine—but just for thee!

I do not know just how many poets of his own time have given formal expression to the grateful love which all who knew him bore toward John Boyle O'Reilly; but among those who dedicated volumes of verses to him were David Proudfit ("Peleg Arkwright"), Louise Imogen Guiney, and Dr. R. D. Joyce.

In January, 1883, he wrote another of his great poems, challenging the inequalities and injustices of the social system, "The City Streets." It is full of lines that fairly burn with indignation against the wrongs of the helpless ones.

> God pity them all! God pity the worst! for the worst are lawless and need it most.

The briefest summary of a few months of his life at this period shows the marvelous versatility and working power of the man. His *Pilot* work was more than that of the mere editor, for he was also the leader and teacher of his people; not only did he gravely weigh and discuss the interests of the struggling patriots at home, but he devoted himself with minute zeal to the defense and advancement of his fellow-exiles. It was a critical, painful period. The confession of the informer, James Carey, had proved to O'Reilly's grief and chagrin, that the "murder club" of the Phœnix Park tragedy was not a fiction of Dublin Castle's imagination, nor its act the work of emergency men. He wrote:

> The wretched men who committed these crimes have no perception of the injury they have inflicted on the cause of Ireland. The Irish people throughout the world have raised voices of horror at the atrocious deed. The police murder of Irishmen and women and children by English law, occurring simultaneously with the Phœnix Park crimes, was forgotten. Ireland and her people, with one heart, repudiated the assassination of the Secretaries. We ourselves refused to believe that Irishmen had committed a crime so dreadful and so purposeless.
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> * * * * * *
>
> There is an awful lesson both for Ireland and England in the discovery of these murderers. It is no victory for England to lay bare the abominations of her own misrule. She may use the appalling fact to justify still further coercion. Blind, cruel, and fatuous, will she never learn that such measures cannot have other effect than to increase secret retaliation?
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> The lesson for Ireland is one that has been taught before. Secret organization to commit violent crime is an accursed disease. It has blighted Ireland, under the names of Ribbonism, Orangeism, and Whiteboyism. It has blasted every country that ever resorted to it. It is the poison of patriotic action. Passion and ignorance are its

parents, and its children are murder and cruel crime. The voice of the Church is always against it, and the wise leaders of the people have everywhere abhorred it. The country that allows it to become rife, which sympathizes with its dark deeds, is not fit for freedom. Ireland has not so sympathized.

It is heroic to prepare for war with a tyrant power. Patriots will always win the admiration of mankind for daring to meet the bloodshed of battle for their country's liberty. But the patriot who is willing to go to that sacrifice will be the first to condemn the aimless and secret shedding of blood in time of peace.

Since the Land League was put down in Ireland, the discontent of the suffering people has had no vent. Such a state of things is always full of danger. A smoldering fire only needs a breath to leap to flame. There is the greater need of precaution. Irishmen must be doubly patient and watchful. The moment passion becomes the guide and leader, there is danger ahead, and probably disgrace and death. When we knew not who committed these murders, we condemned them. Now that it appears that the assassins were a few passionate and desperate men, acting out their own blind fury, regardless of the honor of their country, our condemnation is increased. Men who commit crime cannot suffer and be silent as patriots can who endure for a principle; as soon as danger reaches them they become informers on the men they led into the bloody business. Such men as Carey, stubborn, unruly, and ferocious, are the leaders in these dark projects, and they are sure to shrink from the consequences, and buy their vile lives at last by the blood of their dupes.

A week later we find him writing with almost equal earnestness on a subject concerning which his attitude was often either ignorantly or willfully misunderstood. His own words, both then, and subsequently in his great work on "Athletics and Manly Sport," show just how O'Reilly looked upon pugilism. Referring to the Sullivan-Ryan prize fight at New Orleans, he said:

It is undoubtedly true that a wide and lively, if not a deep interest was taken by the men of America in the fight at New Orleans, last week, between Sullivan and Ryan. Every paper in the country published a detailed report of the contest, even though the editorial columns condemned the affair as brutal and degrading. Therefore, it is worth considering why did respectable and intelligent people feel an interest in so unworthy a struggle, and if there be an element of health in pugilism, how may it be separated from the brutality and ruffianism which have always characterized the English "prize ring?"

A man familiar with the "science" of the ring said last week that the three elements of a good boxer were courage, skill, and endurance. There certainly is no exercise more splendidly fitted than boxing to develop these qualities; and this being granted, the popular instinct is easily explained.

But the interest of respectable men in boxing is strictly confined to these elements, which may be seen and judged without beastly and bloody struggles. All that is worth seeing in good boxing can best be witnessed in a contest with soft gloves. Every value is called out, quickness, force, precision, foresight, readiness, pluck, and endurance. With these the rowdy and "rough" are not satisfied. To please their taste, they must be smeared with blood, served up with furious temper, mashed features, and surrounded by a reeking and sanguinary crowd.

The prize fight with bare hands could only have been developed in England. It is fit only for brutalized men. It belies and belittles real skill, which has never been and never can be its test. No prize fight with bare hands was ever decided on the merits of the boxing alone. The end of the controversy is to "knock the other man out." One accidental or lucky blow with the bare fist has often spoiled the chances of the superior boxer, and gained the prize of his opponent.

We trust that the fight in New Orleans will be the last ever seen in America without gloves. It is highly to the credit of the winning man, John L. Sullivan, that he wished to fight with gloves. Months ago, both men were asked to do so; and we are glad that the better man at once agreed. The other refused, casting a slur on Sullivan's courage, and it has turned out to his bitter cost.

Again he pronounces his opinion on a widely different subject, that of woman suffrage, to which he was unalterably opposed, thereby bringing down upon his head the following comment from *The Woman's Journal*:

A poem, written by Minnie Gilmore and addressed to women, has appeared in the Boston *Pilot*. It contains the following couplet:

> "We need not the poll, nor the platform! Strong words may ring out from the pen,
> And leave us still shrined on our hearthstones, the ideal women of men!"

Fifty years ago, women who wrote and published poetry were considered as "Amazonian," and as far removed from the "ideal women of men" as the most ardent advocate of suffrage is to-day. The ghost of Wendell Phillips and the living presence of Miss McCarthy and Mrs. Parnell ought to rise up and remonstrate with Mr. Boyle O'Reilly against the attitude of his paper on the woman question.

O'Reilly called this rebuke "A Blow from a Slipper," and his answer is one of the best ever given to the arguments of the woman suffragists:

We do not surely deserve this harshness. We only agree with Miss Gilmore and Mrs. Parnell, and, if we knew who Miss McCarthy was, we have no doubt that we should agree with her, too.

We are surprised that our e. c. should say so wild a thing as that a woman-poet of fifty years ago was looked upon as an unsexed creature. We need not go into details ; the names of a score of brilliant women, in English literature alone, arise without call to smile down the assertion.

We sincerely respect the women who are leading the suffrage movement; but our respect is for the purity and beauty of their characters and lives, and not for their social or political judgment. As socialists, they do not think scientifically or philosophically. As pleaders, they fly to special arguments, and shirk, with amusing openness, the physical distinction which underlies the relations of the sexes.

Miss Gilmore is right: "the ideal women of men" are not practical politicians ; and so long as men think as they do, they never will be.

Women ought to be fully guarded by law in all rights of property, labor, profession, etc. ; but, roughly stated, the voting population ought to represent the fighting population.

A vote, like a law, is no good unless there is an arm behind it ; it cannot be enforced. This is a shameful truth, perhaps, but it is true. Women might change the world on paper ; but the men would run it just the same, if they wanted to, and then we should only have the law disregarded and broken, and no consequent punishment. And the name of that condition is Anarchy.

Women are at once the guardians and the well-spring of the world's faith, morality, and tenderness ; and if ever they are degraded to a commonplace level with men, this fine essential quality will be impaired, and their weakness will have to beg and follow where now it guides and controls.

Woman suffrage is an unjust, unreasonable, unspiritual abnormality. It is a hard, undigested, tasteless, devitalized proposition. It is a half-fledged, unmusical, Promethean abomination. It is a quack bolus to reduce masculinity even by the obliteration of femininity. It would quadruple the tongue-whangers at a convention, without increasing the minds capable of originating and operating legislation. It would declare war on the devil and all wickedness, and leave the citizens in shirts to do the fighting. It would injure women physically. Who shall say that at all times they are equal to the excitements of caucus rows, campaign slanders, briberies, inflammable speeches, torch-

parades, and balloting on stormy days? How shall the poor workman's wife leave home to go to the polls? The success of the suffrage movement would injure women spiritually and intellectually, for they would be assuming a burden though they knew themselves unable to bear it. It is the sediment, not the wave of a sex. It is the antithesis of that highest and sweetest mystery—conviction by submission, and conquest by sacrifice. It is the——

But there, there—we do not agree with the suffragists; and we have our reasons; no use getting into a flutter over it. We want no contest with women; they are higher, truer, nobler, smaller, meaner, more faithful, more frail, gentler, more envious, less philosophic, more merciful—oh, far more merciful and kind and lovable and good than men are. Those of them that are Catholics, are better Catholics than their husbands and sons; those who are Protestants are better Christians than theirs.

Women have all the necessary qualities to make good men; but they must give their time and attention to it while the men are boys. If the rich ones don't, they will have to hand their work over to poor ones; and in either case in a suffrage era voters would be kept from the polls, and from the caucus, and the foul vapors and vagaries of the campaign.

Fie upon it! What do they want with a ballot they can't defend? with a bludgeon they can't wield? with a flaming sword that would make them scream if they once saw its naked edge and understood its symbolic meaning?

Manifold and various as his labors were, he found time in June of this year to perform one more labor of love, in writing a noble tribute to his friend, Wendell Phillips. It took the form of a letter to the *Republican* of Scranton, Pa. Incidentally he speaks his warm praise of the city which was his home. A great city, he calls it, "because any day you can meet great men on its streets. . . . . It is only one year ago, it seems, although it must be four, that I saw Mr. Emerson and his daughter, who was always beside him, come into a horse-car that was rather crowded. There was probably not a soul on the car who did not know him. And it is sweet to remember the face of the great old philosopher and poet as he looked up and met the loving and respectful eyes around him. . . . . And Oliver Wendell Holmes—every Bostonian knows him. The wise, the witty, the many-ideaed philosopher, poet,

physician, novelist, essayist, and professor; but, best of all, the kind, the warm heart. . . . . Much as I love Boston, I am glad I was not born in it; for then I could not brag of it to strangers; at least not with good taste; being foreign born I can—and I do. . . . . Boston deserves good things, but Wendell Phillips is too good for Boston just yet. The city will grow to him in time. But to this day he is like an orange given to a baby—Boston can only taste the rind of him. . . . . From his first speech in Faneuil Hall, forty-six years ago, to this day, Wendell Phillips has never struck a note discordant with the rights and interests of the people. And, mind you, he was born and bred a class man, an aristocrat. He had the position, the personal attributes, that bind men to the higher life and delightful intercourse of the reserved and select. All distinction was his. . . . . But if one begins to quote from Wendell Phillips's speeches it becomes a kind of intoxication and must be abandoned." I find the same danger in attempting to quote from this masterly tribute of one great man to another. It touched the great-hearted Abolitionist, who replied:

June 18, 1883.

MY DEAR O'REILLY:

What shall I say for all these pleasant things your kindness has made you write about me?

If I were younger, I would fall back on what Windham said to old Sam Johnson's praise, "to be remembered not as having deserved it, but that I may."

Three score and ten, though, cannot indulge in much hope of improvement, even with such gracious stimulus.

The thing I can frankly say is, how glad I am that you thought of bringing in the old letter of 1882; I very much like to have my word go on record with the rest of you against Gladstone and Bright.

But this is so far from being the first time you have brought me into your debt that I may as well stop trying to pay.

Yours cordially,

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

"The old letter of 1882," to which he refers, was one written by him to express his horror at the murder of

Cavendish and Burke, the keynote of which was the characteristic declaration: "Othello was deeply guilty; but the devilish Iago who crazed him was more guilty still."

There had been a recurrence of the dynamite outrages in London during the month of March. Several men were arrested,—some probably guilty, many certainly innocent. "Why does not the *Pilot* sternly denounce the dreadful Irish dynamite policy?" asked a correspondent, and O'Reilly answered that he was tired of "sternly denouncing," especially when his denunciations were used to justify and intensify the still more dreadful English policies applied to Ireland. He continued:

Where are the men who always denounced violence and could do it more effectively than any other? Where is Michael Davitt to-day, that his voice is not heard? Where is T. M. Healy, one of the best Irish representatives? Where is Timothy Harrington, M.P. for Westmeath, a man whose word was respected throughout Ireland?

These men are all in English prisons, treated like dogs, compelled to perform the lowest servile labor, herded with criminals and "punished" with days of bread and water for protesting against the "dreadful" outrages perpetrated on them, and through them on the nation they represent.

We are sick of denouncing our own people. The English papers threaten a race war against the Irish in England. Bah! let them try it. There are a million English and their friends in Ireland who are dearer to the English Government than the two or three million Irish in England. If retaliation is going to be legitimized, and necks are going to be wrung on either side, Ireland has a decided advantage.

But we do not believe the English "people" are so bitterly stirred up against the Irish for their agitation nor even for their loudest protests. The English aristocracy are just brainless enough to attempt to ferment passionate divisions among the races. But they will only bring sorrow on their own heads.

For a dozen years past, we have done our share of "denouncing" violence; and we have always been in earnest. We have tried to generate a public Irish-American sentiment of conservative and moral agitation. What good has been done by it? Every indication of quietude on the Irish side has been seized on by the English as a sign of yielding. Coercion on top of coercion has been the answer to Irish mildness.

Irishmen of the conservative and moral-force idea have had the leading word for years; and the response of England has been, and is,

the most wicked, destructive, and "dreadful policy" she has ever pursued toward Ireland.

England has made O'Donovan Rossa and all the rest of the dynamiters, and now she must make the best of them. We refuse to help her by any more "denunciation." When she had Rossa chained like a wild beast in the dark cells of Millbank and Portland she was sowing the seeds of the dreadful "policy of dynamite" that scares her now for her palaces.

She is sowing similar seed to-day. She will reap the harvest of the hatred and despair she is planting in the hearts of unjustly imprisoned men like Davitt, Healy, Harrington, and Quinn.

A convention of the Irish National League of America, the greatest of its kind ever held in this country, took place at Philadelphia, on April 25, nearly twelve hundred delegates being present, representing all the States and Territories of the Union, and also the provinces of Canada. O'Reilly attended the convention unofficially; he never sought or held any office in the various national organizations which he supported so warmly with pen and purse. He was equally averse to accepting political honors. He had been offered the nomination as auditor on the Democratic ticket in Massachusetts in 1878, but declined the honor. In the national election of 1888 he did accept the honorary position of elector-at-large. He showed his independence in politics by advocating the re-election of Governor Butler, despite the secession of many Democrats, as he had previously favored the nomination of Dr. Green, for Mayor of Boston. He was not always regarded as a "safe" man by politicians; he had a conscience.

On the 12th of July of this year, dear to the hearts of Orangemen as the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne, a new significance was given to the day by the Irish-Americans of Massachusetts, who held their State convention in Faneuil Hall. The meeting was called to order by John Boyle O'Reilly, who said, among other things:

I recognize in this meeting a symbolic and a unique purpose. Twelve years ago this day, in a great American city, about this time in the morning, the militia regiments were called out to protect the peace, because the lives and property of the great city were in danger from an

imported Irish abomination and nuisance. On that day, about this hour, three regiments in New York fired on the people, and forty-four persons were killed and two hundred and twenty men and women were wounded. If it be asked in America, What is the National Irish agitation doing, or what it has done ? I answer that, for one thing, it has forever prevented the possibility of the recurrence of such a dreadful and disgraceful event as that. Within a dozen years the old rancor and evil blood have been obliterated from our national life, and whatever we import from Ireland in the future will not be divided and hateful as it has been in the past. The County Monaghan election the other day saw the men who were opposed to each other in New York twelve years ago go to the polls to vote for the national candidate as brothers. The selection of this day is symbolic. On the 12th of July, it used to be the English custom to inflame the religious divisions invented by themselves, to show they ruled us by our differences. For hundreds of years they kept up the inflammation; but the old wound is cured forever.

It may be asked why hundreds of business men should leave their own business to come to this great American Hall, whose very walls are holy with traditions of liberty; it may be wondered that hundreds of business men should come here to this busy center, with the markets roaring outside the windows, to discuss Irish politics. I say, if we came here only for Irish purposes we should have no business in Faneuil Hall—but we have come here for great American and humanitarian purposes. We have come here to prevent the repetition of such a scene of shame as that which happened in New York on the 12th of July, 1871; to prevent such an iniquity as that of importing paupers from the Irish subject country; to destroy the wicked and ruinous drain on the finances of the people of this country, which are sent every year to fill the pockets of the rack-renting landlords of Ireland; and to take such measures as are best calculated to win to our cause our fellow-citizens and the entire American race. We can do this by appealing to the justice and to the intelligence of our fellow-citizens. It will be our first duty to prevent American citizens from misunderstanding the purposes of the Irish National movement, and from believing the misrepresentations of the English papers and their agents in this country. It is our duty to make it known to America that the National League is based on a reverence for law and order, and we hope to win for our cause the conscientious conviction of every good man in America, no matter of what race.

The old intolerant spirit which had found expression in the shibboleth, "No Irish need apply," was not yet quite dead in Massachusetts; indeed, it had rather become inten-

sified this year by the fact that the Irish-Americans had so generally supported Governor Butler. There were two or three conspicuous instances in which O'Reilly's direct interference prevented the perpetration of rank injustice. One of these was the case of a child, daughter of a poor Irish woman, whom a rich business man attempted to steal from her mother under the legal fiction of "adoption." A society, which should have protected the mother in her rights, used its influence to aid the wrong. The law itself was invoked and misused. As a last resort, some friends of the mother laid the case before the editor of the *Pilot*, who investigated the matter personally, and compelled the charitable society and the rich man whose claim it had supported, to recede from their iniquitous attempt, and restore the child to its mother. There were other cases, many of them, which cannot be rehearsed without inflicting needless punishment upon those who had perpetrated the acts of intolerance, only to repent when called to account before the informal court of justice which was held in the *Pilot* editorial room.

O'Reilly made his first extended canoe cruise in July of this year. During the previous summer he had made a short trip down the Merrimac River, from Lawrence to Newburyport, Mass., thence through Plum Island and Anisquam rivers to Gloucester. Previous to that his boating had all been done in an outrigger on the Charles River. The canoe, unquestionably the most delightful of all pleasure craft, won his instant admiration. With his friend Dr. Guiteras, he started for the headwaters of the Connecticut River, on the 15th of July, 1883. They had made their preparations for a long and enjoyable voyage down to the mouth of the river; but they had not reckoned on the timber rafts, whose peculiarities he humorously describes in the account of his trip incorporated in his book of Athletics. The day after his departure from Boston, I received the following laconic telegram:

Spilled. Send two double paddles to Holyoke, first express. Don't mention.

Nobody, on this side of the water, has ever written such charming books about this charming sport as O'Reilly. English readers had learned something of its delights through the pleasant books of Mr. MacGregor, and Robert Louis Stevenson's incomparable "Inland Voyage" has made the sport immortal in literature. O'Reilly's enjoyment of canoeing was almost as intensely mental as physical. There only was he absolutely free; away from all the stifling conventionalities of life; divested of professional cares; joyful in the simplest of raiment; more joyful yet when he could shed even that for hours, swimming behind his canoe, or, as he called it, "coasting" down the long stretch of swift-running water; sleeping on the softest of all beds, the mossy carpet of a pine grove; basking bareheaded in the sun, half a day at a stretch, letting the tense nerves relax, and the overworked brain lie fallow; drinking in the pure air of the glorious country; living, in short, for a brief, sweet hour, the natural life which all sane men love. There is no other joy in life equal to this; neither honor, nor fame, nor riches; for to a properly constituted mind there is pleasure even in its discomforts. This, perhaps, needs a qualification; the pleasure is found only by those to whom the joys are a rare luxury.

O'Reilly canoed the Merrimac, the Connecticut, the Delaware, the Susquehanna, and the wild depths of the Dismal Swamp. He wrote of his adventures with what some thought poetic exaggeration; but this was an injustice. All canoeists feel the same delight, according to their capacity for feeling; but he had the gift of expressing it.

His Papyrus Club had another red-letter night in this year, when the ex-presidents held a memorial festival at the old place of its birth, Park's Tavern, on Saturday, May 19. O'Reilly read a poem, which he entitled "Alexander Young's Feast," beginning:

> Why are we here, we graybeards? what is this?
> What Faust among us brings this old-time bliss,

This dish of dear old memories long gone by,
And sets it here before us,—like that pie,
That dainty dish whose every blackbird sings.
Ah me ! It minds us we have all been kings.

After some mock-heroic references to the Papyrian dynasty, he continues :

Aye, aye, we wander ! we are garrulous grown !
How strange—in Billy Park's—we eight alone—
("Alone" is Irish for no more, to-night ;
'Tis better to be Irish than be right.)

"All are here," he says ; then, as if remembering for the first time their well-beloved first president, Dodge, he says :

Hush ! One
Is absent,—he the merriest, he the youngest. Where
Is that dear friend who filled this empty chair ?
One vacant place ! Alas, the years *have* sped!
That gulf was bridged with rainbow and 'tis fled.
Ah, boys, we can't go back! that chair forbids—
But to his memory now, with brimming lids,
We drink a toast,—"May he with genii dwell !"
And when we go may we be loved as well.
* * * * * *
We have been generals,—what is now our style !
Old stagers we to form new rank and file;
Or have we any meaning, but to meet,
Like ancient villagers, with tottering feet,
Who love to sit together in the sun,
With senile gossip till their day is done ?

And so the verses run on, through good-humored nonsense and banter, all of a personal character, and "not intended for publication," winding up with an absurd transition to plain prose.

On Friday, January 18, 1884, John Edward Kelly, one of the *Hougoumont* political convicts, died in the City Hospital, Boston, in the prime of his manhood. He was one of the Irish Protestants who had fought bravely in the brief Fenian uprising. A native of Kinsale, Ireland, he had emigrated with his parents to Nova Scotia in early youth, and, while still a lad, came to Boston. In 1863 he

connected himself with the Fenian movement in that city, and three years later went over to Ireland and, together with Peter O'Neil Crowley and Captain McClure, headed the revolt in the County Limerick. He and his two associates were at last surrounded by three hundred English soldiers in Kilclooney Wood, where Crowley was shot dead and the two others made prisoners. He was tried for high treason and received the barbarous sentence, which only one civilized country had retained on its statute books,—"to be hanged, drawn, and quartered,"—which meant to be drawn on a hurdle to the gallows, to be hanged, but *not* "hanged to death." The half-strangled man was to be cut down, disemboweled, and his entrails burned while he was yet alive, after which he was to be beheaded and his body cut into quarters. Kelly's sentence was commuted to life imprisonment, and he was sent with the other political prisoners to Western Australia. The hardships which he had to endure while working in the road-parties of the penal settlement broke down his health, and in March, 1871, he and other political prisoners were set free. The National League of Boston erected a monument, in the shape of an Irish round tower, over his grave in Mt. Hope Cemetery, and formally dedicated it on November 23, 1885. O'Reilly delivered one of his noblest orations on that occasion, the full text of which will be found elsewhere in this volume.

The death of Wendell Phillips, on Saturday evening, February 2, 1884, was a personal bereavement to O'Reilly. As the death of the Fenian hero, Kelly, was to evoke one of O'Reilly's greatest orations, so that of Wendell Phillips became the inspiration of a poem so full of tender feeling and noble eulogy as to rank among the best of its kind in the language. He wrote it within six hours. It came from his brain, or rather from his heart, full-formed and perfect, so that he made scarcely a single change in republishing it with his last collection.

The poem received well-merited praise from critics who had not unlearned the ld-fashioned principle of deeming

the poetic thought more valuable than its verbal clothing. Whittier wrote:

DANVERS, February 7, 1884.

DEAR FRIEND:

I heartily thank thee for thy noble verse on Wendell Phillips. It is worthy of the great orator.

Thine truly,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Geo. W. Cable, the great Southern novelist, sent him his meed of praise from:

HARTFORD, CONN., February 11, 1884.

MY DEAR MR. O'REILLY:

I am confined to a sick chamber, and for the most of the time to my bed, though daily recovering; but I cannot refrain from writing you to thank you for and to congratulate you on your superb poem on Wendell Phillips. I had the pleasure to see it this morning copied in the *Hartford Courant* and read it to Mark Twain, who was at my bedside,—or rather whom I called from the next room to my bedside to hear it. Once, while I was reading it, he made an actual outcry of admiration, and again and again interjected his commendations. I am proud to know the man who wrote it; he can quit now, his lasting fame is assured.*

I must stop this letter—have not much head as yet.

Yours truly,

GEO. W. CABLE.

Judge Chamberlain, the scholarly librarian of the Boston Public Library, wrote at a later date:

Of "Wendell Phillips" I had formed a high opinion. The copy—a newspaper cutting—is ever by my side. The more I see it the more I think it a great poem.

It is an interesting fact that only one of Phillips's marvelous lectures had ever been fully written out. That was in its author's opinion "the best he could do,"—his great tribute to Daniel O'Connell. He gave the manuscript of it to O'Reilly, in 1875, immediately after its delivery at the O'Connell Centenary celebration in Boston. Perhaps the

* The asterisk refers to the following foot-note: "Doubtless it was assured before, but this poem will always shoot above your usual work like the great spire in the cathedral town."

most remarkable tribute, in its way, paid to O'Reilly's poem on Phillips, was the invitation gravely extended to him by the city government of Boston to write another poem on the same subject for the memorial services held by the city in the following April!

A great mass meeting of Irish-Americans was held in the Boston Theater on Sunday evening, February 17, 1884, to hear an address from John E. Redmond, M.P. for New Ross, County Wexford. Rev. P. A. McKenna, of Hudson, Mass., opened the meeting and introduced John Boyle O'Reilly as chairman, who commenced his address by saying:

I am compelled to remember that the last time an Irish member of the English Parliament addressed a Boston audience, an illustrious man filled the place that I now occupy,—a man of true heart and eloquent lips, whom we looked upon dead in Faneuil Hall the other day. We laid flowers beside his beautiful dead face that evening; but from this, the first great meeting of Irish-Americans since his death, we can take another tribute and lay it on his grave in the Granary burial-ground, an offering that will be richer and sweeter than floral tributes—our love, our sorrow, and our gratitude. You remember, when he addressed the leader of the Irish National party on a Boston platform a few years ago, how he impressively said: "I have come to see the man who has made John Bull listen."

One man needs men behind him to make John Bull listen, and Parnell has had a few men—but all of them true men and young men—from the beginning of his national agitation. A great man has said, "Give me nine young men and I will make or unmake an empire." Parnell has had less than nine men at a time, rarely more than twice nine, but they were all young men. Ireland is now showing the world that her young men cannot only lead regiments, but compel senates. It is remarkable that never before in the history of nations has there been a great political national agitation, a great intellectual movement against an oppressive government, impelled and controlled by young men. It is a wonderful thing that hardly a single man who leads or is foremost in the movement of the Irish National party has yet seen forty years, and many of them have not seen thirty years. An easy task, it may be said, they have undertaken; but not so. They have undertaken a task of ultimate statesmanship—that of winning with the minority, and they have won. Ireland has learned the golden lesson that what she lacks in the weight of her sword, she must put into its temper.

The presidential campaign this year was conducted with more than common vigor on both sides. The Republican National Convention, held at Chicago early in June, had nominated Blaine and Logan. O'Reilly warmly advocated the selection by the Democrats of General Butler as the head of their ticket. Mr. Blaine's popularity with Irish-Americans, though much overrated, was strong enough, as it seemed to O'Reilly, to make the nomination of any Democrat, not especially popular with that element, a dangerous thing for the party. Grover Cleveland had given offense to many people while Governor of New York; he had made powerful enemies in the local Democratic organizations; it was feared they would take their revenge should he be made the party's candidate in the general election. O'Reilly's preference was for Butler or Bayard, the latter statesman not having as yet appeared on any stage large enough to display his own littleness. The Convention nominated Cleveland, whereupon O'Reilly, who had opposed his selection up to the last moment, and still thought it an unwise one, accepted the situation frankly and loyally, saying:

> We opposed the nomination of Cleveland, the candidate; we shall faithfully and earnestly work for the election of Cleveland, the Democratic standard bearer.
>
> The Democratic principle is the Democratic party; and this is infinitely greater than the men it selects or rejects. It involves much more than the personal likes or dislikes of individuals. Not the interests of present men alone, but the future of American liberty is bound up with the preservation of the Democratic party. Those who wish to abide by its principles must not follow wandering fires. . . . . To the dissatisfied ones we say, as we have said to ourselves: "Look round and see where you are going if you leave the Democratic fold."

If his political prescience had been at fault, as it assuredly was in the case of Mr. Bayard, his party fealty was firm and sincere. He combated the efforts of Mr. Blaine's supporters to capture the "Irish vote" by representing that statesman in the rôle of "a friend to an Irishman." Mr. Blaine's besetting sin of indecision helped as much as

anything else to avert the threatened stampede of Irish voters and insured his defeat at almost the last moment, when he did not dare rebuke the bigoted minister Burchard for his famous utterance concerning "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion."

Courage, moral and physical, was never lacking in the make-up of John Boyle O'Reilly. He had conscientiously opposed the nomination of Mr. Cleveland; he as conscientiously supported the nomination when made, and, as we shall see, no critic was more severe or outspoken in denouncing the mistakes and faults of Mr. Cleveland's administration. That which he wrote in the middle of the campaign of 1884 is a good explanation of why Irish-Americans are mainly Democrats in politics. The question of race had not been introduced into the contest by him nor by the Democratic party; but as the issue had been raised, O'Reilly justly defended the party to which his countrymen owed gratitude for past friendship.

"Irish-Americans have been Democrats," he said, "not by chance, but by good judgment. Tried in the fires of foreign tyranny, their instincts as well as their historical knowledge of Jeffersonian Democracy, led them to the American party that expressed and supported the true principles of Republican Government. Experience has shown them that their selection was good. Every assault on their rights as citizens in this country has come from the Republican party and its predecessors in opposition, and in all these assaults the Democracy has been their shield and vindication. . . . . We do not want to see Irish-Americans all on one side; but we want to see them following principles and not will-o'-the-wisps. We want to see them conscientiously and intelligently right, whichever side they take."

Intelligent Democrats everywhere admitted that to John Boyle O'Reilly and Hon. Patrick A. Collins was due the frustration of a very able attempt to turn Irish-American voters to the Republican party.

The regular Irish National League Convention was held

in Faneuil Hall, on August 13, President Alexander Sullivan, of Chicago, presiding. Two Irish parliamentary delegates, Thomas Sexton and William E. Redmond, were present, both at the convention and at the monster meeting held on the 15th in the hall of the New England Manufacturers' Institute, where nearly 20,000 people assembled. O'Reilly took an active but unofficial part in the organization of both meetings. Patrick Egan was elected to succeed Mr. Sullivan as President of the League.

In the same month appeared a curious novel, from which I have quoted in the account of his prison life at Dartmoor, "The King's Men," written by four authors, John Boyle O'Reilly, Robert Grant, Frederic J. Stimson ("J. S. of Dale"), and John T. Wheelwright. The authors received $5000 for the work, which was said to have increased the circulation of the Boston *Globe*, in which it appeared serially, to the extent of thirty thousand subscribers. The book was a literary curiosity, but so well had the several authors done their parts that a reader, not in the secret, would have failed to perceive that it was not all the work of a single writer. It was published in book form by Charles Scribner & Sons, of New York.

Another of the delightful poems, unpolished and unpretentious, with which he used to entertain the Papyrus Club, was read at its regular meeting, on October 4 of this year. It is entitled "The Fierce Light," and refers, of course, to that which beats upon the throne of Papyrus.

THE FIERCE LIGHT.

A town there was, and lo! it had a Club—
A special set, each hubbier than the Hub;
Selection's own survival of the fit,
As rubies gleam ere gathered from the pit,
These rare ones shone amid the outer horde
Till picked and gathered for the club's bright board.

Oh! but they made a nosegay for the soul,
Tied with a silken by-law, knit by Towle.

'Twould do you good with spiritual nose
To sniff the odor of the psychic rose,
Historic musk, and philosophic pea,
Poetic pansy, legal rosemary ;
To smell the sweet infusion, pills and paint,
And law, and music, shaded with a taint
Of science, politics, and trade.

And so
It came to pass, they could no longer go,
Until from out their brilliant rank was led
A man to stand as capstone, ruler, head.
They cast their eyes around to choose them one ;
But closed them quick, as they had seen the sun.
The faces of their fellow-members blazed
Till none could look, but all stood blind and dazed,
With thoughtful brows and introverted eyes ;
And thus it was that each one in surprise,
Beheld himself the center of his sight,
And wrote his own proud name from left to right
Across his ballot, even as one inspired.

Then came the count of votes ; a clerk was hired
To sort the ballots, while the members sat
In silent hope, each heart going pit-a-pat ;
Swift worked that clerk till all his work was done,
Then called the vote : *each member there had one!*

They thanked each other for the compliment,
While round the room their gloomy looks were sent.
They knew that now a choice of one must come ;
They asked for names ; but all the crowd was dumb.
At last one said : "*Let's take no other test,*
But vote for him whom each one loves the best!"

A moment later were the ballots cast :
Each wrote one name e'en swifter than the last ;
The votes were counted, sorted, and the clerk
Was seen to smile when closing up his work.
"One name alone," he cried, "has here been sent,
And N. S. Dodge is your first president!"

Lord! how we cheered him, and how he cheered too,
The kindly soul—the childlike and the true ;

The loving heart that fed the merry eye,
The genial wit whose well ran never dry.
Lord! how he ruled us with an iron rod
That melted into laughter with his nod!

Just hear him scold that ribald songster's note,
With fun all beaming from his dear "club coat,"
Just see the smiling thunder on his brow
At some persistent rebel. Hear him: "Now
This club *must* come to order. Boys, for shame!
I say there, Pascoe! I shall call your name."

Oh, dear old friend! Death could not take away
The fragrant memory of that happy day!
We speak not sadly, when we speak of you:
Nay, rather smile, as you would have us do.
We think you do not quite forget us here;
We feel to-night your kindred spirit near,
We pray "God rest you, loving soul!" and pray
Such love to have when we have passed away.
Old joys, no doubt, are magnified through tears
But God be with those unpretentious years!

Fast spins the top! That golden time outran
Too swift, too soon. And now another man
To head the board must from the board be drawn.
Oh, varied choice! Some vote for brain, some brawn;
Some, skill to rule; some, eloquence to speak;
Some, moral excellence, some, zeal; some, cheek:
That one an artist wants—a poet, this;
And each proposal met with cheer and hiss—
Till from the table rose a sightly head,
A Jove-like dignity, white beard outspread.
He spoke for hours—and while he spoke they wrote,
Their choice unanimous—he got the vote!
Dear Underwood! they chose him for his beard:
He ruled for years, and each year more endeared.

Then came another gulf without a bridge:
And who shall stretch from annual ridge to ridge?
A sound was heard—the Club with searching stare
Beheld a figure standing on a chair:
'Twas Rogers—Henry M.; well posed he stood,
Head bent, lips pursed,—a studious attitude.

No word was said; but each man wrote his name,
And hailed him President with loud acclaim.
He stepped him down: "You know me like a book,"
He said, "I am the friend of Joseph Cook!"

While Rogers reigned the club climbed high in air;
Then paused to help O'Reilly fill the chair.
Selected he for neither gift nor grace,
But just a make-shift for the vacant place.

Twelve months the club considered then its choice,
And, like a trained Calliope, one voice
Announced that Alexander Young was Mayor;
They chose him for his grave, benignant air:
"We want historians!" they proudly said:
"The Netherlands," by Young, they had not read,
Nor had he writ; but their prophetic rage,
Could see the writing in him, every page!

Then grew they weary of the serious minds,
As children long for candy's varied kinds.
They cried: "We want a man to please the eye;
A sensuous, soft, mellifluent harmony!"
And all eyes centered with direct accord
On Towle, the gentle wrangler of the board.
He swayed the gavel with a graceful pose
And wore a wreath of sweet poetic prose.

Wide swings the pendulum in one brief year:
The fickle-hearted Club cries: "Bring us here
A man who knows not poetry nor prose;
Nor art nor grace, yet all these graceful knows;
Bring us a brusque, rude gentleman of parts!"
They brought in Hovey, who won all their hearts.

Next year, the Club said: "Now, we cannot choose;
Goodness, we've had, and beauty, and the muse;
Religion's friend and Holland's guardian, too:
Go—nominate—we know not what to do."

And forth they brought a man, and cried: "Behold!
A balanced virtue, neither young nor old;
A pure negation, scientific, cold—
Yet not too cold—caloric, just enough—
Simple and pure in soul, yet up to snuff.

In mind and body,—doctor, artist, wit,
Author and politician,—he, and she, and it!"
"Enough!" they shouted: "Harris, take the bun!"
And all were sorry when his year was done.

Then with the confidence of years and looks,
The Club cried gayly: "We've had lots of books,
And beards, and piety, and science. Now—
We want a ruler with ambrosial brow—
A jovial tra-la-la! A *débonnaire*—
A handsome blue-eyed boy with yellow hair!"

And forth stepped Babbitt, with a little laugh,
And blushed to feel the gavel's rounded staff.
He scored a high success—a fairy's wand,
The bright good nature of our handsome blonde.

And then the Club cried: "Go; we make no test.
They all are fit to rule. Give us a rest!"
So went they out, committee-like, to find
A likely candidate with restful mind.
They found him, weeping, hand on graceful hip,
Because a fly had bit a lily's lip.

They cheered him up, and bade him lift his eye:
"Nay, nay," he said, "I look not at the sky
On unæsthetic week-days! Go your way;
I seek a plaintive soul! Alack and well-a-day!"

They heard no more, but seized him as a prize,
And bore him clubwards, heeding not his cries.
Behold him now still looking in his glass,
Narcissus-like, not Bacchus; and, "Alas!"
He sighs betimes, "I would my lady were
Sitting with me upon this weary chair!"

And so we fill the album and the mind
With jokes all simple, faces true and kind.
And so the years go on and we grow old;
These are our pleasant tales to be retold.
These in our little life will have large place,
And fool is he who wipes out jest or face.
Men love too seldom in their three-score years,
And each must bear his burden, dry his tears;
But when the harvest smiles, let us be wise
And garner friends and flowery memories.

In the autumn of this year the exiled poet enjoyed a welcome visit from Father Anderson, of Drogheda, a typical Irish patriot priest. On the latter's return to Ireland, O'Reilly wrote him the following tender and touching letter:

November 7, 1884.

DEAR FATHER ANDERSON:

God speed you on your home voyage. I am glad I have met you, and I hope to meet you again. I may never go to Drogheda, but I send my love to the very fields and trees along the Boyne from Drogheda to Slane. Some time, for my sake, go out to Dowth, *alone*, and go up on the moat, and look across the Boyne, over to Rossnaree to the Hill of Tara; and turn eyes all round from Tara to New Grange, and Knowth, and Slane, and Mellifont, and Oldbridge, and you will see there the pictures that I carry forever in my brain and heart—vivid as the last day I looked on them. If you go into the old grave-yard at Dowth, you will find my initials cut on a stone on the wall of the old church. Let me draw you a diagram. (Here follows a diagram of church, with place marked.) This is from the side of the church nearest the Boyne. I remember cutting "J. B. O'R." on a stone, with a nail, thirty years ago. I should like to be buried just under that spot; and, please God, perhaps I may be. God bless you. Good-by! Fidelity to the old cause has its pains; but it has its rewards, too—the love and trust of Irishmen everywhere. You have learned this, and you have it. I will send you photographs of all my girls when you get home. Always tell me what you want done in America and it shall be done if it be in my power.

I am faithfully yours,

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

REV. J. A. ANDERSON, O.S.A.

CHAPTER XIV.

O'Reilly's Case in the House of Commons—Refused Permission to Visit Canada—Slander about "Breaking Parole" Refuted—A Characteristic Letter in 1869—His Editorial "Is it Too Late?"—Bayard, Lowell, and Phelps—Another Speech in Faneuil Hall—Hanging of Riel—"In Bohemia"—Farewell Poem to Underwood—"Hanged, Drawn, and Quartered."

THE case of the "self-amnestied" convict became the subject of diplomatic correspondence and parliamentary discussion in the winter of 1884–85. The circumstances were as follows: In December, 1884, O'Reilly was invited to deliver an oration in Ottawa, Canada, on the following St. Patrick's Day, being assured of protection from arrest in that part of her Majesty's Dominions. The assurance, though verbal, was doubtless sincere and valid, so far as the Dominion authorities were concerned, but how far it would go in protecting him from the Imperial Government, should anybody choose to denounce him as an escaped convict, was very uncertain. He, consequently, declined the invitation, but sent the letter to Secretary of State Frelinghuysen, asking if his citizenship would protect him from arrest, in case he went to Canada. Mr. Frelinghuysen offered to send the question to the English Government through Minister Lowell. O'Reilly then wrote to Mr. Sexton, M.P., acquainting him with his action, and asking his advice and that of the other Irish Nationalist members. They advised him to write his request directly to the English Home Secretary, alluding, of course, to the action of the American Secretary of State. This he did; and the matter rested for several weeks.

Meanwhile the St. Patrick Society of Montreal, through its President, Mr. D. Barry, had sent a deputation to Ottawa, to interview the members of the Government. Their report showed that Sir Alexander Campbell, the Minister of Justice, and Sir John A. Macdonald, the Premier, saw no reason why O'Reilly should not visit Canada. They promised that the Government would take no action against him. On receipt of the news, O'Reilly accepted the invitation to speak in Montreal on St. Patrick's Day.

Subsequently, however, he received the following reply to his letter to the English Home Secretary:

SECRETARY OF STATE, HOME DEPARTMENT,
WHITEHALL, January 29, 1885.

SIR: With reference to your letter of the 19th inst., asking permission to visit Canada, England and Ireland, I am directed by the Secretary of State to inform you that he has already received an application to a like effect from the American Minister, to which he has replied that having regard to the circumstances of your case he cannot accede to the request.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
GODFREY LUSHINGTON.

Mr. J. B. O'Reilly, Pilot Editorial Rooms, Boston, Mass.

The following is the official dispatch sent by Minister Lowell to Secretary Frelinghuysen:

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
LONDON, January 29, 1885.

SIR: Referring to your instruction, No. 1046, of December 16 last, I have the honor to acquaint you that immediately after its reception I went to see Lord Granville, and inquired formally, as directed by you, whether this Government would molest Mr. J. B. O'Reilly, in the event of his entering the British Dominions. Lord Granville promised to bring the matter before the Home Secretary, and to send me an answer as soon as possible.

I have just received his Lordship's reply to my inquiry, and lose no time in transmitting to you a copy of same herewith. You will observe that the British Government do not feel justified in allowing Mr. O'Reilly to visit the British Dominions.

I have the honor to be, etc.,
J. R. LOWELL.

Lord Granville's letter to Minister Lowell was as follows :

FOREIGN OFFICE, January 27, 1885.

SIR : I referred to Her Majesty's Secretary for the Home Department the request which you made to me personally when calling at this office on the 9th inst., in favor of Boyle O'Reilly, one of the persons convicted for complicity in the Fenian Rebellion of 1866.

I have now the honor to acquaint you that a reply has been received from Sir W. V. Harcourt, in which he states that application had already been made from other quarters on behalf of O'Reilly, which had been refused, and, having regard to the circumstances of the case, he regrets that your request is one which cannot safely be granted.

I have the honor to be, etc.,

GRANVILLE.

In February, 1885, Mr. T. Harrington, M.P., introduced a petition in the British Parliament asking amnesty for James Stephens and John Boyle O'Reilly. The petition was supported by Mr. Sexton in an able speech. He called attention to the fact that not only had every civilian, sentenced at the same time as O'Reilly, been released, but every military offender had also secured his liberty ; that many civilians had been set free on condition they should never return to the Queen's Dominions, while similar conditions had not been imposed upon the military offenders. Whatever else might be alleged, he said, it could not be maintained that there was any moral distinction between the case of John Boyle O'Reilly and those members of the British army tried, convicted, and sentenced at the same time :

There was, however, one point of difference. When Mr. Boyle O'Reilly had endured some part of his sentence of penal servitude, he escaped from the penal settlement in Australia. His escape was accomplished under circumstances of daring which attracted very general sympathy. The right honorable gentleman (Sir W. Harcourt) smiled, but he would try to escape himself. Mr. O'Reilly made his way to the coast of Australia with the help of some devoted friends; he put out to sea in an open boat, floated alone upon the surface of the ocean for three days and three nights, then had the good fortune to be taken on board an American ship, and, under the shelter of the American flag, he made good his escape to the United States. With regard to the smile of

the Home Secretary, he (Mr. Sexton) asked whether it was not a universal principle that a man suffering a sentence of penal servitude would make an effort to escape? If by any conceivable turn of fortune the Home Secretary came to suffer penal servitude himself, would he not make an attempt to escape? He (the Home Secretary) might have shown as much ingenuity as Mr. Boyle O'Reilly, but it was doubtful if he would have shown as much courage.

Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT.—I should have been shot by the sentries.

Mr. SEXTON.—If Mr. Boyle O'Reilly was shot they would not have been considering his case. The point was that his guilt was not increased by his effort to escape. Mr. Boyle O'Reilly, whom he had the pleasure to meet lately at Boston, was a gentleman of very high personal qualities and of the rarest intellectual gifts, and during the years of his residence in America he had made such good use of his powers that he now filled the position of co-proprietor with the Archbishop of Boston and some other prelates, of one of the most important journals in the United States. Mr. O'Reilly was one of the most influential men in the State of Massachusetts, and one of the most honored citizens in the United States, and might long ago have occupied a seat in Congress if he could have spared from his literary labors, and the duties of journalism, the time to devote himself to public life in that capacity. He (Mr. Sexton) might go so far as to say that one of the English gentlemen who met him lately in Boston, Sir Lyon Playfair, who occupied the position of chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of this House, was so impressed with the personal qualities and gifts of Mr. O'Reilly that he was one of the gentlemen who pressed upon the British Government the propriety and the duty of extending to Mr. Boyle O'Reilly the terms freely given to the men convicted under similar conditions. In December last, the Irish residents of the city of Ottawa, intending to hold a celebration on St. Patrick's Day, invited Mr. Boyle O'Reilly to join them. The celebration of St. Patrick's Day was held in so much respect that it was the custom for the Parliament of the Dominion to adjourn on St. Patrick's Day, so as to allow the members of Parliament of Irish birth or sympathy to attend the celebration. Mr. O'Reilly replied to the invitation that he did not feel at liberty to accept it, in consequence of the uncertainty which he felt of what the action of the British Government might be toward him. He put himself into communication with the American Secretary on the matter, and such was the sense entertained by the American Secretary of the position of Mr. Boyle O'Reilly that he put himself into communication with the American Minister in London, who had an interview with Lord Granville, and on the part of his government put the matter before the Queen's Minister in due form. At this stage the matter dropped for some time, and he (Mr. Sexton) received a letter from Mr.

O'Reilly informing him what had been done and asking his advice. He (Mr. Sexton) conceived that the case was one in which the Government would have no hesitation in granting the request. The interest of the Government so clearly lay in wiping out any violent or vindictive memories of the time of Mr. O'Reilly's trial, that he had no doubt that the case was one in which there was no necessity for diplomatic circumlocution, and he advised Mr. O'Reilly to address himself directly to the Home Secretary if the application to the American Minister did not immediately result in a satisfactory decision. The interview of the American Minister with Lord Granville took place on January 9, and on the 29th Lord Granville's decision was communicated to those concerned. Lord Granville wrote: "Your request is one that cannot safely be granted." Mr. O'Reilly was a public politician in America, who freely and frankly expressed, in the press and on the platform, his opinions on the Irish political question, and on any other question that came within the range of his duty, and his public position alone would surely be a sufficient security for his conduct. The first error the Government committed in the matter was that through vindictiveness against a man because he happened, nearly twenty years ago, to escape from their custody, they had refused a request made in true diplomatic form by the Minister of a great government with which they claim to be on friendly terms. He was bound to describe that as a gross diplomatic error. Mr. Lowell, the American Minister, in his letter to the American Secretary, said: "The British Government do not feel justified in allowing Mr. O'Reilly to visit the British Dominions." Whereas the Foreign Secretary appeared to believe that the safety of the realm was concerned with the question of whether Mr. O'Reilly went to Canada, the American Minister appeared to think that Lord Granville thought there was some moral objection. What was the language of the Home Secretary himself? He wrote on the 29th of January, to Mr. Boyle O'Reilly's application, saying that he had already received a like application from the American Minister, and had replied that having regard to the circumstances of the case he could not accede to his request. Here it was not a question of the safety of the realm, or of moral justification, but merely the word of the right honorable gentleman. Meanwhile, what was happening in America in the interval between Mr. O'Reilly's application and the reply of the right honorable gentleman? The Irish residents of Montreal gave an invitation to Mr. O'Reilly to visit them, and Mr. O'Reilly replied that he would be unable to go, in consequence of the action of the British Government. Thereupon the Irish residents sent a deputation to the Government of Canada, at Ottawa, and upon their return made a public report that Sir A. Campbell, the Minister of Justice, and Sir John Macdonald, the Premier, saw no reason why Mr.

O'Reilly should not visit Canada. Did the right honorable gentleman know more about Canada than its Premier and its Minister of Justice? One Government decided in one way, and the other in a different way. Which decision was right? A constitutional question of the gravest import was involved. If a Canadian Government allowed a man to visit the Dominion, did the Home Secretary mean to say that the Home Government could interfere? Then, again, the prerogative of the Crown in England was the prerogative of mercy. The Crown sometimes interfered for the purpose of releasing a man, but it was new to him (Mr. Sexton) that the Crown should interfere to imprison a man whom the right honorable gentleman and the Government had determined not to molest. The right honorable gentleman betrayed an indifferent knowledge of the correspondence of his own department. Here was a letter signed "Godfrey Lushington," and dated the 29th of January, which said that the Home Secretary had received an application, but could not accede to the request.

Sir WM. HARCOURT.—I could not give him leave to go to Canada.

Mr. SEXTON.—But the right honorable gentleman has assumed to himself the right to refuse leave. His (Mr. Sexton's) object was not to appeal on behalf of Mr. O'Reilly, who would probably never repeat his request—indeed, it was doubtful if he would now accept the permission if it were offered to him. He (Mr. Sexton) wished to protest against the course which the Home Secretary had pursued, and to point out to the Government that they were exposing themselves to ridicule and contempt throughout America. They were worse than the Bourbons, for they learnt nothing, forgot nothing, and forgave nothing. He would ask the right honorable gentleman for his decision on the constitutional question.

Sir WM. HARCOURT said that he had never heard of O'Reilly before, and his case certainly could not be dealt with in any exceptional way. The case had come before him as that of a man who had committed the offense known as "prison breach," and he could only deal with it on the ordinary line of prison discipline. He (the Home Secretary) had not interfered with the Government of Canada. O'Reilly might be a very much respected and distinguished person, but that would not prevent him from being, in regard to his offense, dealt with as any other prisoner.

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR said that in politics there was nothing so good in the long run as a forgiving temper, but the Home Secretary, after an interval of twenty years since the conviction of Mr. O'Reilly, could only speak of that gentleman's case in so far as it concerned "prison discipline." The member for Stockport, in bringing forward his plea for the establishment of a court of criminal appeal, had not supported his arguments by reference to any Irish cases, though there were many

that would have served his purpose much better than those English ones of which he had availed himself. The honorable gentleman had gone back to some very ancient cases, but he need not have looked further than a case which was only six or twelve months old, namely, that of Bryan Kilmartin. He might have pointed out as an argument for his court of appeal, that though this man was quite innocent of the offense with which he was charged, he was allowed by the Lord Lieutenant to remain under an atrocious and undeserved stigma. Alluding to the treatment of Irish political prisoners, the honorable member said that it was the treatment which was largely responsible for the maintenance of that temper between the two races which was such a constant cause of alarm. The Home Secretary had said that he knew nothing of Mr. O'Reilly. Well, the right honorable gentleman was the only educated man in the world who did not know that gentleman. He heard derisive cheers, but right honorable gentlemen opposite should recollect the proviso that he had made. He had said the right honorable gentleman was the only "educated" man. Mr. O'Reilly was one of the best known, most respected, and most eminent citizens of the United States. He (Mr. O'Connor) complained of Mr. O'Reilly being constantly referred to as "O'Reilly." It was the tone of insolence, of arrogance, of mean and snobbish contemptuousness which in a great measure accounted for the acrimony which unfortunately characterized Irish discussions in that house. The Home Secretary would live in history, but what would be thought of him, the honorable member, if he were constantly to describe the right honorable gentleman as "Harcourt," or as "William Harcourt," or as "the man Historicus." Then, with reference to the right honorable gentleman's observations on prison breach, he complained again of that style of speech. Would the Ambassador of the United States interest himself on behalf of a common burglar? This was a diplomatic question in which a great government addressed another great government, and the attempt of the right honorable gentleman to reduce it to the contemptible proportions of a common law matter was really not worthy of him. In conclusion he said it would do no harm to any great government to show that it could forget and forgive offenses. As a colleague of the right honorable member for Midlothian he (Mr. O'Connor) would ask the Home Secretary to remember that but for men like John Boyle O'Reilly Liberal governments would not have had the glory of passing measures for the benefit of Ireland. If the application should be renewed, he hoped that the right honorable gentleman would have learned to have some regard for the feelings of Irishmen, and some admiration for those who had done and suffered in their country's cause. These sentiments animated all governments and all peoples, except in the single melancholy instance of the demeanor of England toward Ireland.

Mr. Harrington had included O'Reilly's name with that of Stephens in the petition for amnesty, at the request of the Drogheda National League, but when that body, through its executive, communicated the fact of its petition to O'Reilly in the previous December, he had at once telegraphed back, "Kindly withdraw my name."

The debate in the House of Commons attracted much attention on both sides of the ocean. Sir William Vernon Harcourt's reference to his escape as a crime of prison breach, seems to have furnished the very flimsy foundation for a slander which, in keeping with its character, did not find voice until the subject of it was dead; it was that in escaping from the penal settlement as he did, O'Reilly broke his "parole." Searching inquiry has failed to discover anybody willing to stand sponsor to the lie; but the nameless and fatherless foundling was received on terms of social equality by some in whom envy or prejudice outweighed respect for the dead. They did not stop to inquire into the inherent absurdity of the statement that a criminal convict, for that was O'Reilly's status in the eyes of the British law, would have been likely to be put upon his word of honor not to effect his escape. Such a preposterous charge should be sufficiently answered by the negative evidence that there is no corroborative testimony supporting it. Happily, however, there are those living who, of all men, are best qualified to speak positively on the question. They are honorable men whose word will not be doubted by men of honor; men of the other kind it is not necessary to address. In reply to a direct question on the subject, Captain Henry C. Hathaway, of New Bedford, Mass., the rescuer of O'Reilly, writes:

NEW BEDFORD, November 11, 1890.

DEAR FRIEND ROCHE:

Yours at hand and noted, and in answer will state that the people who are talking against my dear old departed friend, John Boyle O'Reilly, were either strangers to him, or else through jealousy or cowardice seek for means to destroy the reputation of a man against whom, while living, they could not or did not dare to utter such a

charge. O'Reilly was a true and a brave man; this I have always said of him while living, and now that he is dead I say the same without fear; for no one, in my judgment, can point his finger to a mean act that he ever did. Perhaps no one in America knew him (outside of his own immediate family) better than I. We roomed seven long months together on board the good old bark *Gazelle;* we had every confidence in each other, and would stake our lives for each other. The story of his escape, he often told me, was that he used to deal out provisions to the chain-gang; he never was on parole. This he told me, and it was so, for John Boyle O'Reilly never lied to me.

Yours very truly,

HENRY C. HATHAWAY.

The other witness writes in equal indignation against the slanderers, and specifically refutes the slander itself. It is the priest, Rev. Patrick McCabe, through whose good services O'Reilly made his escape. Father McCabe is now a resident of the United States; his letter is as follows:

ST. MARY, WASSECA COUNTY, MINN.,
November 19, 1890.

MY DEAR MR. ROCHE:

I have your letter of the 6th inst. Absence from home prevented an earlier reply. John Boyle O'Reilly never broke his parole, *never having one to break.* From the day that he landed from the convict ship *Hougoumont,* in Fremantle, up to the day of his escape from Bunbury, he had been under strict surveillance, and was looked upon as a very dangerous man and treated as such. No man living knows this better than I do. Silence the vile wretch that dares to slander the name of our dear departed friend, and you will have my blessing.

Yours sincerely,

P. MCCABE.

As illustrating the character of the young fugitive from British justice, I will here introduce a letter (received since the first chapters of this book went to press), written by him to an Irish paper at a time when he was in danger of recapture; and when his chief fear was lest the generous American who had befriended him might never be repaid for that kindness:

ISLAND OF ASCENSION, August 27, 1869.

To the Editor of the "Irishman":

DEAR SIR: I doubt not that your readers will be glad to hear that one of their countrymen who had the honor to suffer for Ireland, had

also the good fortune to escape from his Western Australian prison and the terrible perspective of twenty years' imprisonment.

On the 18th of February I escaped, seized a boat and went to sea, but had to return to land in the morning. I then lived in the "bush" for some time, and eventually put to sea again, and before long was picked up by an American whaler. The captain knew who and what I was, and installed me as a cabin passenger, and as he was on a six months' cruise for whales, I remained on board for that time, and every day had a fresh instance of his kindness, and that of the officers, and all on board. I had some very close escapes from being retaken when on board, but the officers determined I should not. In one English island at which we touched the governor came on board and demanded me to be given up, as he had instructions that I was on board. The chief mate answered him by pointing to the "Stars and Stripes," which floated at the "half-mast" (in sign of mourning), and said, "I know nothing of any *convict* named O'Reilly who escaped from New Holland; but I did know Mr. O'Reilly who was a political prisoner there, and he was on board this ship, but you cannot see him—he is dead." And he was forced to be content with that. Since then I have received help in money, when it was found that I could not escape without it, and now, sir, I presume to ask that should anything happen to me, that gentleman who assisted me shall not lose his money. (I give his name, but not for publication.) I know my countrymen will not misconstrue my motive in writing this. I send this to England by a safe means, where it will be posted for you. The captain's name is Captain David R. Gifford, Bonny Street, New Bedford, Mass. I am not in his ship now.

Thanks for publishing my "Old School Clock."* I saw it a day or two since. I am making my way to America. I am hurried in writing. Good-by! God speed you all at home in the good cause.

Ever truly yours,

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

I am going where I am unknown and friendless. Please let me have an introduction through your paper to my countrymen in America.

O'R.

To return to chronological sequence, the year 1885 opened with a renewal of so-called dynamite outrages in London. Westminster Hall, the Houses of Parliament,

* Mr. Vere Foster's memory was evidently at fault when he reported the poet as having said that he had not known of the publication until informed by Mr. Foster.

and the Tower of London were the three points of attack. Buildings were shattered, but not a human life was lost; the dynamiters had selected a day and hour, two o'clock Saturday afternoon, when few people would be likely to be visiting those places. O'Reilly thus commented on the outrages:

That the explosions were intended as a warning voice is obvious from the selection of places—the Tower of London, the symbol of English strength, antiquity, and pride; the House of Commons and Westminster Hall, the sacred and famous rooms of the national councils. It would be easy to destroy private property or national property of lesser importance; the dockyards are accessible; the governmental offices are not difficult of entrance; the palaces of royalty cannot be guarded at every door. But all these were passed by the dynamiters as of small significance, and the very heart and lungs of Britain, watched and guarded and fenced round with steel and suspicion, were selected as the point of attack.

The world cries out indignantly against the destroyers, the passionate rebels against injustice who would reduce all order to chaos in their furious impatience. But the world should at the same time appeal to the oppressor to lighten his hand, to remember that the harvest of wrong is desolation.

If England's pride is too great to yield under compulsion, what shall be said of Ireland's pride? Are the scourgings, exile, starvation, misreport of nearly a thousand years to be obliterated at the order of an act of Parliament? The nations that prize civilization and appreciate the force and limit of human statutes should urge justice and amity on England as well as Ireland. The evil cannot be stamped out; it must be soothed out by Christian gentleness and generosity. The social dangers of our time can only be averted by a higher order of law. The relations of men and nations must be made equitable or they will be shattered by the wrath of the injured, who can so readily appeal to destructive agencies hitherto unknown.

Since the Phœnix Park assassinations England's course in Ireland has been, as before, persistently and stolidly tyrannous. The most virtuous and peaceful country in Europe, by England's own showing, is ruled by armed force. Its chief governing officers are abominable criminals, exposed by Irish indignation and shielded by English arrogance. The Irish population is disarmed and gagged; popular meetings for discussion forbidden. Paid magistrates and English police-chiefs govern, instead of the natural authorities, among the people themselves. The cities and towns are wasting away. The farmers on the lands of English absentee landlords are bankrupt, and there are no

industries on the rushing streams to employ their children. The fertile country, unsurpassed in the world for natural wealth, supports a miserable, unhappy, rebellious people, whose children are scattered in all lands.

Ireland is a victim in the hands of its destroyer. While we condemn the dynamiters who trample under foot the laws of God and man, we ask all who have power to speak to urge justice on the strong as well as forbearance on the weak.

A few days afterward, on January 31, an Englishwoman, giving the name of Yseult Dudley, called on the famous "dynamiter," O'Donovan Rossa, at his office in New York, and professed herself anxious to help along his operations against England. Meeting him by appointment the following Monday, she walked with him along Chambers Street, then suddenly drawing a revolver, stepped behind him, and fired five shots, one of which took effect in his back. When asked why she had committed the crime, she answered, "Because he is O'Donovan Rossa." The exploit evoked admiration from the Englishmen who had just been raving over the dynamite outrages. The London *Standard* advised Mr. Parnell to take the shooting of Rossa well to heart: "Stranger things have happened than that the leader should share the fate of the subordinate." The *Times* compared Mrs. Dudley to Charlotte Corday. She was in danger of becoming a national heroine; but she was sent to a lunatic asylum, and soon afterward released.

It was while this frenzy of race hatred was at its height that O'Reilly, always ready to speak the wise word in the right time, wrote a strong appeal—"Is it Too Late?"

The startling news from Egypt has diverted attention, for the hour, from the dreadful relations fast growing between England and Ireland. The madmen were at the helm a week ago, and the nations seemed to be rapidly drifting into a war of races more appalling than the world has ever seen, for the limits of such a conflict, should it ever come, will extend round the planet, wherever there are Irishmen and English interests.

The madmen are at the helm yet. When thirty million English people wildly cheer a half insane and wholly disreputable murderess, and thirty million people of Irish blood half sympathize with the des-

perate lunatics who would burn down London—it is time for both sides to pause.

It is time for both England and Ireland to answer this question: *Is it too late to be friends?*

In the present hour of her calamity and grief, we say to England that she can steal the exultation out of Irishmen's hearts by granting the justice that they now ask, but will soon demand, from her. A hundred years ago, when she had to grant Ireland a free Parliament, the position of England was not so perilous as it is now, nor had the Irish people then one tenth of their present strength.

One magnanimous statesman in England, one leader with the courage and wisdom of genius, would solidify the British Empire to-day with a master stroke of politics. He would abolish the Union, and leave Ireland as she stood eighty-five years ago, a happy, free, confederated part of the Empire.

Such a policy would silence the dynamiters and radicals, satisfy and gratify the Irish people throughout the world, strengthen the British Empire, and make America thoroughly sympathetic. There are twenty million people in the United States who as kindred feel the rise and fall of the Irish barometer; and the policy of America must largely respond to their influence in the future.

It is only a question of a few years till Ireland obtains all that she now asks, and more, without England's consent. Nothing can stop the wave of Irish nationality that is now moving. At the first rattle of the conflict in India or Europe, Ireland's action may mean the ruin or salvation of the British Empire.

England may think that an offer of friendship from her would now come too late. She knows her own earning in Ireland, and may well doubt that her bloody hand would be taken in amity by the people she has so deeply wronged. *But let her offer.* She is dealing with a generous and proud and warm-hearted race. We know the Irish people; we gauge their hatred and measure their hope; and we profoundly believe that the hour is not yet too late for England to disarm and conquer them by the greatness of her spirit, as she has never been able to subdue them by the force of her armies.

Again, a fortnight later, he wrote, "It is not too late," expressing his belief that the people of England were even more ready for the word of peace than those of Ireland, only that the selfishness of their rulers stood in the way. "Send an olive branch to Ireland, Mr. Gladstone," he said, "before it is too late. Let the end of a great life become sublime in the history of Great Britain and Ireland by a

deed of magnanimity and wisdom. It is not too late to win Irish loyalty for a union which leaves her as free as England—the only union that can satisfy Ireland and make the British Empire more powerful than ever."

England did not heed the warning of Irishmen at home and in America. They asked for the bread of justice, and she sent them a stone idol, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The answer came in the action of the Parnellite members voting with the Conservatives in the House of Commons on the 8th of June, and so turning the scale against the Gladstonians.

O'Reilly advocated Home Rule for his adopted home as vigorously as for the land of his birth. When the Legislature of Massachusetts in May, 1885, passed a bill taking away from the city of Boston the appointment of its own police, he condemned the act as a departure from the old Puritan system of the town meeting, the greatest safeguard of public representation. . . . . "Their descendants were of the same mind; but they are destructive, while the fathers were constructive; the men of old made the town meeting, the men of to-day would destroy it. . . . . The Puritan element proves itself unworthy of life by attempting to cut its own throat!" This nucleus of all liberty, the town meeting, he subsequently glorified in his great poem at the celebration of the Landing of the Pilgrims.

Mr. Bayard, who had been appointed Secretary of State by President Cleveland, was the conspicuously weak element in the new administration. James Russell Lowell had made himself obnoxious to every patriotic American by utterly ignoring the rights of citizens unjustly imprisoned by the British Government during his term of office as Minister to England. On his return to America in June, he was represented as having said to a newspaper interviewer: "There is nothing but English blood in my veins, and I have often remarked that I was just as much an Englishman as they were;" and that he thoroughly approved of the treatment given to Ireland by the Gladstone administration. "We had earnestly hoped," says O'Reilly, "to see Mr.

Lowell come back to America to be honored as a great American poet and a man of letters; and we now as earnestly protest against his new character of a shallow English politician. We want his other self, his old self, his higher self, redeemed from this weak and bastardizing influence. Let him love England; it is right that Americans of English blood should love their kindred so far as their kindred deserve. But spare us the sight of a great American poet singing his love for the hoary evils of English social classification, which true Englishmen mean to cure or cut out; and the atrocities of English misrule, which honest Englishmen condemn and apologize for. . . . . O Mr. Lowell, you of all men to speak lightly of an oppressed race! Do you remember these lines addressed to the terrible sisters, 'Hunger and Cold,' and when you wrote them?

"'Let sleek statesmen temporize;
Palsied are their shifts and lies
When they meet your blood-shot eyes
Grim and bold;
Policy you set at naught,
In their traps you'll not be caught,
You're too honest to be bought,
Hunger and cold.'"

The successor of Mr. Lowell in the English mission was a Vermont lawyer, Mr. E. J. Phelps, who excelled the former in love for English institutions, and by his conduct abroad succeeded in alienating a large section of the Democratic party from the administration. This and other appointments of Mr. Bayard, coupled with his singular disregard of American interests wherever they conflicted with those of England, aided largely in the defeat of President Cleveland in 1888.

The death of General Grant, on July 23, called out another fine poem by O'Reilly, who admired the simple straightforward conduct of the soldier, although he had frankly opposed the hero's policy as a President.

A soldier of a very different type, and another race, died in October of the same year. His title was Lord Strath-

nairn, his name Hugh Rose. Rose had been a general in the English army at the time of the Indian mutiny; he was subsequently commander-in-chief of the forces in Ireland, at the time when O'Reilly was a soldier in the Tenth Hussars. Of him O'Reilly wrote:

This was the cold-blooded wretch who adopted or originated the dreadful plan of blowing the Sepoy prisoners from the mouths of cannon. Thousands of brave men were thus destroyed. The deepest devilishness of the thing consisted not in the horror of the death, but in the fact that the Hindoos regarded such a death as barring the soul from heaven forever. The process of the wholesale murder was as follows, as described by eye-witnesses: A man was chained facing the muzzle of the cannon, the mouth of the piece against the center of his body; and behind him were bound nine men, close together, all facing toward the gun. At one horrible day's slaughter, forty pieces of artillery were occupied for hours. The discharge of the gun blew the ten men to shreds; and the assembled multitude of Indian witnesses had an illustration of English vengeance that was calculated to insure submission.

In the days of the Fenian excitement in Ireland, Sir Hugh Rose was transferred from India to that country; and in 1865, when the Fenian insurrection was daily looked for, this military ruffian publicly paraded his brutal request to be "allowed to deal with the Irish as he had dealt with the Sepoys." Had an opportunity offered, the meaning of his transfer from ravaged India would have been made as clear as blood in Ireland. But he has died without this added glory, and the days are fast passing when in the name of civilization such a monster could be let loose on a patriotic people defending their lives and homes.

A great meeting was held in Faneuil Hall on October 20, in aid of the Irish Nationalist cause, Governor Robinson, Mayor O'Brien, Hon. F. O. Prince, and several other distinguished citizens making speeches. John Boyle O'Reilly delivered a spirited impromptu address as follows:

Sir, centuries before Christopher Columbus was born, this Irish cause was as vivid and as well defined as it is to-day. Speeches and meetings of Irishmen at any time, for nearly a thousand years, were representations of this meeting and our speeches to-night, and nothing could have kept that alive in our hearts but the repeated scattering of the life blood of our men over the soil of our country. We have made the soil of Ireland fat with sacrifice, and, thank the Lord, we are seeing

the harvest here. No more can the Cromwellian system be applied to Ireland. Why? Because of the expatriated millions, because of the great moral and political force the Irish and their descendants have in many great countries, because we are England's enemies until she makes us her friends—enemies in trade, enemies in politics, enemies in social life.

If I believed, sir, that the words of Mr. Chamberlain were meant by England, if I believed it to-day—and I am a citizen of America and my children will be always American people—I say, if Mr. Chamberlain's words were true, that Ireland would never get what she wanted, I would not only subscribe to dynamite, I would be a dynamiter.

I want to say, for my own self-respect, and for the self-respect of my countrymen, that behind all their constitutional effort is the purpose to fight, if they don't get what they now ask for.

I believe now, to come down from that sort of talking to a quieter sort, that our process here is purely American; that our purpose here is as purely and practically American as Irish; and that we have here a terrible reason for continuing this Irish fight in this State and over all the Union, and this Boston merchant's letter* suggests a word to me. Here is a man employing hundreds of men and women, and he says that nine tenths of them are Irish or Irish-Americans, and he says that they have to give, sir, a large proportion of their earnings to pay rents in Ireland, and save relatives there from eviction and starvation.

We complain with reason that the Chinese go back to China when they save money. Ah, there is a pathetic and a terrible truth in the fact that the same charge might be made against us—that we send millions upon millions of American money, earned by our hard work, to Ireland. We send it year after year to Ireland, to pay the landlords, to save our kindred; and it ought to be kept here; Ireland ought to be able to support herself.

There is another American reason why we should continue this Irish agitation. The elements of our population are mainly in the East descended from England and Ireland, and they inherit a prejudice, an unfriendliness—an unnatural, artificial, ignorant antipathy on both sides. That unnatural condition of distrust and dislike should cease in America, and we should amalgamate into one race, one great unified, self-loving American people; but that condition will never come until peace is made between the sources of the two races. Their descendants in this country will always be facing each other in antagonism, discontent, and distrust, until England sits down and shakes hands freely with Ireland.

Louis Riel, the French-Canadian "rebel" of the Red

*From A. Shuman, Esq., inclosing a contribution of $100.

River country, was hanged at Regina, N. W. T., on November 16. O'Reilly, who sympathized with the half-breeds in their brave resistance to injustice, and who had met Riel after his first outbreak, some fifteen years previously, could not believe that the Government of England would be unwise enough to make a martyr of him. But when the cowardly deed was done he said:

> England's enemies in Canada, the United States, and Ireland may well smile at the blood-stained blunder. Forever the red line is drawn between French and English in Canada. Riel will be a Canadian Emmet. The Canadians needed a hero, a cause, and a hatred. They have them now, and, if the people be worthy, they possess the secret and the seed of a nation.

There was much virtue in that "if." The French Canadians took their only revenge by burning their enemies in effigy, the Orangemen with equal dignity fighting to prevent the harmless cremation, and all the national anger seemed to have oozed out in the smoke and stench of burning rags.

In March of this year O'Reilly wrote the poem, which has had perhaps more admirers than any single lyric from his pen, "In Bohemia." He first read it to his brothers of the Papyrus Club, who only anticipated the verdict of all readers in accepting it as the national anthem of the boundless realm of Bohemia. In the *Outing* magazine for December appeared his best as well as his shortest narrative poem, "Ensign Epps, the Color Bearer." The humble hero of the "Battle of Flanders" had been commemorated in prose by some musty chronicler, but his fame will last as long as that of the poet who has embalmed his deed in such noble verse:

> Where are the lessons your kinglings teach?
> And what is the text of your proud commanders?
> Out of the centuries heroes reach
> With the scroll of a deed, with the word of a story
> Of one man's truth and of all men's glory,
> Like Ensign Epps at the Battle of Flanders.

These two, with other poems, appeared in his last collection, to which he gave the title "In Bohemia." Another Papyrus president, Col. T. A. Dodge, son of the first of that royal line, visited geographical Bohemia a few years ago, and brought home as a trophy for the club a beautiful silver salver, on which is engraved in Bohemian and English characters the text, "I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land."

Another ex-president, the distinguished author, Mr. Francis H. Underwood, had been appointed United States Consul to Glasgow, and his departure was celebrated by a dinner at "Taft's," in Boston Harbor, on August 5. O'Reilly wrote an amusing farewell poem for the occasion, of which a few extracts will show the character:

* * * * * *

When men possess one secret or one creed,
Or love one land, or struggle for one need,
They draw together brotherly and human—
(Those only fly apart who love one woman).
So we, with one dear picture in our heart
Draw closer still with years, and grieve to part.

* * * * * *

And now, old Glasgow totters to its fall,
And Underwood is called to prop the wall.
We smile to him—and we congratulate
The Nation that has stolen a march on Fate.
We say to him: O Brother, go ye forth,
And bear good tidings to the misty North:
Show them to write a book or taste a dish,
To sell a cargo or to cook a fish:
Teach them that scholars can be guides of trade,
When men of letters are our consuls made;
That those who write what all acknowledge true
Can act as well when duty calls to do.
And when they cry with wonder: "What a man!"
Answer: "Go to! I am no other than
A simple citizen from out the Hub,
A member of the quaint Papyrus Club!"

* * * * * *

Some dreamer called the earth an apple—well,
The Celt dares all the cycles have to tell:

To call the globe a fruit is rash and risky ;
But if it be, its juice is Irish whisky !

Stick well to this, old friend, and you will take
With graceful ease the Consul's largest cake.
Good-by ! God speed you ! On the other side
We know that you will take no bastard pride
In aping foreign manners, but will show
That Democrats are Gentlemen, who know
Their due to others and what others owe
To them and to their country—that you will,
When years bring out *our* Mugwumps, turn your face
Toward home and friends to fill your old-time place
The same old-time Papyrus-Yankee still.

O'Reilly's speech at the dedication of the monument to J. Edward O'Kelly, on November 23, attracted wide attention, and provoked a brief but spirited controversy. A rash critic, who yet was not rash enough to write over his own name, wrote to the Boston *Herald*, informing "the editor of the *Pilot* that long before his day the sentence of hanged, drawn, and quartered was done away with ; and, although it may not be a matter to be pleased about, the writer can to-day say where are to be found the 'gallows-irons' in which hung the corpse of the last man so condemned in Great Britain. That was long before Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly became a Fenian. . . . . Such an unchristian style of sentence as that of the culprit being hanged, drawn and quartered had ceased to exist before Mr. O'Reilly was born ; and I can only say that I believe he indited that epitaph for the same purpose he addressed the audience at the meeting of the National Land League recently, that is, to stir up dissent, if his power could do it, between the two greatest countries upon the earth."

O'Reilly replied very conclusively to this critic, who had signed himself "Mancenium" :

To the Editor of the Herald :

A writer in your paper of to-day questions the accuracy of my definition of the English capital sentence for high treason. The writer is evidently ignorant of the question, and is only filled with a desire to

defend England from the charge of brutality which such an execution illustrates.

Allow me to give your readers some facts bearing on the matter. Many Boston readers were shocked by the meaning of the sentence as stated by me in a speech at Edward Kelly's grave—a man who, in 1867, with other Irishmen, was convicted of "high treason," and sentenced to be "hanged, drawn, and quartered," according to English law.

I did not state the sentence fully, I admit: I shrank from speaking the words to American ears, or writing them for American eyes. The whole horrible truth is dragged out now by the challenge of a zealous champion.

The person adjudged guilty, by English law, of high treason forfeited his property to the crown, was drawn on a hurdle to the gallows, there hanged, then cut down, disemboweled, and his entrails burned before life was extinct; and the body was then beheaded and quartered.

This sentence has never been changed since it was passed and perpetrated on Robert Emmet, in 1803.

In the thirtieth year of George III., when the American "rebels" were guilty of high treason by wholesale, it was enacted that the execution for this offense might be carried out without the full perpetration of these enormities. But the horrors were by no means abrogated or forbidden, nor were they always discontinued in practice, as we shall see.

The procedure at a rebel's execution under this sentence is briefly but clearly recorded in an English official paper, the Dublin *Courant*, published at Dublin, in 1745. Three Scottish rebels of that time were executed in London. This official organ says:

"Yesterday, between eleven and twelve o'clock, the three rebels, Donald McDonald, James Nicholson, and Walter Ogilvie, were drawn in one sledge from the new jail in Southwark to Kennington Common. Alexander McGromber, who was to have suffered with them, received, the night before, a reprieve for twenty-one days. When they came to the gallows they behaved with decency and composure of mind. Before they were tied up, they prayed nearly an hour without any clergymen attending them; and when the halters, which were red and white, were put on them and fixed to the gallows, they prayed a few minutes before they were turned off. Walter Ogilvie delivered a paper to the officers of the guard, though none of them spoke to the populace, but referred to the accounts by them delivered. After hanging fourteen minutes, Donald McDonald was cut down, and, being disemboweled, his entrails were flung into the fire, and the others were served in a like manner; after which their heads and bodies were put into shells, and carried back to the new jail."

Twenty years later than the execution of these three Scottish patri-

ots, two Irish gentlemen, relatives, one of them a Catholic priest, Rev. Nicholas Sheehy, parish priest of Newcastle, Tipperary, and Edmund Sheehy, were sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. On the 15th of March, 1766 (nine years before the Battle of Bunker Hill), Father Sheehy underwent this barbarous sentence at Clonmel. The head of the murdered priest was stuck on a pike and placed over the porch of the old jail at Clonmel, and there it was allowed to remain for twenty years (till 1786)—ten years after the declaration of American independence; till at length the dead priest's sister was allowed to take it away and bury it with his remains at Shandraghan.

On the 3d of May, in that year (1766), Edmund Sheehy, James Buxton, and James Farrell underwent the same sentence at the town of Clogheen. Some of the vile details were omitted, however. In the *Gentleman's* and *London Magazine* of May, 1766, there is an account of their execution, evidently written by an eye-witness. I take this extract:

"Sheehy met his fate with the most undaunted courage, and delivered his declaration (of innocence of crime) with as much composure of mind as if he had been repeating a prayer. When this awful scene was finished, they were turned off upon a signal given by Sheehy, who seemed in a sort of exultation, and sprang from the car. He was dead immediately. They were cut down, and the executioner severed their heads from their bodies, which were delivered to their friends. Sheehy left a widow and five children; Buxton, three children; Farrell, one."

To prove that the barbarous sentence has long been abandoned, the writer in the *Herald* says rashly, that "there have been men put to death," within recent years, for "offenses against the crown," but they were not "hanged, drawn, and quartered." He says he can, to-day, say where are to be found the "gallows irons" in which hung the corpse of the last man so condemned in Great Britain.

The nameless gentleman is thinking of men who were "hanged in chains"—a totally different sentence and execution, and for a wholly different crime.

There were no "gallows irons" needed when a man was only to be hanged a few minutes and then cut down and carved. Gallows irons were used not to kill but to suspend the corpse, sometimes for weeks, on the gallows, so that it could not be cut down by friends of the criminal. This was the punishment of robbers and pirates; but no man condemned for high treason was ever "hung in chains." Indeed, no man "in his day or mine" has been put to death for high treason in Great Britain or Ireland. No man in those countries received the capital sentence for high treason between Robert Emmet in 1803 and Edward Kelly, Gen. Thomas Francis Bourke, now of New York, and other Irishmen of the revolutionary movement of 1867.

In the year 1798 two Irish gentlemen, brothers, distinguished members of the bar, named John and Henry Sheares, were tried for high treason, and sentenced to be "hanged, drawn, and quartered." In the Cork *Evening Post*, July 23, 1798, there is a graphic account of their execution. On the gallows, standing hand in hand, both declared that they had only tried to reform the oppressive laws which bound Ireland. The report says:

"After hanging about twenty minutes, they were let down into the street, where the hangman separated their heads from their bodies, and, taking the heads severally up, proclaimed, 'Behold the head of a traitor!' In the evening the trunks and heads were taken away in two shells." The complete enormity of the sentence, if not actually omitted, is not further described in this case.

In the case of Robert Emmet the details are left out of the official report, with the significant words, "after hanging until he was dead, the remaining part of the sentence was executed upon him."

Between Robert Emmet and Edward Kelly the sentence for high treason was never used, and never altered.

Let us see how Robert Emmet was killed. An eye-witness, Mr. John Fisher, of Dublin, a well-known man, wrote the following words: "I saw Robert Emmet executed. . . . . The execution took place at the corner of the lane at St. Catherine's Church, in Thomas Street, and he died without a struggle. He was immediately beheaded upon a table lying on the temporary scaffold. The table was then brought down to market house, opposite John Street, and left there against the wall, exposed to public view for about two days. It was a deal table, like a common kitchen table." A short time after the execution, within an hour or so, Mrs. McCready, daughter of Mr. James Moore, a well known Dublin citizen, in passing through that part of Thomas Street, observed near the scaffold, where the blood of Robert Emmet had fallen on the pavement from between the planks of the platform, some dogs collected lapping up the blood. She called the attention of the soldiers, who were left to guard the scaffold, to this appalling sight. The soldiers, who belonged to a Scottish highland regiment, manifested their horror at it; the dogs were chased away. "More than one spectator," says Dr. Madden, repeating the words of eye-witnesses, "approached the scaffold when the back of the sentinel was turned to it, dipped his handkerchief in the blood, and thrust it into his bosom."

The official English report of the execution of Robert Emmet, published in the Dublin *Freeman's Journal* of September 22, 1803, says: "After hanging until dead, *the remaining part of the sentence of the law was executed upon him.*"

If the question of these atrocities be one of humanity, and not of

mere technical knowledge, I may here quote the words on another, but kindred subject, of an eminent Protestant historian of Ireland, Robert R. Madden, F.R.C.S. of England, M.R.I.A., etc., who is still living, describing the tortures inflicted on Annie Devlin, the faithful servant of Robert Emmet, to make her betray the patriot leader. Dr. Madden says: "Annie Devlin, the servant of Robert Emmet, was half hanged from the back band of a car, the shafts being elevated for the purpose of making a temporary gallows—a common contrivance of terrorists of those times. The account of her sufferings I had from her own lips, on the spot where those atrocities were perpetrated. When she was taken down, her shoulders and the upper parts of her arms were pricked with bayonets, the cicatrized marks of which I have seen and felt."

I can give, if necessary, hundreds, yea, thousands, of instances of legal murder, maiming, mutilation, and torture, perpetrated by English officials and their subordinates in Ireland. My object in mentioning the sentence of Edward Kelly was historical and humanitarian. I should expect the sympathy and indorsement of every honest man, and especially of every independent and manly Englishman. In his name, and the name of his race, these abominations have been committed by a government of aristocrats and royal rascals, who have misused and impoverished the people of their own country as well as of Ireland. The Englishman who thinks it his duty to defend or deny these things must choose one of two despicable positions.

Edward Kelly, Gen. T. F. Bourke, and other Irishmen, in 1867, were tried for high treason, and received exactly the same legal sentence as that passed on William Orr, the brothers Sheares, Thomas Russell, and Robert Emmet, in 1798 and 1803—"to be hanged, drawn, and quartered."

In the year 1798, the following Irishmen, all of the class of gentlemen, were "hanged, drawn, and quartered" for what England called high treason.

I separate them according to their religious beliefs:

ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

Henry Sheares, Bartholomew Tone,
John Sheares, Matthew Keough,
B. B. Harvey.

PRESBYTERIANS.

William Orr, Henry Byers,
Henry Monroe, Rev. Mr. Warwick,
James Dickey, Rev. Wm. Porter,
Henry J. McCracken, Rev. Mr. Stevelly.

CATHOLICS.

William M. Byrne,	John McCann,
J. Esmond, M.D.,	William Byrne,
Walter Devereux,	Esmond Ryan,
Felix Rourke,	S. Barrett,
Col. O'Doude,	John Kelly,
John Clinch,	Harvey Hay,
Rev. Moses Kearns,	Rev. John Murphy,
Rev. Mr. Redmond,	Rev. P. Roche,
Rev. Mr. Prendergast,	Rev. J. Quigley.

On the whole, I am obliged to the writer in the *Herald* who has drawn out these facts, every one of which deserves—not the destructive sentence for high treason, but its English sister monstrosity—"to be hanged in chains."

I am respectfully yours,

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

BOSTON, November 26, 1885.

CHAPTER XV.

Article in *North American Review*, "At Last"—Address before the Beacon Club of Boston—Defense of the Colored Men—The Five Dollar Parliamentary Fund—"The American Citizen Soldier"—"The Cry of the Dreamer"—Another Characteristic Letter.

THE general election in Ireland, toward the end of the year 1885, resulted in the return of eighty-six Nationalist, against seventeen Tory members of Parliament from that country. England, Scotland, and Wales had as yet hardly begun to consider Home Rule as a practical question, until it was brought home to them by this remarkable expression of Ireland's will.

To a keen observer and sanguine patriot like O'Reilly, its success now seemed to be only a question of time. In the *North American Review* for January, 1886, he wrote a graphic summary of Ireland's long struggle for nationality, with a prediction of its approaching success, under the heading "At Last." Reviewing briefly the conquest and spoliation of the country by Henry the Second and his successors, he showed how England, in putting the schoolmaster and the priest on an equal felonious footing, had struck at the brain and heart of the conquered people, in order the better to despoil their pockets:

> England had resolved to make the Irish forget that they were Irish, trusting that when this had been achieved she could teach them that they were in truth not Irish, but West Britons, and had never had national freedom, or traditions, or glory, or great men, or wise laws, or famous schools, or a high civilization, and the honor of other nations, but had always been a poor, broken, restless, miserable, quarrelsome people, dreaming about ancient greatness that was all a lie, and about future freedom and honor that were all a delusion; and that God and nature had made them, past and future, subjects to the wise, good,

unselfish, gentle English nation, that went about the world helping weak countries to be free and civilized and Christian!

Three hundred years ago, when Henry VIII. became a Protestant, he resolved that the Irish should be Protestant, too; and for the next hundred years the reforming process never rested—the chief means being the bullet, the rope, and the slave-ship.

A gentleman from Jamaica told me last year, as a curious fact, that the negroes in that country used a great many Gaelic words. No wonder; about 60,000 Irish boys and girls were sold to the tobacco planters of the West Indies 300 years ago, as Sir William Petty and other English historians of the time relate.

Two hundred years ago—and still the deathless fight, the Irish growing weaker, the English stronger. It had now become "the religious duty" of the Englishman to subdue the Irish "for their own sakes." Cromwell went over and slaughtered every man in the first garrisoned town he captured, Drogheda. "By God's grace," he wrote to the Parliament, "I believe that not one escaped," and he added that, when the officers capitulated and surrendered: "They were knocked on the head, too."

Cromwell "made peace and silence" in Ireland; his troopers ruled the whole country for the first time. Then came an unexampled atrocity in the name of "civilization"; four fifths of the entire island, every acre held by the native Irish, who were Catholics, was confiscated and handed over to Cromwell's disbanded army.

This was the beginning of the Irish Land Question, that Michael Davitt has been hammering at for years, and which he is going to see settled.

A hundred years ago, Ireland was in the most deplorable condition that any civilized nation ever descended to. Six centuries of a violent struggle had wasted her blood, money, and resources; her people were disfranchised—no man voted in Ireland except those of the English colony. For a hundred preceding years the teacher and priest had been hunted felons. There were only four million Irish altogether, and they were nearly all in Ireland, friendless, voiceless, voteless, landless, powerless, disarmed, disorganized, ignorant, forgotten by the world, misreported and misrepresented by their rich and powerful enemy, and held up in English books, newspapers, schools, at home and abroad, as a race of wild, weak, witty, brave, quarrelsome, purposeless incapables.

But in his blood, and mud, and rags, and wretchedness, the Irishman was still unsubdued, still a free man in soul and a foeman in act. The Irishman then was, as he still is, the most intense Nationalist in the world.

Grattan abolished the Poyning's Law; and the Irish Parliament,

from 1785 to 1800, made the laws for Ireland. In that time the country advanced like a released giant. Lord Clare said in 1798: "No country in the world has advanced like Ireland, in trade, manufacture, and agriculture, since 1782."

Then England began to fear the Irish revival, and the demands of the English mercantile, manufacturing, and shipping classes were marvels of cowardly and jealous feeling. (See Lecky, "Public Life in England in the Eighteenth Century.") They demanded that Ireland be destroyed as a competing power. "Make the Irish remember that they are conquered," were the words of one petition to the English Parliament.

The rebellion of '98 was fomented by the English Government, and a fearful slaughter of fifty thousand Irishmen ensued. This was the pretext wanted. The English colony in Ireland were instructed to raise the cry of "Our lives and religion in danger!" A majority of the Anglicans who composed the "Irish Parliament" were bought off by Castlereagh, who paid them, as the Irish red and black lists show, nearly £3,000,000 for their votes; and so the union with England was carried.

Three years later another rebellion broke out, organized and led by a Protestant gentleman, Robert Emmet, who was "hanged, drawn, and quartered," and the dogs lapped his blood, as an eye-witness relates, from the gallows-foot in Thomas Street.

Then the pall was pulled over the face of Ireland, and she lay down in the ashes and abasement of her loneliness and misery. She had no earthly friends; she was weak to death from struggle, outrage, and despair. Even God had apparently forgotten her in the night.

But a new voice called to her in the darkness, and she listened—Daniel O'Connell, a strong man, full of courage and purpose. After thirty years of agitation he won with his minority. He had trained them superlatively. He won the franchise for the Catholics.

For eighteen years more he worked to get the Act of Union repealed; but England, when he touched that point, arrested and imprisoned him. This stopped the agitation. The people had no leader and no outside moral support. It was O'Connell and the Irish people; not the Irish people and O'Connell.

The Young Ireland party in 1848, impatient, maddened, broke into premature rebellion—were crushed, condemned, banished.

Then the famine, and the swelling of the Irish emigration stream into a torrent! Thousands died on the soil, and literally millions fled to other countries—to England, Scotland, America, Canada, Australia, South Africa, the Argentine Republic.

Twenty years later, 1865-67, the first warning movement of the exiles—Fenianism; a marvelous crystallization of sentiment, heroism, and sacrifice.

Again, the abrogation of law in Ireland—the rule of the dragoon, the glutted prison, the crowded emigrant fleets, the chained men on convict ships; and again, "silence and peace in Ireland."

England had now realized the important fact that the commercial development of the Western World had placed Ireland in an objective position of the highest value. She lay in the high stream of progress. Her western and southern shores were indented with deep and safe bays and harbors. A ship-canal from Galway to Dublin would capture every ship on the Atlantic bound for Liverpool, saving two days in sailing time ; and the Irish were bent on cutting such a canal. The great fall of the Irish rivers was an inestimable treasure, greater even than the mineral wealth of the island and the fisheries on the coast.

Every ship going through an Irish canal was in danger of forgetting the southern English ports, Bristol and Southampton. Every mill built on an Irish stream would deduct from the profits of Lancashire. Every ton of coal or other mineral dug in Ireland lowered the prices in Nottingham, Sheffield, and the Black Country. If the Irish farmers' children could get work in mills and mines and shops, their earnings would make their parents independent of the landlords, and rents would have to be lowered.

It was clear that Ireland's advance must be stopped, or she would become a dangerous competitor and a democratic example for Great Britain.

After the abortive Fenian rising, fruit of oppression's seed, followed the advent of Parnell, "fresh from Oxford, with his cold English training, his Yankee blood, and Irish patriotic traditionary feeling." His wonderful success had made it clear that England must either grant Home Rule or send a new Cromwell to do the work of extermination more thoroughly. But before the latter could be done England would have to reckon with the Irish outside of Ireland, and:

Ireland is saved by the twenty million Irish-blooded Americans ; by the five million Irish and their descendants in England, Scotland, and Wales; by the vast numbers of Irish sympathizers in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and other countries. It would be highly dangerous to slaughter the kindred of such a people.

It is not likely that Ireland will gain much from the coming Parliament. The Parliament cannot last long ; it is too evenly balanced. Besides, England has not yet realized that Home Rule for Ireland is

inevitable. It will take three years to vaccinate her with the idea and allow it to "take!"

In conclusion, he said:

There are three stages in specific reform—agitation, controversy, and legislation. The Irish have passed through the first, and are entering the second.

Parnell, with fifteen or twenty votes, was not a power; he was only a voice, an emphasis, an appeal. He was an agitational influence. With eighty-six votes he is a controversial force. "He has compelled John Bull to listen," as Wendell Phillips said of him.

In 1889, I predict, the legislative stage of the Irish question will have arrived; and the union with England, which shall then have cursed Ireland for nine tenths of a century, will be repealed.

Ere this article had appeared, the London *Times*, in its issue of Christmas Eve, advised the alternative of a Cromwellian policy, the expulsion of the Irish members from Parliament, and the proclamation of martial law in Ireland. O'Reilly commented:

There are classes in England that remember nothing and learn nothing. But the bloody experiment of Cromwell, which failed, must never be tried again. Forty millions of men solemnly declare that IT—MUST—NOT—BE—TRIED—AGAIN.

Ireland has won by England's own laws: and now if England trample on her own laws, and outrage Ireland with violence and lawlessness, she is a revolutionist and a criminal, to be treated by the Irish as a pirate and robber on land and sea.

Cromwell had to deal with less than four million Irishmen, who were all in Ireland. Gladstone has to deal with five millions in Ireland, five millions in Great Britain, and thirty millions elsewhere.

Let martial law be proclaimed in Ireland, and at once the Irish in America, Canada, and Australia are a solid body in retaliation. Their vast organizations would merge into one tremendous will, to boycott everything English.

* * * * * *

If to martial law and disfranchisement be added imprisonment and murder of the people in Ireland, England will surely find a violent answer from Irishmen. She will not be allowed to break all laws of God and man with impunity. She will have to watch and defend with a knife every parcel of property she possesses. Her ships will be avoided by all travelers, for they shall be in danger on every sea. Her aristocrats will have to stay at home, or risk reprisals on their treasured lives for the slaughter of humble people in Ireland.

Men who are conservative and law-abiding, who love peace, and desire good-will between Ireland and England, will be compelled to agree with those who are sure to urge the policy of desperation and despair.

In a word, England will wantonly and stupidly and criminally create a condition of things which cannot possibly be for her good, and which will insure the endless detestation of Ireland.

Martial law will not settle the Irish question, and no wise Englishman would advise it.

"The Irish question is mainly an Irish-American question," says the London *Times*, sneeringly. And is it not all the more significant? The Irish in America send millions on millions of dollars a year to pay the rents and feed their suffering kindred in Ireland. This is reason enough, without the natural desire for freedom.

If England dream that the Irish in America can be tired out she makes a woeful mistake. For every thousand dollars sent to-day, we can send Ireland a million for the next ten years if she need it.

The Irish demand for Home Rule must be granted. If it be refused, and if the London *Times* dictate the English policy, the evil-doer will suffer more than the victim. And in the end, Ireland will have Home Rule.

Parliament met in January, and the Queen, a stuffed simalacrum of royal authority, read the message written for her by an intelligent secretary, advising coercion as a panacea for Ireland's woes. In the debate that followed, Mr. Sexton, M.P., announced that the member for Midlothian, Mr. Gladstone, had expressed his approval of a Home Rule measure, and the announcement was greeted with an affirmative nod from the great English Liberal. This simple motion of Gladstone's head caused those of all England to wag in approval or denial. By the friends of Home Rule it was justly interpreted as a sign of unqualified adherence to their cause. "Mr. Gladstone's nod," wrote O'Reilly, "was more potent than the Queen's speech, and the royal Tory flummery. Ireland has scored her highest mark during this week." But the Tories had more than one arrow in their quiver; they had the barbed shaft of bigotry, and the poisoned one of treachery. Lord Randolph Churchill was to discharge the first, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain the second. Churchill, a free lance and free-

booter in politics, went over to Ireland in February to sow in the blood-clotted Orange brain the seed of civil war. Churchill was a light weight, a "Sim Tappertit" in religious warfare, but O'Reilly scented the more serious danger in the disaffection of Chamberlain. He said:

With Chamberlain's aid, if Chamberlain is as false as we believe him to be, they may defeat the Liberals at the next general election, which will possibly come this year. But Churchill's present policy tells against himself. It is not clever. It shows the selfish and desperate gambler with the stocked sleeve. It calls out a stern sentiment in England and sets Mr. Gladstone and all honest Liberals on guard. It will deter even Chamberlain from trusting his future to such allies as Tappertit and the Orangemen.

There was a "bread riot" in London, in January, and some people thought they saw in it the beginning of the long-delayed English commune. O'Reilly knew the British animal better. He wrote:

The Parisian or Russian rioter is urged by his heart and soul and head, but the English rioter only obeys his stomach.

The masses in England are, with all the boasted freedom of England, more deficient in the spirit of liberty, in the dignity of humanity, than the common people of any other country. In France, in the last century, and in Russia and Germany in this, the people knew that the luxurious, immoral, overbearing aristocrats had more than a just share of the national wealth. In England, the aristocrat, though greedier and more intolerant than all other "noblemen," is accepted, fawned-upon, almost worshiped by the whole landless, shop-keeping, pen-driving, hard-handed community.

But the worm will turn at the cruel foot. Where oppression fails to provoke rebellion, scorn may succeed. Oppression is the heaving of the sea; insult the breaking of the billow. Oppression is the whip that bruises; scorn the lash that cuts. "Drive over the dogs!" cried a titled lady to her coachman, in the beginning of the late London riots. She was allowed to pass. But a few hours later the carriage of a great lady, sister of the Duke of Abercorn, was stopped in Piccadilly, and when the Countess showed her imperious temper (men do not act like this without provocation), one of the mob, says a correspondent, advanced to the side of the carriage and deliberately slapped her face, exclaiming, "We will hang you yet!"

But, after all, the symptoms are only premonitory, even if they be indeed earthquakes of society and not the mere shivering of the social

skin. To the lower-class English mob a riot is as natural as a boil on a half-starved beggar. It is a constitutional sign, meaning poverty of the blood,—and ignorance.

We hear of no demands by the rioters—except for bread. No word has been said about the extravagances of royalty, the vast robbery of hereditary pensions, the limitless plunder of the land of Great Britain by a few thousand titled and untitled lords of men, the sale of the daughters of the poor to wealthy debauchees. Bread, bread, bread,—and to the dogs with liberty and dignity and manhood!

There is no man to lead in England. Where was the atheist Bradlaugh and the philistine Chamberlain? Where was Arch, the pure-minded, tenant-helping insect? At the head of the 50,000 were only a few blatherskites who had nothing to demand, nothing to reform!

The broad-minded humanity of the man made him sympathize even with the poor-spirited heirs of traditionary servility, but his patriotic pride forced him to add:

It is a pity to see a spiritual and intelligent nation like Ireland tied to such a dull and soulless bullock-mass, and "governed" by it! But, perhaps there is no other way by which the inert heap can be vivified, except by the chained lightning of Ireland's struggle and aspiration.

The ancients were right when they held the words poet and seer to be synonymous. John Boyle O'Reilly was a man so many-sided that it was hard for one who knew but one or two of those sides to understand the others which they did not know. I have considered chronology rather than affinity in presenting the varied aspects of his life. To attempt anything else would be to assure failure. He was too great and versatile to be classified and labeled as common men may be, and I have chosen to show him as he was, from day to day, yet always feeling how painfully deficient is that panorama of his life. For, this man, who could be at one moment absorbed in dreamy poesy, at the next fired with patriotic fervor, and again boyishly interested in athletic sport or social enjoyment, was throughout all, and above all, a thoughtful, earnest student of social and even of industrial problems. To-day he would delight his gay comrades of "Bohemia" with playful wit and wild fancy; to-morrow he would attract the admiration and compel the conviction of a group of grave business men

by his forcible presentation of an industrial question, behind which lay the ruling aspiration of his life—the welfare of his native land.

To make a paradox, those who knew him best thought they knew him least when, as constantly happened, he surprised them anew by some fresh revelation of his wonderful versatility. "He is a poet, a dreamer," said the prosaic people, impatient when his honesty stood like a stone wall before this or that political scheme. "He talks eloquently of Ireland's sufferings," said others; "but what has he to say about Ireland's real needs?" He had this to say, and when he said it before the Beacon Club of Boston, shrewd, practical business men that they were, they listened entranced to his masterly, sensible plea, couched in the language of cold truth.

The occasion was the regular monthly dinner of the club at the Revere House, on Saturday, February 21, 1886; his subject: "The Industrial and Commercial Aspects of the Irish Question."

I was asked to speak on a question which has no fun in it. However much humor there may be attached to the general characteristics of my countrymen, there is nothing but tragedy connected with the industrial and commercial questions of Ireland. The general view of Ireland and the Irish question is relegated to the sentimental. In truth, it is one of the most material and practical of questions. Very few men take the trouble of questioning the statement that has been given to the world by the interested party for 100 or 200 years. The statement has been made that the Irish people are simply a troublesome, purposeless, quarrelsome people, who could not govern themselves if they had an opportunity. That is the tribute which injustice pays in all cases to morality. If a man injure another man he must also injure his character, in order to stand well in the community, to justify his own action, for if he did not, his fellow-men would drive him out. England has injured the Irish people with a set purpose, and also injured their industrial and commercial interests. The sentimental question is simply the natural desire of men to rule their own country and make their own laws. The Greeks were applauded in London the other day when they said: "We want to work out the Greek purpose among Greeks." The Greeks are no more a distinct nationality than the Irish. A fight that has gone on 750 years between a weak

country and a very strong one is assuredly a fight based on no weak or worthless sentiment. The Irish have never compromised. They have been beaten because they were weaker, but they have never compromised. They have been rebellious and troublesome. They have been nationalists all the time. They claimed 700, 600, 500 years ago precisely what they claim to-day, the right to their own country, to make their own laws, to work out their own individual nationality among men. If there is to be credit or discredit given them, they want to earn it, and to tell their own faults or virtues to the world. They do not want another nation, and an unfriendly one, to tell the world what Ireland and its people are. The ear of the world has been held by England with regard to Ireland, particularly in this country, since the foundation of it. Very few men in America who were not Irish have realized that the Irish question is, as I have said, more largely material than sentimental. In 1696, the King of England sent to Ireland a commission of five men to examine the country and report to the king and council as to the best means of holding the Irish in subjection. They had then had 500 years of continuous Irish war. They had realized the enormous advantage that Ireland possessed in position. If Ireland were on the other side of England, there would be no Irish question. Ireland is on the Atlantic side of England. The question has always been a geographical one. Ireland controls the main points for commerce with Northern Europe; and she has in her own self such a treasury of possible wealth as no other nation has in Europe. This commission, sent in 1696, remained in Ireland a year, and reported to the king in 1697. The report was summarized in these words: "There are two ways of holding Ireland in subjection: By a standing army in the hands of Englishmen; and by checking the growth of the country in trade and wealth, that it may never become dangerous to England anywhere." That was two centuries ago. The policy was adopted by king and council; and, no matter what change of Whig or Tory, Liberal or Conservative since came, for Great Britain there was no change for Ireland. That fearful and atrocious policy continued until the appointment of one of the best Englishmen, and one of the ablest, as Secretary for Ireland, Mr. John Morley, a few weeks ago. There has not been a rift in that cloud between those two dates.

Three hundred years ago, the illustrious English poet, Spenser, who had lived for years in Ireland, thus described the country:

"And sure it is a most beautiful and sweet country as any under heaven, being stored throughout with many goodly rivers, replenished with all sorts of fish abundantly; sprinkled with many very sweet islands and goodly lakes, like little inland seas, that will carry even shippes upon their waters; adorned with goodly woods; also filled with good ports and havens; besides the soyle itself most fertile, fit to

yield all kind of fruit that shall be committed thereto. And lastly, the climate most mild and temperate."

Two hundred and fifty years ago, Sir John Davies, another eminent Englishman, wrote about Ireland as follows :

"I have visited all the provinces of that kingdom in sundry journeys and circuits, wherein I have observed the good temperature of the air, the fruitfulness of the soil, the pleasant and commodious seats for habitations, the safe and large ports and havens lying open for traffic into all the west parts of the world ; the long inlets of many navigable rivers, and so many great lakes and fresh ponds within the land, as the like are not to be seen in any part of Europe ; the rich fishings and wild fowl of all kinds ; and, lastly, the bodies and minds of the people endued with extraordinary abilities by nature."

In Brown's "Essays on Trade," published in London in the year 1728, this is the report of Ireland :

"Ireland is in respect of its situation, the number of its commodious harbors, and the natural wealth which it produces, the fittest island to acquire wealth of any in the European seas ; for, as by its situation it lies the most commodious for the West Indies, Spain, and the Northern and Eastern countries, so it is not only supplied by nature with all the necessaries of life, but can over and above export large quantities to foreign countries, insomuch that, had it been mistress of its trade, no nation in Europe of its extent could in an equal number of years acquire greater wealth."

"Ireland," says Newenham, writing seventy years ago, on industrial topics, "greatly surpasses her sister country, England, in the aggregate of the endowments of nature. . . . . England, abounding in wealth beyond any other country in Europe, cannot boast of one natural advantage which Ireland does not possess in a superior degree."

All this has been said about a country that is so poverty-stricken and so unhappy, that the like of it is not seen in any part of the world. I sent reporters to four houses in Boston, a short time ago, to ask how much money they had sold on Ireland during the month of December, and from the 1st of December to the 20th, those four houses had sold over $100,000, in sums averaging $35. Now, in three weeks, four houses in one city sold that much, and I can assure you that there is not a city in the United States, not a town or hamlet, whence that drain is not constantly going away to Ireland. It is going from the mills, from the mines, from the farms, from the shops, from the servant girls. The only advantage from that terrible loss—a loss which must reach from $50,000,000 to $70,000,000 a year, which is the lowest computation you can put on it,—the only value we have in return is in the devoted and affectionate natures that could spare from their earnings so much to their poor relatives in Ireland—for they sent it to save their people from

eviction and starvation; not to make them happy and comfortable, but to pay the rents to the English aristocrats, for whom England has legislated. The landlords have a mortgage on the Irish in America, through their affections. This question has never been between the people of the two countries, but always between the Irish people and the English aristocrat, the idle, profligate fellow who owns the land and stands between the two peoples. For him and by him has all the legislation for Ireland been made, and for England, too. When the people of the two countries come to settle the question between them, depend on it, they will find a solution. It was only last year for the first time in England that the common people became a factor in politics, when 2,000,000 working men were admitted to this franchise; and it was only by their exercise of that power that the Tory government was prevented from putting another coercion act in force in Ireland, when Lord Salisbury threatened, four weeks ago, to introduce another coercion act for a country which was in peace, without any reason whatever but the will of the landlord class. The only issue for Ireland, if the Tories had remained in power and Lord Salisbury had carried out his intention, would have been rebellion. Unquestionably, Ireland would have been driven into another hopeless rebellion, the meaning of which it would have been hard to explain to the outer world. I believe that when the two peoples can settle this question between themselves they are going to work out the morality of their relations, and that the Irish people have nothing to fear, but everything to hope, from the common people of Great Britain. It is not the sea, but the separated pool that rots; and so it is not the common people, but the separated class of humanity that rots—the aristocrat, the idle man, the man on horseback, the fellow who has ruled Europe for centuries.

Now, let me go into detail over that statement as to the industrial possibilities of Ireland. The soil of Ireland is so fertile that it is absolutely unparalleled. Labor and skill are the only things necessary to produce all over the country. The soil needs no fertilizer that is not at the hands of the farmer all over the country. In many extensive parts of the country fertilizers applied to the soil kill the crops, for the soil will only bear a certain amount of nutrition, and beyond that it refuses to grow, unless left fallow for a year.

The climate is so mild that the cattle, in the winter, are pastured in the field, even in the north. They are not taken in, probably, an average of seven days in the year.

There are 136 safe and deep harbors in the island, a number not possessed by any other country.

The rivers are so deep and numerous that almost every parish might enjoy the advantages of internal navigation. Ireland has nineteen navigable rivers, with which none of the English rivers can compare.

The fisheries are probably the richest in the world ; and to-day the fishermen of the western coast are kept from death by starvation by American charitable subscriptions.

With regard to mines and minerals, this sentence from Mr. Carey, grandfather of Henry Carey Baird, of Philadelphia, will suffice : "There is probably not a country in the world, which, for its extent, is one half so abundantly supplied with the most precious minerals and fossils as Ireland."

"In Tyrone, Waterford, Cork, Down, Antrim, and throughout Connaught," says an eminent British authority, Mr. T. F. Henderson, writing a few years ago, "are immense stores of iron that remain unutilized." The same writer says *that from what can be seen*, Ireland has at least 180,000,000 tons of available coal, from which she raises yearly only 130,000 tons. Yet she imports over 2,000,000 tons yearly from England.

Ireland has 3,000,000 acres of bog-land, which supplies an enormous quantity of admirable fuel. The average depth of peat on this is twenty-five feet—in some cases over forty feet.

The following summary of Irish mineral treasures is made from official and other surveys and reports. The figures prefixed to the different minerals and fossils denote the number of counties in which they have been discovered:

2 Amethysts.	16 Lead.
1 Antimony.	2 Manganese.
15 Coal.	19 Marble.
1 Cobalt.	15 Ochres.
17 Copper.	2 Pearls.
1 Chalcedony.	4 Pebbles.
8 Crystals.	2 Petrifactions.
9 Clays of various sorts.	1 Porphyry.
5 Fuller's earth.	1 Sillicious sand.
1 Gold.	3 Silver.
2 Garnites (decayed granite used in porcelain).	6 Slate.
	1 Soapstone.
7 Granite.	1 Spars.
1 Gypsum.	2 Sulphur.
19 Iron.	2 Talc.
2 Jasper.	

A century ago, Mr. Lawson, an English miner, stated in evidence before the Irish House of Commons that the iron-stone at Arigna lay in beds of from three to twelve fathoms deep, and that it could be raised for two shillings and sixpence a ton, which was five shillings cheaper than in Cumberland ; that the coal in the neighborhood was better than any in England, and could be raised for three shillings and sixpence a

ton, and that it extended six miles in length and five in breadth. He also stated that fire-brick clay and freestone of the best qualities were in the neighborhood, and that a bed of potter's clay extended there two miles in length and one in breadth. Mr. Clark, on the same occasion, declared that the iron ore was inexhaustible. And a distinguished Irish authority on mineralogical subjects, Mr. Kirwan, affirmed that the Arigna iron was better than any iron made from any species of single ore in England.

There is not a pound of iron dug out of the earth in Arigna, and there never will be till Ireland controls her own resources and can protect them by a proper tariff till they are in full productiveness.

As to water power—Dr. Kane, of the Royal Dublin Society and other eminent scientific bodies, summarizes the surveys and reports: "The water from the rivers of Ireland have an average fall of 129 yards. The average daily fall of water (falling 129 yards) into the sea is 68,500,000 tons. As 884 tons falling 24 feet in 24 hours is a horse power, Ireland has an available water power, acting day and night, from January to December, amounting to 1,300,000 horse power—or, reduced to 300 working days of 12 hours each, the available waterfall for industry represents over 3,000,000 horse power."

But remember, there is hardly a wheel turning in Ireland. All this must go to waste, the people must starve and the land decay, that the mill-owners of Lancashire may thrive. What would the world say of New England, had we the power, were we to suppress all manufacturing and mining industry in the Southern States? New England would earn the execrations of the country and the world for her avaricious selfishness.

So marvelous is the water power of Ireland, that windmills are unknown. A hundred years ago, immediately after the freeing of her Parliament, there sprang up on all the falling streams mills of various kinds—among them, according to Dr. Kane, 240 flour mills. There was not one windmill erected during all this time.

The Parliament of Ireland was free from 1782 to 1801—and during this short period the country advanced like a released giant in every field of industry and commerce. Then the selfishness of England was appealed to by the landlords and the traders, the former leading, and demanding that Irish industry be stopped, suppressed, murdered by act of Parliament. The landlords wished no resource for their rack-rented tenants. If the children of the farmer could go into the mills and shops to work and earn, the father would become independent of the landlord and agent.

In 1729, there were, according to evidence given before the Irish House of Commons, 800 silk-looms at work in Ireland. An act was passed in that year in favor of English silks; and thirty years after,

there were but fifty looms in Ireland. When the Union was passed, the silk manufacture was utterly killed.

One hundred years ago the Irish found that they could reclaim their peat land by cutting a ship canal through the country from Galway to Dublin. They have shown since that the cost would be more than four times repaid by the price of the land. They showed that they could save sailing ships seventy hours in passing to and from Northern Europe, and save them from the dangers of the Channel. They showed that ships sailing from the West of Ireland obtained an offing so soon that they often reached America before vessels, leaving England on the same day, had beaten their way out of the English channel. But the merchants of the Southern ports of England —Bristol, Southampton, and London—said that that canal, if cut, would be disastrous to them, and the Parliament refused to allow it to be done. Nineteen times the Irish people have tried to cut that canal; but the Irish people cannot build a wharf or do anything else that a civilized community usually does at its own option, without going to the English House of Commons for permission to do it.

In the last century Ireland made the best woolen cloth in Europe. It was said they competed with England, and the Parliament put it down. The same law was enacted against the leather trade, and then against the trade in raw hides. Ireland obtained prominence in the manufacture of glass. English glassmakers petitioned Parliament, and an act of Parliament was passed stopping the glass trade.

Every means of industry in Ireland has been killed by act of Parliament. Every means of honest development in the country has been suppressed by act of Parliament or by the possession of the land given silently into the hands of English capitalists. The coming question in Ireland is purely commercial and industrial. The absentee landlord wants no alternative but one—pay the back rent or emigrate. Men like Hartington, a Liberal in name but a Whig at heart, a man of hereditary possession and no hereditary production, will be joined by others, and depend on it they will appeal to the worst passions and prejudices and the worst interests of the middle classes of trading Englishmen.

There are about forty-six thousand owners of land in Ireland. They own the whole country. They are largely Englishmen who live out of Ireland and have never seen it. They obtained possession in the main by confiscation. In the County of Derry, fourteen London companies, such as the vintners, drysalters, haberdashers, etc., obtained from King James most of the land of the country. These companies of London traders have never seen the land; they have kept their agents there, though, to raise the rents, generation after generation, as the poor people reclaimed the soil from moor and mountain. In two

centuries the rental has been raised from a few hundred pounds a year to over a hundred thousand pounds a year, the people doing all the improvement and losing in proportion to their labor, and the avaricious corporations in London drawing all the profits.

Ireland asks for the moral support of all good men of all nations in her effort to secure Home Rule. Surely, the Government that has no other answer to give to an industrious, moral people, living in so rich a land, than starvation or emigration, is arraigned and condemned in the sight of God and man, and ought to be wiped out. The Government of England ought to be taken from the hands of the cruel and senseless aristocracy that has misruled so long ; and it ought to be passed into the hands of the English and Irish people, to whom it belongs.

Mr. O'Reilly closed his address amid applause, followed by the whole company rising and drinking a toast to "The success of the industrial and commercial questions of Ireland, and their great exponent, John Boyle O'Reilly."

On April 8, Mr. Gladstone introduced his Home Rule Bill in the British House of Commons. On the following night, Mr. Chamberlain sealed his treason by bitterly attacking the measure and its author. O'Reilly did not give an unqualified approval to the bill, which deprived Ireland of representation in the Imperial Parliament, and kept the excise and the constablery under the control of the latter. "It is full of faults and dangers," he said ; "it is Home Rule only in name as at present developed. The marks of conceding and temporizing in Cabinet council are on every clause outlined. It says Life, and it enacts Death." But it gave the grand central idea of Home Rule, and, "for this inestimable boon Irishmen are willing to accept imperfections with the hope of ultimate reform. For this offering and the eloquent admission of its moral right, Irishmen throughout the world return to Mr. Gladstone their profound gratitude, admiration, and respect."

The bill was defeated, on its second reading, in the House of Commons, on June 17, by a vote of 341 to 311, whereupon the Gladstone ministry was dissolved and went to the country for its verdict.

In championing Ireland's cause, O'Reilly did not forget

that of other oppressed peoples. "The color line" had been drawn offensively at the same time in different parts of the United States. Policemen in New York had threatened to strike if a negro were appointed on the force. A High School in Indianapolis had dispensed with commencement exercises, because eight girls of the graduating class refused to appear on the platform with a colored girl. "To insult and degrade a free man and tie his hands with social and statute wires, that cut and burn as well as restrain," wrote O'Reilly, "is worse than to seize him bodily and yoke him to a dray as a slave. . . . . The girls who have disgraced themselves and their city ought to be marked with a scarlet letter.

"Every fair-minded man and woman and child in America ought to seize these shameful facts as a reason to make up their minds on the negro question. They ought to say that every policeman in New York or elsewhere, who dared to say he was better than his colored fellow-citizen, was unfit to wear the uniform of an American city; and that every school-girl who was so un-Christian and so unladylike as to ostracize a fellow-student because her skin was dark, was utterly unworthy of a diploma from the public schools."

The massacre of colored men at Carrolton, Miss., in April, called out an indignation meeting of the colored citizens of Boston, who assembled in the Phillips Street Baptist Church on the evening of April 12. O'Reilly vented his righteous indignation at the perpetrators of the atrocity, and uttered this timely word of sympathy and encouragement to his colored hearers:

I know nothing and care nothing about your politics or party preferences; but I know that if I were a colored man I should use political parties, as I would a club or a hatchet, to smash the prejudice that dared to exclude my children from a public school, or myself from a public hall, theater, or hotel. The interest you have to protect and defend is not that of a party, but of your own manhood. Use party as they use you—for your own best interests.

But the thing that most deeply afflicts the colored American is not going to be cured by politics. You have received from politics already

about all it can give you. You may change the law by politics ; but it is not the law that is going to insult and outrage and excommunicate every colored American for generations to come. You can't cure the conceit of the white people that they are better than you by politics, nor their ignorance, nor their prejudice, nor their bigotry, nor any of the insolences which they cherish against their colored fellow-citizens.

Politics is the snare and delusion of white men as well as black. Politics tickles the skin of the social order ; but the disease lies deep in the internal organs. Social equity is based on justice ; politics change on the opinion of the time. The black man's skin will be a mark of social inferiority so long as white men are conceited, ignorant, unjust, and prejudiced. You cannot legislate these qualities out of the white—you must steal them out by teaching, illustration, and example.

No man ever came into the world with so grand an opportunity as the American negro. He is like new metal dug out of the mine. He stands on the threshold of history, with everything to learn and less to unlearn than any civilized man in the world. In his heart still ring the free sounds of the desert. In his mind he carries the traditions of Africa. The songs with which he charms American ears are refrains from the tropical deserts, from the inland seas and rivers of the dark continent.

At worst, the colored American has only a century of degrading civilized tradition, habit, and inferiority to forget and unlearn. His nature has only been injured on the outside by these late circumstances. Inside he is a new man, fresh from nature,—a color-lover, an enthusiast, a believer by the heart, a philosopher, a cheerful, natural, good-natured man. He has all the qualities that fit him to be a good Christian citizen of any country ; he does not worry his soul to-day with the fear of next week or next year. He has feelings and convictions, and he loves to show them. He sees no reason why he should hide them.

The negro is the only graceful, musical, color-loving American. He is the only American who has written new songs and composed new music. He is the most spiritual of Americans, for he worships with his soul and not with his narrow mind. For him, religion is to be believed, accepted, like the very voice of God, and not invented, contrived, reasoned about, shaded, altered, and made fashionably lucrative and marketable, as it is made by too many white Americans. As Mr. Downing, who preceded me, has referred to the Catholic religion, I may be pardoned for saying that there is one religion that knows neither race, nor class, nor color ; that offers God unstintedly the riches and glories of this world in architecture, in painting, in marble, and in music and in grand ceremony. There is no other way to worship God with the whole soul ; though there are many other ways of worshiping him with the intellect at so many dollars an hour, in an economical

church, a hand-organ in the gallery, and a careful committee to keep down the expenses. The negro is a new man, a free man, a spiritual man, a hearty man ; and he can be a great man if he will avoid modeling himself on the whites. No race or nation is great or illustrious except by one test—the breeding of great men. Not great merchants or traders, not rich men, bankers, insurance mongers, or directors of gas companies. But great thinkers, great seers of the world through their own eyes, great tellers of the truth and beauties and colors and equities as they alone see them. Great poets—ah ! great poets above all—and their brothers, great painters and musicians and fashioners of God's beautiful shapes in clay and marble and bronze.

The negro will never take his stand beside or above the white man till he has given the world proof of the truth and beauty and heroism and power that are in his soul. And only by the organs of the soul are these delivered ; by the self-respect and self-reflection, by philosophy, religion, poetry, art, sacrifice, and love. One poet will be worth a hundred bankers and brokers, worth ten presidents of the United States to the negro race. One great musician will speak to the world for the black man as no thousand editors or politicians can.

Toward the middle of February of this year a number of Boston citizens, interested in the cause of Irish Home Rule, had formed a committee for the purpose of soliciting subscriptions for a parliamentary fund to aid the Irish members in their political battle. Subscriptions were nominally limited to five dollars. Other cities and towns in the State joined in the canvass with such good effect that when the Boston committee held its final meeting on July 17, John Boyle O'Reilly presiding, they were able to report a total sum collected of nearly $24,000. Men and women of all classes and creeds contributed generously to the fund. A large part of its success was due to the untiring efforts of O'Reilly, who addressed meetings night after night in various towns and labored without rest for the cause, until even his sturdy health broke down. While speaking at a meeting at Watertown, in June, he was seized with vertigo and compelled to leave the platform. His physician forbade him to continue the incessant and exhaustive work.

His reputation as a public speaker had steadily enhanced. As a lecturer he had always many more offers

of engagements than he could possibly accept. His duties as editor and manager of a great paper prevented him from giving more time to the platform. When he did accept an offer to deliver an oration he threw his whole soul into the work, and the result was both original and striking. "You are the orators of Decoration Day, no matter who may be the speakers," he began his address to the Grand Army veterans at Everett, Mass., on May 31. Who but this clear-sighted prophet could have so well discerned the sophism of the Secession argument. "Secession was a national and constitutional right," said Jefferson Davis, twenty years after the death of the Confederacy.

"When men talk so much about rights," answers O'Reilly, "they must be willing to go to the foundation. The bottom right is the right of a man, not of a State. If the general Government had no right to oppress States, States had no right to oppress men."

"The Cry of the Dreamer," one of the most touching of all his poems, was first published on May 8, 1886. It is a veritable cry of a natural man for the natural life, "heart-weary of building and spoiling, and spoiling and building again." By a strange coincidence there has come to me, at the moment of writing about this heart-touching poem, a copy of a letter written by the poet, eight years ago, to his friend, Charles Warren Stoddard, then a happy dweller and dreamer by the summer seas of the far-away Hawaiian Islands. It anticipates almost the very words of his poet's cry:

THE "PILOT" EDITORIAL ROOMS,
BOSTON, June 21, 1882.

DEAR STODDARD:

Your letter was kind, and sweet, and welcome. Thank you. It came like a smile, when I was in a turmoil of work and care. I envy you the laziness, and the islands, and the sun, and the vague future.

Men who dream can be tortured by the clear-lined definitions that make the paradise of the business Philistine.

I am not any longer a poet; I am a city pack-horse, with an abstract, sun-bottled attachment. I long to go and lie down in the clover-fields of my boyhood. I long to be listless and dreamy, and idle, and

regardless of conventionalism. I long to sit down and let the busy world go past. But this longing must be meant as a chastening influence. It can never be. I am chained to the wheel. I shall never lie down in the sunny grass till I lie in the churchyard.

Never come back, if you can help it. Stay where men live, and raise your hands forbiddingly against business, and thrift, and shop respectability.

Good-by to you; but write to me now and again. I have your little book of idyls. I send you a poem I read last week which was rather successful. I am,

Yours very truly,

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Boyle's Log"—No Memory for Dates—A Western Publisher's Offer—Speech of Welcome to Justin McCarthy—Poem on "Liberty"—He Defends his Democracy—"The Exile of the Gael"—Speech at William O'Brien's Reception—Crispus Attucks—The British in Faneuil Hall.

ABOUT the middle of June he made another and shorter canoe cruise on the beautiful Merrimac River, paying a brief visit to the home of his friend, Richard S. Spofford, on Deer Isle, thence continuing his voyage down to Newburyport and Plum Island. There, at the summer residence of his friend, Rev. Arthur J. Teeling, he spent a quiet, happy week with occasional visits from his fellow-canoeist, Edward A. Moseley, Father Teeling, and others.

On the wall of the staircase he wrote a journal which he entitled:

"BOYLE'S LOG."

Alone in the Domus Tranquilla.

June 17, 1886.—Came in canoe—three days' run. No books—no newspapers—no bores. Thank God, and Fr. Teeling!

June 19—2 P.M.—Still alone—five tranquil and delicious days—fishing, shooting, canoeing—am now waiting for my eels to fry—and one flounder, which I caught with fifty sculpins. Dear old Ned Moseley is coming to-night to stay to-morrow.

June 21.—Red Letter Day. Alone in Domus Tranquilla—twenty years ago to-day I was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment by the English Government. Had I not escaped in 1869, they would to-day open my cell door and say, "You are free!" This is a good place to celebrate the day—alone—thinking over the changes—the men—the events of the twenty years!

Evening, June 21.—Celebrated day of sentence by a delightful dinner in Domus Tranquilla; Fr. Teeling, Miss Teeling, Miss O'Keeffe, and

J. B. O'R. Presented with twenty roses, "one for each year of the sentence."

June 22.—Attended school exhibition—paddled up and down. In the evening Fr. Teeling came and stopped all night; a delightful evening's chat.

June 23.—Alone again—not a soul on the Point—raining and chilly—longing for home and the dear ones there—will start for Gloucester in the canoe on Tuesday morning and go home by rail.

God bless dear Domus Tranquilla and its occupants! May they all enjoy as charming and invigorating a stay in it as mine has been!

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

It will be seen that he writes "June 21" as the date of his sentence, which is incorrect. The real date was July 9. I find similar chronological mistakes made by him on matters wherein men of prosaic minds would have been prosaically accurate. In regard, for instance, to the founding of the Papyrus Club, he makes a similar mistake when he dates his poem, "Alexander Young's Feast," as having been read "at Park's, where the club first met in 1870." The fact was, his memory was unreliable in the matter of dates, and such, to him, unimportant details. On this subject he once wrote to a friend in the following amusingly frank strain:

You grieve me about the biography. I am so tired of it, and it is such a hopelessly mixed biography, with every kind hand taking a whack at it. I read it in each new phase with a new sensation of horror and admiration. I will not send you any part of the Oriental story—and I lay upon you the *Geasa* (which is a spell from the remote darknesses held by all seers of the Gael) not to search for it elsewhere. And, as for your "necessary dates," all such things are unnecessary. Dates are only fit for clerks, and facts are the opposite of truths. Facts are mere pebbles; unrelated accretions of the insignificant.

If you want necessary truths—here, I am a man. I have written a poor little book of poems, and I have sent it out to be chopped into mince-meat.

Seriously, I do not like the biographical notice. I know how kindly your thought was, but if you had to read so many "stories of your life" that you yourself got mixed on the truth and the fabricated, you would hate it as I do.

In September, 1886, he wrote his "Three Graves," and

in the same month his ringing cheer for the victory of the American yacht *Mayflower:*

Thunder our thanks to her—guns, hearts, and lips!
Cheer from the ranks to her,
Shout from the banks to her—
"Mayflower!" Foremost and best of our ships.

In this month also appeared the last collection of his poems, the little volume, "In Bohemia," previously referred to. Small as it is, there is enough in it to have given the author a place among the foremost poets of his age, had he never written anything else.

An unexpected recognition of his literary fame came to him in the form of the following communication from a short-lived periodical, entitled *Literary Life*, printed in Chicago, by a publisher with the average publisher's appreciation of literary values:

DEAR SIR:

We desire you to contribute a short article of from 1000 to 2000 words for Miss Cleveland's Magazine, *Literary Life*, on any subject of interest to our readers. Our terms for this series of articles is one cent a word. You may possibly consider this a small remuneration, but as *Literary Life* is a young magazine it will, we think, grow into a better market for writers in the near future. While devoted to the cause of literature in the West, we know that to succeed in an eminent degree we must enlist the services of the ablest writers, and hence address you this letter. Please let us have your article on time for our October issue. Payment will be made on receipt of article.

Out of respect for literary people, and to expose humbug and meanness, O'Reilly published this flattering offer in his paper, with his sharp reply:

I cannot see why you should appeal to the charity of literary people for the benefit of your magazine. If your letter is not an appeal for charity it is a humiliation and a disgrace to the literary profession.

He added this comment:

The Elder Publishing Company have advertised their magazine by using the name of Miss Cleveland as its editor, and by dazzling accounts of the enterprise of the firm in undertaking so expensive an arrangement. To buy articles from "the ablest writers" (generous

flattery) at the rate of $10 a thousand words, is the unseen part of the publishers' dizzy extravagance. The average payment for such an amount of literary work, from respectable publishers, is $40 to $75. *Literary Life* is "a young magazine," and if this be its method of living it is to be hoped that it may be spared the burden of old age.

Justin McCarthy, M.P., the distinguished Irish patriot and author, delivered an eloquent address on the "Cause of Ireland," in the Boston Theater, on Sunday evening, October 10. A reception and banquet were given him, the next evening, in the Parker House. O'Reilly presided and made the following speech of welcome to the guest:

GENTLEMEN: You have confided to me the sweetest duty of my life—that of welcoming in your name, as our guest and friend, a gentleman whose genius and character have won the respect of the world, one who has held high, among strangers, the ancient name and honor of the Irish race.

In the name of the Irish-American citizens of Boston and Massachusetts, Mr. Justin McCarthy, I express to you the deep pride we feel in the fame and eminence you have achieved in the high and arduous field of letters, the admiration we cherish for your genius, and the gratitude and affection we offer for your unselfish loyalty to Ireland. You are one who need not stand on national or race lines in receiving a welcome. Wherever men are cultured and intellectual, your welcome awaits you. But for your own gratification we place you on the line of nationality and race—a line that we ourselves are voluntarily obliterating and writing anew as Americans. We are done with Ireland, except in the love and hope we and our children have for her. Were Ireland free to-morrow, we would continue our lives as Americans. Our numbers and interests are so great and so deep here that, paraphrasing the words of your distinguished national leader, we can't spare a single Irish-American. But, nevertheless, we leave others to greet you as a cosmopolitan, as a poet, as a novelist, as a historian; and we speak the welcome of the heart, because we Irish-Americans are proud of you as an Irishman. We know how hard it is for one living under the British Crown to be at once an Irish patriot and a successful man of letters. Men of other professions may harmonize their callings with this deadly sin, and succeed; but the author is allowed no concealment; he lives by his individuality, more than other professional men; between the lines he cannot help telling the secret of his own profound convictions; he must either write himself or a lie—and lies are failures, and shall be forever.

Impoverished and oppressed, Ireland is no field for literary fame or

fortune. Poor Ireland is a fruitful mother of genius, but a barren nurse. Irishmen who write books must gravitate to London. Ireland deplores her absentee landlords; but she has reason as deep to deplore her absent men of genius. England has gathered brilliant Irishmen as she would have gathered diamonds in Irish fields, and set them in her own diadem. She left no door open to them in Ireland. She threw down the schools and made the teacher a felon, in the last century, to insure that Irishmen should read and write English books, or give up reading and writing altogether. She frowned the name of Ireland out of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village"; she emasculated Tom Moore; she starved out Edmund Burke till he gave her his life-long splendid service. She seduced many able Irishmen and hid them away under English titles of nobility, so that their very names were lost—forgotten; as the brilliant grandson of Brinsley Sheridan is lost in Lord Dufferin; as Henry Temple was forgotten in Lord Palmerston; or as Margaret Power of Tipperary was transformed into the illustrious Countess of Blessington. This is the bitterest pang of conquest. The conqueror does not utterly destroy. He does not say to the victim, "I will kill you and take all you have." He says, "You may go on living, working, and producing. But all of good, and great, and illustrious that you produce are mine and me; all of evil, and passionate, and futile you produce are yours and you!"

This was the spirit that swept from Ireland all the honor and profit of such illustrious sons as Berkeley, Steele, Sheridan, Burke, Balfe, Wallace, Maclise, Macready, Hamilton, Tyndall, Wellington, Wolseley (a voice—"And O'Reilly") and the hundreds and thousands of Irish men and women who have won distinction in letters, art, law, war, and statesmanship.

Honor and emolument, pay and pension, were only to be earned by Irishmen at the price of denationalization. The marvel is that under such a system Ireland could go on producing great men. "National enthusiasm is the great nursery of genius." When you destroy national enthusiasm and pride, you have killed a nation. To destroy Ireland as a nation, she must not only be conquered, she must be obliterated. Her people must be swept away and the land filled with Englishmen. And even then the latent life in the soil, the traditions, the sacrifices, the buried patriotism, would come out like an atmosphere and be breathed into the blood of the newcomers, until in a generation or two they would be as Irish and as distinct as the original Celtic people. Irishmen cannot become provincials. Everything about them indicates distinct nationality. They may consent to change, as we are doing in America, joyfully and with pride; but the Irishman in Ireland can never be made a West Briton.

The world knows it now. No matter what odds are against Ireland,

she must win. "Depend upon it," said Burke, a century ago, speaking of the Americans, "depend upon it, the lovers of freedom will be free." Twenty years ago the illustrious Englishman who is now the leader of the English people, no matter who may be the Prime Minister,—the great and good man who has proved to the world that Irishmen and Englishmen can forget and forgive and live as loving friends,—this noble statesman who is bent on strengthening England by the friendship of Ireland—Mr. Gladstone—twenty years ago, defending a reform bill, said to the Tories, what he says to-day for Ireland, "You cannot fight against the future. Time is on our side!" How profoundly Ireland is moved by her love of freedom is proved by such men as Justin McCarthy, tested by their ability and illustrated by their poverty. Sir, we know that you are a poor man; and we love and honor you for your poverty, for we know that it is the price of your principle. Instead of being the governor of a great British province, or of sitting in high imperial office, with the title of Lord or Earl, as so many purchasable and weaker men have done, Justin McCarthy comes to America, with the simple title of his own genius,—and we recognize it as a prouder coronet than that conferred by king or kaiser. In his young manhood, he came to where the two roads met, the one leading to affluence and title and the friendship of his country's oppressor, and the other to the poverty and trial and the love of his own oppressed people; and without hesitation or regret he went down into the valley with the struggling masses. This is the test of a noble man.

"Then to side with Truth is noble, when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, while his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they have denied."

Justin McCarthy has not only written "The History of Our Own Times," but he has done much to make it. On his leaving home for America, the leader of the Irish people, Mr. Parnell, spoke of him as "the most distinguished Irishman in the world." Mr. Parnell can afford to praise; but he could only afford to praise one man in such terms. For all the triumphs of his genius, we honor Justin McCarthy; for his unselfishness, we respect him; for his poverty, we reverence him; but for his love of Ireland, and his devotion to the national cause and the welfare of her people, we love him. And I ask you, gentlemen, to drink, "Long life and happiness to Justin McCarthy!"

It was the rare privilege of O'Reilly to be appreciated and loved during his life as few men have ever been loved.

The praise which he received never spoiled his simple, manly nature. Men could speak to him and write of him from the fullness of their hearts without fearing to be mistaken for flatterers, or to sow any seed of vanity in his healthy mind. So it was that such words of frank praise as the following could be written of him while he was yet among us. The first extract is from the Boston *Post's* kindly essayist, heretofore quoted in these pages, "Taverner":

Boyle O'Reilly's speech of welcome to Justin McCarthy made me almost sorry that I had not come to my Americanism by the way of "Sweet Erin." His heart is so warm, his words so well chosen and charming, his feelings so true, and all that he says or writes so instinct with human earnestness, that he always carries his audience with him. He is one whom children would choose for their friend, women for their lover, and men for their hero.

Probably no man among us has had more of real romance and adventure, more of patriotic sacrifice and suffering, more of heroic achievement in real life than he, from which he draws his inspiration. To very few is it given to be the poet or patriot above his fellows, and he is both.

It was a strange juxtaposition that gave him, an Irishman, proscribed and outlawed from England, the opportunity of welcoming in America, from a place of honor, a man who stood in Parliament, one of the foremost statesmen and historians of the British empire. Few, if any, could have made the address O'Reilly made; no man not born with the heritage of Irish blood could have compassed its peculiar poetry; no man not in the enjoyment of political freedom could have equaled its proud independence. He was as good an American as he was an Irishman, and linked freedom and poetry. His quotation from Burke, "the lovers of freedom will be free," suggested the words of another poet, Swinburne:

"Free—and I know not another as infinite word."

He has shown the kinship of nature, for not only does American pride inspire in his Irish heart, but his poetry and fervor have fairly made Irish blood tingle in the veins of a true Yankee.

* * * * * *

To the Editor of the Post:

I cannot say that I am an admirer of "Taverner," and his work, as a rule. But will you allow me to express my thorough appreciation of his reference to one of Erin's dearest sons—Boyle O'Reilly—in your issue of to-day?

I don't know where one could look, even in Thackeray, for so perfect a pen-picture of the manly man. It was my great pleasure to know Mr. O'Reilly somewhat intimately for several years; and it has often been my still greater pleasure to speak most warmly of him; but in the future, in referring to him, I shall only quote "Taverner's" description, "He is one whom children would choose for their friend, women for their lover, and men for their hero."

Was the *sans peur et sans reproche*, which has characterized another knight for centuries, worth more than this? C.

And here is another graceful tribute from a brother poet on the occasion of "In Bohemia" reaching its second edition:

WRITTEN IN JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY'S "IN BOHEMIA."

Singers there are of courtly themes—
  Drapers in verse—who would dress their rhymes
In robes of ermine; and singers of dreams
  Of gods high-throned in the classic times;
Singers of nymphs, in their dim retreats—
  Satyrs, with scepter and diadem;
But the singer who sings as a man's heart beats
  Well may blush for the rest of them.

I like the thrill of such poems as these—
  All spirit and fervor of splendid fact—
Pulse and muscle and arteries
  Of living, heroic thought and act,
Where every line is a vein of red
  And rapturous blood, all unconfined,
As it leaps from a heart that has joyed and bled
  With the rights and the wrongs of all mankind.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

The unveiling of Bartholdi's great statue of "Liberty" took place in New York Harbor, on October 28. O'Reilly wrote for the New York *World*, on this occasion, his poem "Liberty Lighting the World." In it he propounds, in capital letters, the creed of Liberty:

Nature is higher than Progress or Knowledge, whose need is
  ninety enslaved for ten;
My words shall stand against mart and college: THE PLANET
  BELONGS TO ITS LIVING MEN!

The independent attitude taken by O'Reilly in his journal toward the un-American policy of Secretary Bayard left the editor open to misconstruction as an enemy of the Administration, if not a virtual opponent of the Democratic party. Nothing could be further from the truth, especially in regard to the last of these charges. His Democracy was as much a part of him as the blood in his veins. He opposed the un-Democratic conduct of men like Secretary Bayard, Minister Phelps, and others whom President Cleveland had unwisely placed and retained in high office. O'Reilly criticized his party because he was loyal to it; a time-server would have flattered it, right or wrong.

But because of this misunderstanding, it happened that at a Republican meeting in Lynn, in October, 1886, the *Pilot's* remarks on Secretary Bayard were quoted by ex-Governor John D. Long and Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge. The former said, "I have been listening with very much interest to the address of your next representative in Congress, and to his candid speech. I do not find the difficulty that he seems to find in interpreting the utterance of that brave, true, conscientious Irishman, John Boyle O'Reilly, the editor of the *Pilot;* and, while he writes for the Democratic party, you would find that those are not his true sentiments; that he is with us and would vote for that which would protect the honor of the country and the honor of our flag, even with Blaine at the head." O'Reilly replied:

Mr. Long did not, we believe, mean to be offensive, but he was so. How could he place such adjectives as "brave, true, conscientious" before the name of a man whom he believed to be writing for one party words that "were not his true sentiments," while he was secretly in sympathy with the opposing party? It was hasty speaking, Mr. Long; but that is not sufficient explanation. It was taking a liberty that surprised us from such a source. However, it gives the editor of the *Pilot* an opportunity for saying that he has known the Republican party to be attentive to Irish-American views only since it lost power, and wanted to regain it. For twenty years it had power, and during that time "the honor of our flag," so far as it was involved in the imprisonment of American citizens in Ireland, without trial or charge, was

deliberately and offensively ignored. He knows that up to a year or so ago the usual Republican phrase for citizens of Irish birth or extraction was, "the dangerous classes." He knows that, because in the City of Boston, where the majority of the population is now, or is rapidly becoming, Irish-American, the Republican Legislature has trampled on the first principle of our government—local self-government—admittedly to prevent these citizens from exercising their rightful powers. He knows that the Republican machine has been annually used to prevent the naturalization of aliens. These are a few of the local reasons why Mr. O'Reilly is not a Republican.

O'Reilly presided at Justin McCarthy's farewell lecture in the Boston Theater, February 27, and five days later delivered his own great lecture on "Illustrious Irishmen of One Century," before an audience of 3000, in Grand Army Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y. Justin McCarthy was on the stage and received another graceful tribute from the lecturer.

On St. Patrick's Day, 1887, the poet read his "Exile of the Gael," before the Charitable Irish Society of Boston, on the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the association. It is a noble tribute to the expatriated children of Ireland, its best passage being that in which he tells what the exiles have brought with them to the new country:

> No treason we bring from Erin—nor bring we shame nor guilt!
> The sword we hold may be broken, but we have not dropped the hilt!
> The wreath we bear to Columbia is twisted of thorns, not bays;
> And the songs we sing are saddened by thoughts of desolate days.
> But the hearts we bring for Freedom are washed in the surge of tears;
> And we claim our right by a People's fight, outliving a thousand years.

In introducing the poem, he uttered one of his pithy sayings: "We can do Ireland more good by our Americanism than by our Irishism."

In response to a request from the New York *World*, O'Reilly wrote his poem "The Press Evangel," for an anniversary number of that journal, which had then attained a daily circulation of a quarter of a million copies.

Queen Victoria celebrated, in 1887, the jubilee anniversary of her accession to the throne. "Why should not Ireland jubilate over Queen Victoria's benignant rule?" asked O'Reilly.

According to the eminent statistician, Mulhall, quoted by Mr. Gladstone recently in the House of Commons, the following figures attest the blessings enjoyed by Ireland during the past glorious fifty years:

Died of famine,	1,225,000 persons.
Evicted,	3,568,000 persons.
Exiled,	4,185,000 persons.

The bulk of the exiles came to America, where they have produced, according to the same statistician, wealth to the amount of $3,275,000,000. Let us do Her Avaricious Majesty the justice to say that the last item will strike her soul with genuine regret. For the rest, Irishmen should be as thankful for the reign of Victoria as they might be for the plagues of Egypt.

William O'Brien, M.P., paid a visit to America in May, being warmly received throughout the United States, and having his life attempted in Canada. On his arrival in Boston he was given a public reception in the Boston Theater, on Sunday evening, May 29. Nearly 5000 people were present. John Boyle O'Reilly presided and introduced the Irish patriot in the following speech:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: This immense meeting of the people of Boston is the first note of the American celebration of the Queen of England's jubilee. It is a meeting of welcome and honor—and also of indignation and protest. We honor a distinguished and devoted patriot, who came to this continent in the interests of a poor and oppressed people, and who has told in burning words their woeful story to every heart in two English-speaking nations, appealing against their oppressor, not in passion or violence, but in the spirit of true reform, of argument and public morality. We protest, as Massachusetts citizens, against the legalized degradation of men, by which a single aristocrat has power to sweep from their homes hundreds, aye, thousands of industrious and virtuous people and banish them from their native land forever. We

protest, as Americans, against a ruler on this continent, in the adjoining country, who tramples upon the law of the land, who smiles approbation upon passionate mobs, bent upon outrage and murder—who openly congratulates the country he rules because lawless violence has suppressed the rights of public meeting and free speech—who has no other answer to a criminal charge against himself than hisses and yells and paving stones and pistols. Not in one Canadian city, nor on one sudden and unexpected day, was this resort to anarchy and mob rule allowed and approved, but in many of the chief cities of Canada, one by one,— day after day.

We tell this ruler that it is our interest and duty, as Americans and lovers of liberty and order, to protest against lawlessness and revolution on this continent in every country north of the Isthmus. We tell him that when a ruler breaks the law and depends for his defense on the bludgeons and revolvers of a besotted mob, he has taken the manacles off anarchy ; he has appealed to the flames for protection ; he has let revolution loose !

We want no mobs or revolutions in America,—and least of all revolutions in the interests of privilege and caste and foreign power. Boston knows the difference between mobs and revolutions. Her history tells her that a mob is a disease, while a revolution is a cure; that a mob has only passion and ignorance, while a revolution has conviction and a soul ; that a mob is barren, while a revolution is fruitful ; that the leaders of a mob are miscreants to be condemned, while the leaders of a revolution are heroes to be honoréd forever.

Here in Boston, 117 years ago, a crowd of citizens attempted to drive out of the streets the foreign soldiers, whose presence was an insult and outrage. The leader of the crowd was a brave colored man named Crispus Attucks, who was the first American killed by an English bullet in the Revolution. The Tories said then, and they kept saying it still, that that crowd of patriotic citizens was a mob ; and that Crispus Attucks and Maverick and Gray and Patrick Carr, who were killed with him, were rioters and criminals. But the State of Massachusetts says : "Not so ! They were heroes and martyrs, and this year a monument to their deathless memory shall be raised on the spot where their blood was shed." Compare this result with the pro-slavery mobs of half a century ago—the well-dressed and respectable mobs of Philadelphia and Boston—the mobs composed of "our first families."

Half a century ago a pro-slavery mob howled down the eloquent voice of Birney in Cincinnati, and threw his presses and type into the Ohio River. About the same time a Philadelphia mob burned the hall of the Abolitionists in that city ; an aristocratic first-family mob publicly flogged the benevolent Amos Dresser in the streets of Nashville ; a respectable Beacon Street mob dragged William Lloyd Garri-

son to a lamp-post in Boston. Where are slavery and pro-slavery now? And on which side are the leaders and the respectable people of the pro-slavery mobs now? The seed sown by Garrison and Birney and Wendell Phillips was God's own seed, and it took only a quarter of a century to bring it to God's own harvest. The seed sown in Ireland and in Canada by the devoted Irish leaders will ripen in less time.

The American Abolitionists were lawless men, according to the statutes. The Irish Nationalists are not even lawless according to English statutes until a new and atrocious statute has to be invented to make them so. In their resistance to this lawless law every American heart is with them. "I pity a slave," said Wendell Phillips, "but a rebellious slave I respect." The rebellious slave always succeeds—the future fights for him. Let us suppose for a moment that the riotous Boston of fifty years ago has returned; that a howling mob is rushing up Washington Street yelling for the blood of Garrison and Phillips. With the light of the last half century upon us, let us suppose that into this hall, into this great meeting, those hunted men should rush for protection—Garrison and the young Wendell Phillips—bareheaded, wounded, stricken by stones, followed by curses and revolver shots. What a welcome would await them here! How the great throbbing heart of Boston would cover and shield them like a mother! How the manhood of Boston would respect and love them! What a shout of horror and indignation would arise to warn their brutal and cowardly aggressors!

We are here to welcome one who embodies the spirit of Garrison and Phillips; one who went unarmed and clear-eyed to face the danger, to attack the wrong-doer in his high place, for the sake of the poor and oppressed; one who represents in perfection the manly and moral side of a great question and a brave nation; one who has come to us wounded and breathless from the fury of the mob, in whose ears still ring the death-yell and the crack of the revolver; a man who is the very type and idol of his nation—the fearless editor and patriot, William O'Brien.

The Massachusetts Legislature having voted to erect a monument in Boston, in honor of Crispus Attucks and the other victims of the Boston Massacre, a vigorous attempt was made by certain gentlemen of Tory proclivities to prevent the carrying out of the measure, by showing that Attucks and his comrades were "rioters" and "rebels." The Massachusetts Historical Society petitioned Governor Ames to refuse his sanction to the bill, and made a bitter attack on the memory of the Revolutionary martyrs. O'Reilly, true to his democratic instincts, ranged himself

on the side of those who desired to honor the colored patriot and his humble fellows, and with voice and pen defended the cause until it was carried to a successful issue. His great poem, "Crispus Attucks," was written in the following year, on the occasion of the dedication of the monument.

On the 21st of June, the British Americans of Boston celebrated the Queen's Jubilee by a banquet in the cradle of the American Revolution, Faneuil Hall. On the preceding evening an indignation meeting of citizens, opposed to this desecration, assembled in the same building, and passed resolutions of protest against the celebration, in Faneuil Hall, "of a reign of tyranny and crime." Addresses were made by Mr. E. M. Chamberlain, Rev. P. A. McKenna, Mr. Philip J. Doherty, and others. As he says in his own report of the meeting:

Mr. O'Reilly had attended the meeting without thought of taking part. In the rush up-stairs, when the doors were opened, he went with the stream; and almost before he could take breath he was rushed forward till he found himself presiding over the meeting, with the hall quivering with excitement and cheers, the air filled with waving hats and handkerchiefs. When order was restored, he said:

FELLOW-CITIZENS: I did not come here to-night to make a speech. I came here as a citizen to listen to men, speaking in a protest that I wished to keep out of, because I know there are men small enough and mean enough to say that I could only speak in that protest from the obvious motive of being an Irishman.

I stand here now in a desecrated Faneuil Hall, in a hall from which we were barred out until the dread of public indignation made them open the doors,—in a hall which those fellow-citizens outside (referring to the out-door meeting still in progress) repudiate and refuse to enter. There is even a larger meeting outside Faneuil Hall to-night than there is in, and the men there say, "We will never go into Faneuil Hall again."

I do not speak as an Irishman. I would as soon speak, God knows, against the Czar of Russia if they jubilated in his honor, with the prisons and mines of Siberia filled with Poles; I would as soon come here in the interests of negroes, if their rights were attacked in any part of the Union.

I come, as a fellow-citizen of yours, to protest against the murder of a tradition. Men say, when their selfish interests are in the market,

"It will not do Faneuil Hall any harm to hold this royalist meeting within its walls." They say, "We take no sentiment out by the violation of a tradition."

But I say those men do not understand the meaning of the awful words "violation" and "pollution." They would say the same things against the violation and pollution of those dearest and nearest to them—that no injury had been done to them by the crime. There is no crime so terrible as pollution. There is no death so awful and so hopeless as the death of violated honor.

Faneuil Hall could stand against the waves of centuries, could stand against fire, could stand even against folly, but it can never stand against the smoke of its own violated altar. I do not wish to bar the doors of this hall against the royalists. We have let them in by the order of those whom we have elected to represent us; and if we open the doors we must bear the burden. On our heads is the shame. I say now, that after the fumes of their baked meats and after the spirits of their royalist speeches intended to desecrate and destroy a holy tradition—after that, this is not Faneuil Hall.

I speak for myself so honestly and faithfully to my own conscience that I know I must represent the hearts of many men in Boston, and I say that hereafter we must remember against this pile what has been done in it.

Well, let the Englishmen have Faneuil Hall. (Voices: "No, no!") I say you cannot prevent it. (Voices: "We will; we can!") No, no, the opposition is too late. The opposition would be undignified, and would be unworthy of us. The man who would raise a finger against an Englishman to-morrow in Boston, is unworthy to be present here to-night. There is a greater opposition than the opposition of paving-stones and bludgeons. Let that be Lansdowne's method. It is not ours. It isn't worthy of Boston. It isn't worthy of the Faneuil Hall of the past.

But I say for myself—what I came to say—that after to-morrow night I trust we shall have a hall in Boston, into which men may go for sanctuary, and causes may go for sanctuary; as in the olden time, a hunted cause, or a weak man running from the King's oppression, running even from the law officers, if he could lay his hands on the sanctuary he was safe for a time. And all hunted causes in America and in the world have come here. Kossuth came here from Hungary, O'Connor came here from Ireland, Parnell came here from Ireland. Here is a hall made holy with great men's words and spirits. We must have a hall unpolluted by the breath of Toryism and royalty in Boston. And I say this as one humble man, who was always proud to come and speak here—that I will never enter the walls of this hall again. I will never, so help me God, I will never—may my tongue

cleave to my mouth if I ever speak a word for man or cause in Faneuil Hall again.

I do not know that there is any man any more formally prepared to speak to you than I have been; but I would, in this instance and in this cause, call on any Boston man to speak and know that he would have to speak.

No single act or utterance of O'Reilly's life was so harshly criticized as this. He was accused of seeking to proscribe free speech. He was told sneeringly that Boston could survive such a catastrophe as that of O'Reilly and Father McKenna declining to speak in Faneuil Hall again; that their refusal would not affect anybody half so much as it would themselves. He replied, "That is true; and no one knew it so well as the men who made the resolution. They did not speak boastfully, but humbly and sorrowfully; it is their loss wholly. The gain of raising the Union Jack in Faneuil Hall is the gain of flunkeys and Tories in Boston, just as it was in the last century."

It was not necessary for him to repudiate the charge of intolerance. In joining those who protested against the desecration of Faneuil Hall he had acted as an adopted citizen, to whom Revolutionary traditions were as dear as they should have been to all citizens of Revolutionary descent. It would undoubtedly have been better if to these latter had been left the whole duty of protesting. They failed to look at the matter in the same light as he did. There is always a strong leaven of Toryism in the old rebel town of Boston. It was shown in the strenuous opposition to the erection of the Attucks monument; it was displayed again by members of the Bunker Hill Monument Association, who objected to the erection of tablets commemorating the patriot soldiers who died in that fight; one high officer of the association asserting that it would be a falsification of history to glorify, from an American standpoint, an event which was really an English victory.

As a matter of policy it would have been wiser to have wholly ignored the British-American admirers of Queen Victoria. They were not a representative body of any

standing. There were among them few English-born men, and none of any repute in the community. They were, for the most part, Canadians or Nova Scotians of the more ignorant class, with a few Scotchmen, and a sprinkling of North of Ireland Orangemen, all loyal subjects of Queen Victoria, and all equally ready to trade their loyalty at a moment's notice when there seemed to be a probability of political gain thereby. They were reinforced by the usual crowd of No-Popery fanatics, and their introduction into American politics, a year or two later, did not tend to elevate the standard of political virtue. They were given undue prominence by the notice of an earnest patriot like O'Reilly.

CHAPTER XVII.

Public Addresses—Author's Reading—The Irish Flag in New York—"Athletics and Manly Sport" Published—His Cruise in the Dismal Swamp—Interesting Letters to E. A. Moseley—Speech at the C. T. A. U. Banquet—Bayard, Chamberlain, and Sackville-West—Presidential Election—Poem on Crispus Attucks—Death of Corporal Chambers—Speech for the Heroes of Hull.

THERE was no trait of O'Reilly's character more gracious than the genuine delight which he felt in the discovery and recognition of any talent, literary or artistic, in a young neophyte. The delight was manifoldly enhanced when the candidate was one of his own race. He was one of the first to recognize and the most generous to encourage any aspirant for fame whose credentials bore the Gaelic stamp. More than half a score of poets and *litterateurs* in Boston alone, received their first welcome plaudits and substantial rewards from the kindly editor of the *Pilot.*

Toward the close of 1887 John Donoghue, a young sculptor, whom Oscar Wilde had "discovered" three or four years previously in Chicago, and who had successfully exhibited his works in the Paris salon, took up his residence in Boston. He exhibited three of his works in Boston in January, 1888, "The Young Sophokles," "The Hunting Nymph," and "The Boxer," this last being a statue from the life. His model was the famous pugilist, John L. Sullivan. O'Reilly wrote of it as follows:

In the exhibition of statues by John Donoghue, now open in Horticultural Hall, Boston, the tremendous figure of "The Boxer" stands in the center, between the wonderful "Young Sophokles" and "The Hunting Nymph." These two are noble sculptures, varied in grace, beauty and eloquent action.

But the latest work of John Donoghue is held by many—and certainly I am one of them—to be the greatest of the three. This is "The

Boxer," which stands in the central carmine arch, filling the whole hall with its colossal strength, calmness and beauty. A beauty higher than that of the "Nymph," lovely as she is; more potent than that of "The Sophokles," with all his marvelous grace and eloquence. The others are imaginatively great; this is profoundly so. Not merely because it is an ambitious modernism, though this is much; nor that it is more or less a portrait of a world-renowned subject, which matters nothing for to-day, though it is likely to become a real value a hundred or a thousand years hence. But because it is, as all noble art must be, a symbol that is higher than a mere fact, or any thousand facts. It is absurd to say that this is a statue of Sullivan, the boxer, even though he posed for it. It is a hundred Sullivans in one. It is the essential meaning and expression of all such men as Sullivan. It is just what the great sculptor who conceived it calls it: "The Boxer," a personification of the power, will, grace, beauty, brutality, and majesty of the perfect pugilist of modern times.

It is a statue which, once seen, can never be forgotten. It is unlike all other statues in the world—as unlike the glorious "David" of Angelo as the "David" is unlike the "Discobulus" of the Athenian master.

One of the wonders of the exhibition is that the same man could produce all three statues. The "Nymph" no more resembles "The Boxer" than flowing water resembles ironstone. One illustrates the airy lightness of grace, peace, and freedom; the other the heavy purpose of violence, force, and domination. But as Nature is equally beautiful in every phase, so are these antipodal figures equal in beauty. The lily-bends of the "Nymph," the lovely feet, hands, and throat, are not more beautiful of line or curve than the vast limbs of the athlete. Standing at the farther end of the hall this may be clearly seen. At this distance the fell purpose of mouth and level eye is modified, and the dreadful threat of the brutal hands (the only brutal feature of the statue) is considerably lessened; but the grace of the muscular torso, the band-like muscles of neck, shoulders, and sides, and the wonderful modeling of the legs are seen with striking distinctness.

This statue stands for nineteenth century boxing for all time. There is no gloss of savagery in the dreadful hands and lowered frontal; but the truth is grandly told of the strength, quality, and physical perfection. It is the statue of a magnificent athlete, worthy of ancient Athens, and distinctly and proudly true of modern Boston.

Strangers visiting Boston will ask for years to come: "Where is the statue of "The Boxer"? And should the city be fortunate enough and wise enough to keep this great work in immortal bronze in one of our halls or galleries, it is as sure to win international renown as the towering "Young David" in Florence.

Two Gladstonian envoys, Sir Thomas H. G. Esmonde

and Mr. John Stuart, were given a public reception at the Hollis Street Theater, Boston, on the evening of January 29. O'Reilly, who was one of the speakers, said (I quote the reported synopsis of his speech):

He was glad of the opportunity of standing on the platform with an Englishman like Mr. Stuart, and declaring that between Irishmen and such Englishmen there was no quarrel. He was reminded by Mr. Stuart's speech that there were two Englands, one composed of a few thousand people and the other of tens of millions; but the thousands had all the glory and the power and the wealth, while the millions had all the darkness, the crowding, the suffering, and the labor. He was reminded of the Jewish boy in England sixty years ago, who, when a Jew had no rights or standing in the nation, resolved to become a great and powerful man. But the upper class, who held all the avenues to distinction, would have nothing to do with him. They rejected him; and he retaliated. He wrote a book—a terrible book for them; and he called it "The Two Nations." He painted in burning words the luxurious dwellers in the castles, and the degraded and overworked slaves in the outer night of ignorance, poverty, and labor. The upper nation, the castle dwellers, the aristocrats, who had grown inhuman with irresponsible power, recognized at once the danger of allowing this man to be their enemy. His book was a threat, and they saw it. He was adopted into their ranks, and he accepted their honors. Step by step he compelled them to elevate him, a poor literary hack-writer, until in the end of his days they pressed a jeweled coronet on his withered brows, raised him to the supreme seat among their titled ranks, rechristened him, whose name was Benjamin of Israel, by a lordly title, and showered on him such golden honors as his poor old frame could hardly stand up under. That was the aristocrats' bribe to an able man to tie up his tongue and his pen from exposing the wickedness of their power and defending the rights of an outraged nation.

An Author's Reading was given in aid of the Longfellow Memorial Fund at Saunder's Theater, Cambridge, Mass., on Monday evening, February 28. Among those who participated were Julia Ward Howe, Edward Everett Hale, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, William Winter, Louise Chandler Moulton, John Boyle O'Reilly, George Parsons Lathrop, Charles Follen Adams, and Charlotte Fiske Bates.

O'Reilly's appearance on the occasion was thus happily referred to in the Boston *Transcript*:

But the man of all present who struck fire was Boyle O'Reilly.

Mr. O'Reilly seemed a bit nervous as he stepped forward, eschewing the desk and its preachy suggestions, and he bent uneasily from side to side for a moment, as he read, apparently from written sheets, a number of keen epigrammatic verses, full of humanity and sharp satire of wealthy pretense. It seemed rather a trait of audacity for him to read "In Bohemia," too, before an audience which must have included very few Bohemians, and where he could hardly expect a favorable reception for his sentiments regarding organized charity and statistical Christianity; but how the audience did cheer when he was done! It was perfectly plain that he had accomplished his poet's mission in touching hearers' hearts rather than their reason, or even the reflected sentiment that comes from an intellectual conception as to what sentiment ought to be, and which often passes for genuine sentiment until somebody comes along who was endowed at his birth, as Boyle O'Reilly was, with the art of getting at the real sentiment of human beings. How such a thrill as he gave with "In Bohemia" sweeps away artificial sentiment, even when it is as cleverly conceived as they are able to conceive it in Cambridge.

Something of a tempest in a teapot was stirred up in New York on St. Patrick's Day of this year, when Mayor Abram Hewitt refused to let the Irish flag be floated over City Hall, a courtesy which had been practiced for over ninety years. Mr. Hewitt had decorated the same building with bunting on the occasion of Queen Victoria's jubilee, as he had shown himself a pronounced Anglomaniac on many other occasions. The Irish-Americans, of course, did not claim as a right that which they had so long enjoyed as a courtesy. Mr. Hewitt's animus was unmistakable; but when a branch of the Irish National League in Dublin, Ireland, passed a resolution condemning the conduct of the New York Mayor, O'Reilly pronounced their action "a folly and an impertinence, also." He said:

The city of Dublin, whether represented by British or Irish sentiment, commits an intolerable error when it assumes to lecture the city of New York or any other American city on its relation to the Irish people or flag. The first to resent such interference are Irish-Americans, who are quite able to speak for themselves.

Mayor Hewitt, sneaking into the office of the British Minister at Washington to explain why he had moved an anti-British resolution in Congress, proved himself to be an unreliable and unfriendly man, to be distrusted particularly by Irish-Americans.

But when a resolution is passed in Ireland demanding that the Mayor of New York should hoist the Irish flag on the City Hall, as a right of "the Irish race throughout the world," we take sides with Mayor Hewitt ; and we advise the Dublin branch of the National League that it has made a grave mistake that ought to be amended; and that the person who drafted the above resolution ought not to be trusted with the wording of its withdrawal.

Mr. Hewitt failed of re-election, not because the Dublin National League had disapproved of his conduct, but because sensible Americans regarded him as a fidgety nuisance.

"In the month of May, 1888, two sunburned white men, in cedar canoes, turned at right angles from the broad waters of the Dismal Swamp Canal, and entered the dark and narrow channel, called the Feeder, that pierces the very heart of the swamp."

The two sunburned white men, thus mentioned by one of them, were Edward A. Moseley and John Boyle O'Reilly. It was their last canoeing trip together, and is picturesquely chronicled by O'Reilly's pen and Moseley's camera in the former's volume on "Athletics and Manly Sport," published in the same year by Ticknor & Co., Boston, and republished in a second edition, two years later, by the Pilot Publishing Co. It has a frontispiece portrait of Donoghue's statue, "The Boxer," and is dedicated :

TO THOSE WHO BELIEVE THAT A LOVE FOR
INNOCENT SPORT, PLAYFUL EXERCISE,
AND ENJOYMENT OF NATURE,
IS A BLESSING INTENDED NOT ONLY FOR
THE YEARS OF BOYHOOD, BUT FOR
THE WHOLE LIFE OF A MAN.

In his introduction, recognizing the prejudice which exists against boxing, he quoted Bunyan's lines :

Some said, John, print it ; others said, Not so ;
Some said, It might do good ; others said, No.

The book is a cyclopædia of the history and evolution of pugilism, defending the exercise for its value as a

developer of health and courage, and not extenuating the brutality, which too often accompanies the so-called "prize-fight." His directions concerning health and exercise have the advantage of being drawn from personal experience, for he was an "all-round" athlete, a fine boxer, a skilled and graceful fencer, and all but an amphibian in the water. Three short rules may be quoted at random, for their common sense quality :

> The best exercise for a man, training for a boxing-match, is boxing ; the next best is running.
>
> The best exercise for a crew, training for a rowing-race, is rowing ; the next best is running.
>
> The best exercise for a man, training for a swimming-match, is swimming ; the next best is running.
>
> And so with other contests ; running is not only second best, but is absolutely necessary in each, for running excels all exercises for developing "the wind."

Seventy pages of the book are devoted to a well-written and copiously illustrated article on "Ancient Irish Athletic Games, Exercises, and Weapons." But the part which will most interest the general reader is that, consisting of over two hundred pages, in which he narrates his canoeing trips on the Connecticut, the Susquehanna, the Delaware, and the Dismal Swamp. The shortsighted greed of man has prevented the reclamation of the Swamp. O'Reilly was a firm believer in the great resources of that region, now given over to the wild beast and the moccasin snake. He took pains on his return to makes its possibilities known to the world, and cherished hopes of living to see this rich, neglected Virginia tract converted into a beautiful, fertile, and healthful region.

His Dismal Swamp cruise was the last of the delightful outings that he was ever to enjoy. His companion and dear friend, Mr. Edward A. Moseley, of Washington, has kindly supplied me with some characteristic letters, written at this period, from which I take these interesting specimens :

THE "PILOT," BOSTON, March 1, 1888

DEAR NED:

Get as much information as you can about the Swamp. I am with you. Always,

BOYLE O'REILLY.

April 5, 1888.

DEAR NED:

Please let me know—are you going with me to the Dismal Swamp or not? I must make arrangements. I wrote you two weeks ago. Perhaps my letter has miscarried. Write, like a good old boy.

Faithfully,

J. B. O'R.

April 10, 1888.

DEAR NED:

I may have to ask you to start a week before the 7th of May; but I am trying to arrange it as I wrote last week. I have learned all about the Swamp. It is absolutely free from malaria. The water is wonderfully pure. Gen. Butler tells me it is the sweetest water in the country. We shall probably have to take a negro lad, who knows the Swamp, with us.

Be sure and have the camera in fine order, and lay in a *complete* stock of dry plates. The expense, dear Ned, must be more fairly divided this time. If you will send me word what plates to get, I will bring with me a hundred or more of the right kind. Don't delay; just write me the things to buy.

I will bring my gun; you get one also. Do you want any paddles, etc.? Find out at Norfolk, as early as you can, whether or not we can camp in the Swamp.

Good-by, dear old Mr. McGarvey.*

Affectionately,

J. B. O'R.

We will have a glorious time.

April 27, 1888.

DEAR NED:

I shall start on Saturday, May 5, arriving in Norfolk on Monday, 7th. I have got the plates (Seeds 5x8—four dozen). I shall bring your cushion along. Be sure and get long rubber boots, and better bring a gun—a light rifle if you can get it, as there are deer in the Swamp.

We want a reliable negro who knows the whole Swamp,—with a

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* Evidently a playful nickname of Mr. Moseley.

boat. If you are down there in time, look out for this fellow. Perhaps it would be well to go to the Swamp to get him. It is only an hour's ride there from Norfolk.

We will have a memorable time, old man.

Bring lots of good quinine. I will bring some also.

Faithfully,

BOYLE.

June 6, 1888.

DEAR NED:

If there be a map of the Dismal Swamp anywhere in Washington, *please* get it for our article. *We need it badly.*

Send me any other notes you may think of.

Send for the map at once. It must be engraved here.

Faithfully,

J. B. O'R.

June 27, 1888.

DEAR NED:

. . . . Please see King and thank him for the antlers and maps (which I shall return safely in a week or two). Also ask him if he sent or instructed any one to send me a keg of wine. A keg of delicious wine came to me last week—no letter, no bill. I want to pay for it.

My article (four pages of *Herald* and *Sun*) will appear on Sunday, July 1—copious illustrations. I shall reproduce all the good plates in my book directly from the negatives. Send me *everything* you can about the Swamp.

My little Blanid has been very ill, dying almost, for two weeks. I could not write. I was up day and night. She is better now, thank God.

My love to you, dear Ned.

Faithfully,

BOYLE O'REILLY.

He enjoyed his trip through the Swamp amazingly, and was especially interested in its quaint human inhabitants, nearly all fugitive slaves or their descendants.

"His wonderful ability to place himself *en rapport* with all classes of men, and adapt himself to the capacity of others to understand him," writes his companion, Mr. Moseley, "was well illustrated in our Dismal Swamp trip, when the half-civilized blacks of that lonely region, many of whom had never been outside the dark recesses of the

Swamp,—poor unfortunates, whose mentality was about as low as it is possible to imagine in a human being,—used to gather around our camp fire, and listen with bated breath while Boyle related to them, as only he could, the story of the wrongs and sufferings of Ireland, and told of the eight hundred years of oppression which yet had failed to destroy the Irish nationality and the Irish spirit and traditions; and so well did he present his theme, and so perfectly did he measure the language with which he clothed his eloquence by the rude intellectual standard of his audience, that he held them speechless and amazed at what was to them a wonderful romance."

The following clever parody on Moore's "Lake of the Dismal Swamp" went the rounds of the press apropos of O'Reilly's cruise:

He's off for a place rather cold and damp
For a soul so warm to woo;
He goes to explore the Dismal Swamp,
So weirdly sung by a poet-tramp
When the century was new.

And some sonorous song we soon may hear,
Or malarial lines may see,
For the Miasmatic Muse may bear
Some offspring meet for the laurel's wear,
Though derived from the cypress tree.

So the brakes among! Though the way is long
And no primrose path it be;
And what is there wrong in a plaintive song
For the juice of the grateful scuppernong
And the juniper jamboree?

No rill Heliconian to inspirate,
Nor fount of fair Castaly;
And the exhalations that exhalate
Are not the sort that invigorate
Or animate Poesie.

And yet to the fancy that sways supreme
These poetic, æsthetic souls

Here might haply seem Scamander's stream,
Or in rhapsodic dream where the waveless gleam
And my native Simois rolls.

O Pilot! there is a peril dread
Where the *ignis fatuus* lured,
And the wolf unfed and the copperhead
With the poisonous growth hung over head
Like a Damocletian sword!

But *bon voyage*, and no longer enlarge
On the terrors above defined.
We'll rout the band with Prospero's wand
And banish them (in our mind);
With carbolic hand disinfect the land
Nor leave a germ behind.

So in birchen boat, a bark of his own,
On that lake of somber hue,
Or on life's broad stream, wherever blown,
J. B. is quite able—so lave him alone—
To paddle his own canoe.

H. MORO.

He received a more dainty compliment from far-away South America, about the same time. The charming love poem "Jacqueminots," has been set to music by two or three American composers. It had the honor of translation into the Spanish language by a Buenos Ayres author, who introduced it under the title "Yankee Poetry" as follows:

A North-American resident in Buenos Ayres has translated into Spanish verse a poetical composition already published in one of our dailies, but accredited to one of the most popular weekly newspapers in the United States, the *Pilot* of Boston. The circumstance of a stranger's so easily overcoming the great difficulties of rendering this English poem, beautifully and musically, into the Spanish idiom, united to the great merit of the original composition, whose author holds high rank in the literary world of North America, induces us to transfer it to our columns:

POEIAS YANKEE.—Un norte-americano residente en Buenos Aires ha traducido en verso español una composicion poética publicada hace

poco por uno de los diarios más acreditados y populares de los Estados Unidos: the *Pilot* de Boston.

La circumstancia de haber sido vertido á nuestro idioma por un extranjero, venciende dificultades que fácilmente se adivinan, unida al mérito relativo de la composicion, que lleva al pié un nombre ventajosamente conocido en el mundo literario norte-americano, nos induce á darle un lugar en nuestras columnas.

Héla aquí:

JACQUEMINOTS.

[Traduccion del Ingles, por E. R.]

Yo no quiero, mi vida, con palabras
Manifestarle mi ansiedad de amores;
Pero deja que expresen lo que siento,
Con lenguaje de aromas, esas flores.

Que sus hojas purpureas te revelen
De mis deseos el profundo arcano;
Que rueguen por sonrisas y por besos
Cual los campos por lluvia en el verano.

Ah! mi querida, que tu faz trasluzca
El brillo de una tierna confesion;
Da a mis rosassiquiera una esperanza,
La esperanza que anhela el corazon.

Llevalas a tu seno, mi querida,
Despues que aspires su fragante olor;
Bebe en sue caliz mi pasion ardiente,
Su aroma es el perfume de mi amor.

Oh! mis rosas decidia, supplicantes,
Con lenguaje de aromas, sin alino,
Cuantos son los suspiros y las ansias
De un corazon sediento de carino.

Decidle, rosas, que en mi picho vense
Los lindos rasgos de su rostro impresos,
Que mis ojos la buscan, y mis labios
Estan pidiendo sus amantes besos.

The eighteenth annual convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union in America was held in Tremont Temple, Boston, on Wednesday and Thursday, August 1 and

2. Addresses were delivered by Rev. Father Thomas J. Conaty, of Worcester, Right Rev. Bishop Keane, rector of the American Catholic University, and other great temperance advocates. A banquet was given to the delegates by the Boston Arch-Diocesan Union, at the Waverly House, Charlestown, on the last evening of the convention. John Boyle O'Reilly responded for the press as follows:

I have learned that it does not need wine to give eloquence to your orators. I was to respond to the Catholic Total Abstinence press of America. I regret that I was limited to that. There is no press in America to-day that is not wholly yours. There is no American, Catholic or Protestant, who has any adverse criticism to offer to your convention. Before you, prejudice of class and party drops its arms; even the man of the three R's could not find fault with your rum and Romanism. And your only "rebellion" is against want and woe and wickedness. Your practices and parades give special pride to Catholic Americans. You speak the very essence of Catholic faith and American patriotism in your zeal without coercion, your example without denunciation. You appeal to the goodness and not to the shrewdness or tyranny that is in men. One of the speakers at the convention—I think it was my wise and honored friend Fr. Wm. Byrne, the Vicar-General of Boston—truly said that you ought not to count or measure your influence by your organized numbers. He was right. As you delegates are to your organization, so is your organization to its moral example and influence.

To Americans of Irish extraction, particularly, your organization is a source of pride and pleasure, for those who are of Irish extraction or birth, and who are American citizens, know that your mission is necessarily largely directed to their people. Yet they come from no dissipated or immoral stock. They come from a country whose morals compare favorably with those of any country in the world.

Why it is that the slur of intemperance should be so constantly cast on the expatriated or emigrated Irish is a question of deep interest to men outside of your body. In the times of freedom, in their own country, they were never a drunken people. No missionary to Ireland has reported them as being a drunken or intemperate people, until comparatively recent times. And yet, because of their hospitable and warm-hearted natures, they may have been open to that charge.

But in the days of their freedom, when they made their mead, ale, and whisky, the Irish people were a sober people. When the Government took away from the people, and placed in the hands of distillers, the manufacture of these drinks, and imposed licenses upon it, the

people got their drinks only when they went to the market, and at those times they took too much liquor. That was the real beginning of intemperance in Ireland. Intemperance went into Ireland with foreign rule and prohibition. The law of man sent intemperance among the Irish, and you are trying to take it out of them by a higher law than that of man—by the law of God.

Again, when they came to this country with all their home ties broken, with no money in many instances, strangers in uncongenial communities, the desire of the Irish for fraternity, for meeting their kindred and friends when they could, furnished the great opportunity for the liquor seller; his saloon became the accustomed place of meeting. You will find (and I say it as an outsider who has given the subject some consideration) that the saloon-keeper among the Irish people in this country is nearly always an emigrant. There are very few Irish-Americans born in this country who have gone into the liquor trade. The people coming here from Ireland were unskilled. The thousands or tens of thousand industries which enter into the life of a prosperous nation were taken away from Ireland. The ship-building, the mining, the iron works, the carriage-building, the potteries, the mills, and the weaving, all those industries that Ireland had even up to one hundred years ago, were swept away and the manual skill of the people was deliberately stolen from them. They were left with no opportunities whatever of acquiring knowledge other than that which pertained to the servile work of tilling the land, while the land was held by strangers. In Ireland a man with seven sons had seven farm laborers in his house; in Boston, for instance, the same man would have seven sons at useful and perhaps different occupations. That is the reason why many of the men coming from Ireland, notwithstanding they were provident, thrifty and ambitious, were tempted to go into the liquor business as a means of acquiring money rapidly. That is one of the considerations which I think ought to be remembered by your organization as a reason for dealing leniently with men in that traffic. But I believe that of all the classes affected by it, the first to relieve itself from the influence of the saloon is going to be the Irish-American class, because of these two facts: That we are not drunkards; that we come from no degraded or immoral stock; and because we are learning all the manifold industries and means of making an honorable living which are open to us in our American business centers.

Secretary Bayard's novel attempt to settle the fisheries disputes between the United States and England, on the basis of giving the latter country all that she asked and something more, resulted in the appointment of a commission by the two governments. The commissioner selected to

represent the British Government was Joseph Chamberlain, M.P. The reference to arbitration was made against the wishes of Congress, and of the people whose interests were most immediately concerned, the American fishermen. These facts alone would have been sufficient to endanger the success of the mission; the appointment of such a man as Chamberlain insured its failure. O'Reilly predicted: "When the farce is over, no doubt the Senate will quietly shelve Mr. Bayard's new treaty and that will be the end of the matter until the humiliating experiences of 1886 and 1887 are repeated in the season of 1888. After which the deluge, and a presidential election."

Whatever hope there might have been for the treaty was dispelled by Mr. Chamberlain himself, who, on the eve of his departure for the field of his mission, made a flippant and foolish speech, in which he insulted Irish-Americans and sneered at the people of Canada, whose interests he was supposed to champion. "A foreign commissioner," wrote O'Reilly, "who begins by wantonly offending twenty millions of sensitive, active Americans, may be let alone to work his own cure." To complete the offensiveness of his conduct, the commissioner was escorted by a bodyguard of detectives on landing in the United States, professing to fear personal violence from the Irish-Americans. "Mr. Chamberlain need have no fear for his life," said O'Reilly; "it is only the public or spiritual part of Mr. Chamberlain that excites aversion, and that he is surely killing himself. The bodily part can live on, carrying the suicidal corpse of his reputation as an example and a warning to other 'radical statesmen.'" Mr. Chamberlain was not killed, he was not even insulted. His advent would have been of very little importance, one way or another, save for the fact that it contributed materially to the killing of something infinitely more valuable than himself, a Democratic Administration.

In the heat and fury of the national election, an incident occurred which came very near turning the scales in favor of President Cleveland's re-election. The British

Minister to Washington, Lord Sackville-West, received in September, from Pomona, Cal., a letter signed "Charles F. Murchison," which purported to be the inquiry of a naturalized British-American, asking the representative of the Government which he, the writer, had sworn to abjure, for instruction as to how he should vote in the pending election. The letter was a forgery, but it achieved its end by entrapping the stupid Minister into replying as follows:

BEVERLY, MASS., September 13, 1888.

SIR:

I am in receipt of your letter of the 4th inst. and beg to say that I fully appreciate the difficulty in which you find yourself in casting your vote. You are probably aware that any political party which openly favored the mother country at the present moment would lose popularity, and that the party in power is fully aware of this fact. The party, however, is, I believe, still desirous of maintaining friendly relations with Great Britain, and is still as desirous of settling all questions with Canada which have been unfortunately reopened since the rejection of the Treaty by the Republican majority in the Senate and by the President's message to which you allude. All allowances must, therefore, be made for the political situation as regards the Presidential election thus created. It is, however, impossible to predict the course which President Cleveland may pursue in the matter of retaliation should he be elected, but there is every reason to believe that, while upholding the position he has taken, he will manifest a spirit of conciliation in dealing with the question involved in his message. I inclose an article from the New York *Times* of August 22, and remain

Yours faithfully,

L. S. SACKVILLE-WEST.

So astounding a breach of diplomatic courtesy could not be passed over. President Cleveland recognized at once the fatal importance of such an indorsement from the national enemy of America, and demanded the immediate recall of the indiscreet envoy. As the British Government delayed and temporized, Secretary Bayard, by direction of the President, wrote to Minister West notifying him:

Your present official situation near this Government is no longer acceptable, and would consequently be detrimental to the good relations between the two powers. I have the further honor, by the direction of the President, to inclose you a letter of safe conduct through the Territories of the United States.

The British lion roared. Lord Salisbury lost his temper and denounced the Administration which had so promptly "flipped out" a British Minister. The Tory papers commented on the "boorish rudeness of the American Government," the blame of which they laid on the Irish-Americans, especially naming two, O'Reilly and Collins.

The London *Daily Chronicle* clamored for war, saying:

If President Cleveland is of opinion that it consorts with his dignified position to abase himself and his country before the O'Reillys, Collinses, and other Irish demagogues, and to reserve his rudeness for accredited diplomatists of friendly powers, it is not British business to attempt his conversion, but it is our duty to resent the insult put upon us as promptly as it was offered.

The "man O'Reilly," of whom Sir William Vernon Harcourt had never heard four years before, became very well known to the British Government through this incident. He became even better known when the Extradition Treaty, carefully amended so as to cover the cases of political offenders like himself, was kicked out of the United States Senate.

O'Reilly had supported the candidacy of Cleveland, but the President, handicapped by the unpopularity of some of his cabinet and diplomatic appointees, was defeated by a small majority.

The monument to Crispus Attucks was unveiled on Wednesday, November 14, dedicatory services being held in Faneuil Hall. Rev. A. Chamberlain read O'Reilly's poem, entitled, "Crispus Attucks, Negro Patriot—Killed in Boston, March 5, 1770," with its scathing indictment of the Tory:

Patrician, aristocrat, Tory—whatever his age or name,
To the people's rights and liberties, a traitor ever the same.
The natural crowd is a mob to him, their prayer a vulgar rhyme;
The free man's speech is sedition, and the patriot's deed a crime;
Whatever the race, the law, the land,—whatever the time or throne,—
The Tory is always a traitor to every class but his own.

The poem elicited a characteristic letter from a patriot of rugged integrity, who wastes no compliments. Patrick Ford, editor of the *Irish World*, wrote him on December 8, 1888:

The poem is worthy of a noble mind and a pen of fire. As an Irishman and an American, I am proud of you.

Rev. J. R. Slattery, superior of negro missions in the South, wrote:

"Crispus Attucks" got me up to white heat: it will tell. "By the tea that is brewing still," is unrivaled. For years it has been my conviction that the South will eventually be ruled by the negroes, and for the reasons given by Mr. O'Reilly.

"There is never a legal sin but grows to the law's disaster;
The master shall drop the whip, and the slave shall enslave the master."

We all feel very grateful to the poet who thus in soul-stirring song seconds our efforts, or rather gives us an ideal to direct our poor people toward.

At the special request of the colored citizens of Boston, O'Reilly read the poem for them on Tuesday, December 18, at the colored church in Charles Street, prefacing it with a short speech, in which he said:

There is no man in the world who would not be proud of such a patriotic introduction and reception. I thought to-night, that, instead of listening to the reading of a poem, you would unite with your white fellow-citizens in sending word to Mississippi to prevent murder. You have heard the white man's story. To-morrow we may hear the other side. We shall see who it is that is shot down in the swamp. The colored men have their future in their own hands; but they have a harder task before them than they had in 1860. It is easier to break political bonds than the bonds of ignorance and prejudice. The next twenty-five years can bring many reforms, and by proper training our colored fellow-citizens may easily be their own protectors. They must, above all things, establish a brotherhood of race. Make it so strong that its members will be proud of it—proud of living as colored Americans, and desirous of devoting their energy to the advancement of their people.

He had delivered a course of lectures in the Southwest in the preceding month, and saw with burning indignation

the social ostracism to which colored men were subjected in public places throughout various parts of that section, and came home more than ever an advocate of the oppressed black man.

Another delegation of Irish Nationalists came to America in October; they were Sir Thomas Henry Grattan Esmonde and Arthur O'Connor, members of Parliament. They were given an enthusiastic reception at the Boston Theater on the evening of October 9, Governor Ames presiding.

O'Reilly had not come prepared to address the meeting, but the repeated calls of the people drew out the following brief response, the allusion to General Paine being in connection with the victory of the latter's yacht, *Volunteer*, in defense of the *America's* cup:

There is no other reason for the Governor calling upon me to-night than one of revenge because I am not a Republican. While Father McKenna was speaking about Faneuil Hall, I concluded that he was present at the reception the other night. The words in the Boston press that "blood told" reminded us that General Paine's grandfather signed the Declaration of Independence. General Paine got a great Boston reception, as great a reception as his grandfather could have got, or could have desired, and he deserved it. And the next great reception given is to the grandson of another great man who signed, who made, a nation's Declaration of Independence. Blood tells, and this man comes to speak with the blood of his great grandfather surging in his veins. He has come to the blue blood. He is come to the blood which supports the world: the blood of the working people, the blood of honest, industrious men and women. This is the blood which runs through revolutions. This is the blood of the Grattans. This is the blood of the O'Connors, splendidly presented to us in that Irishman (pointing to Arthur O'Connor), who has in the Nationalist ranks the name of being the ablest and safest man in the party next to Parnell. I have not a word to say but that.

I had not thought of being called on, but I say to Sir Thomas Esmonde to-night that he might come to America, with all the men with titles in England, and they never would get such a reception as he will get from Boston to the Pacific. I saw in an English paper that he had gone away from his class for the association of common people. You are speaking (turning to Mr. Esmonde) in England to 30,000,000 people; in America you are speaking to 60,000,000 people. We have

forty cities here bigger than any city but London in Great Britain. From the Gulf of Mexico to Canada and from Boston to the Pacific the blood of the people goes out to you, not because you are an aristocrat with an English title, but because you are an Irishman, a patriot, a gentleman with pluck, courage, and sacrificial strength in you. I ask you, sir, do you regret any class you have abandoned to come to the welcome of this pulsing, human, American-liberty-loving blood of the world, instead of a class ?

John Breslin, the gallant leader of the *Catalpa* rescue, died in New York on November 18. To the last hour of his life he remained a firm believer in revolution as the only true remedy for Ireland's wrongs. In his dying utterances the name of his country was constantly on his lips.

On December 2, O'Reilly's life-long friend and comrade in treason, imprisonment, and exile, Corporal Thomas Chambers, died at the Carney Hospital, Boston, a prematurely aged man, whose vitality had been fatally undermined in the swamps of Dartmoor. "In his case, at least," wrote O'Reilly, "England's vengeance was complete; the rebel's life was turned into a torture, and his earthly career arrested by the deadly seeds of early decay." Chambers was set free when it was seen that he was no longer a danger to the empire. He had spent fourteen years in prison. About six months before his death O'Reilly had him placed in the Carney Hospital, where he received the tenderest care and attention. Of him he said :

I was with him on Saturday night a few hours before he died; he appeared to be unconscious when I stood beside his bed, but he opened his eyes at the touch of my hand, and, though he could not speak, his eyes answered that he recognized me. Another old friend, James Wrenn, of Charlestown, was there, too, and the dying man answered his look also with full recognition. He was wasted to a skeleton. He had suffered horribly for nearly twenty years. When he went to prison he was the happiest and merriest fellow I ever knew. He was young and strong, and he looked at the gloomiest things not only with a smile but a laugh. He was the bravest and tenderest man to others in trouble that I have ever known. Fellow-prisoners soon learned to appreciate this rare and beautiful quality. For two years, while I was in prison in England, he and I were chained together whenever we were moved, and we generally managed to get another rebel, named McCarthy, on

the same chain. McCarthy's health was quite broken, and he had sunk into a melancholy that was something hopeless ; but while he was chained to Chambers he used to laugh all the time like a boy. The English Government at that time thought it was a salutary exhibition to parade the Irish rebels in chains in the streets. I remember one day, when we were marched through the streets of London, all abreast on one chain (we were going from Pentonville to Millbank), with the crowds staring at us, Chambers made McCarthy laugh so heartily that it brought on a fit of coughing, and we had to halt till the poor fellow got his breath. This thought came to me as poor Chambers's eyes met mine in the speechless look, Saturday night, as he lay dying. He was a true man for any time or cause or country. So long as you can find such men, absolutely faithful to an ideal, fearless, patient, and prudent, the organized wrongs do not control the world. Such men need not be brilliant or able or impressive ; but if they fill their own identity with truth and resolution, they are great forces, and the most valuable and honorable of men. That was just the kind of man Thomas Chambers was.

O'Reilly forgot, or seldom mentioned, the indignities heaped on himself by his English jailers, but he never forgot nor forgave those endured by poor, light-hearted, long-suffering Chambers. While he lay, awaiting sentence, in Arbor Hill Prison, Dublin, in 1866, he wrote as follows concerning the first of those cruelties inflicted on his boyish fellow-rebel, in a letter (worth quoting at length) which he had smuggled out of prison, and addressed :

TO ALL THE DEAR ONES OUTSIDE.

Not a word yet—not even a hint of what my doom is to be ; but whatever it may be I'm perfectly content. God's will be done. It has done me good to be in prison ; there is more to be learned in a solitary cell than any other place in the world—a true knowledge of one's self. I send you a note I got from Tom Chambers. Poor fellow, he's the truest-hearted Irishman I ever met. What a wanton cruelty it was to brand him with the letter D, and be doomed a felon for life. Just imagine the torture of stabbing a man over the heart with an awl, and forming a D two inches long and half an inch thick, and then rubbing in Indian ink. He was ordered that for deserting. His brother was nearly mad, and no wonder. McCarthy has been sentenced in Mountjoy to fourteen days on bread and water and solitary confinement for some breach of the prison rules. I know this for a fact. Here in this prison every one is very kind to me, from chief warder down to the lowest.

Tom calls his brother the "mad b," so that if our letters were found they would not know who was meant. But lately we are not very cautious—let them find them if they like—they cannot give us any more. Harrington, of the Sixty-first, and I will receive our sentence on the same day. He's an old soldier and was taken for desertion. . . . . They told those poor cowardly hounds who *did* inform, that Chambers and I were going to give evidence against them—so as to frighten them into giving evidence against us. This has been done by officers and gentlemen! Well, even if we never see home or friends again, we are ten thousand times happier than any such hounds can ever be. When we go to our prisons and all suspense is over, we will be quite happy. Never fret for me, whatever I get. Please God, in a few years I will be released and even if prevented from coming to Ireland will be happy yet. And if not, God's holy will be done. Pray for me and for us all. It would grieve you to hear the poor fellows here talking. At night they knock on the wall as a signal to each other to pray together for their country's freedom. Men, who a few months ago were careless, thoughtless soldiers, are now changed into true, firm patriots, however humble. They never speak on any other subject, and all are perfectly happy to suffer for old Ireland.

Late in November, 1888, a furious tempest raged over Massachusetts Bay, and three vessels were driven ashore on the beach of Hull, where was O'Reilly's summer residence. Fifteen brave fishermen of the village put out through the boiling surf, and, laboring for half a day, rescued twenty-eight lives. The Hull Yacht Club gave a dinner at the Parker House, Boston, on December 22, having for its guests Mayor-elect Hart, John Boyle O'Reilly, Commodore B. W. Crowninshield, Captain Joshua James of the Hull life-saving crew, and Mr. Taylor Harrington. Speeches laudatory of the heroes were made, Commodore Rice especially eulogizing them as a type of "Anglo-Saxon courage." O'Reilly responding to the toast, "The Heroes of Hull," praised the English life-saving service and those of other European countries, but claimed the first place for that of the United States. "The Massachusetts Humane Society," he said, "has now five stations on Nantasket Beach, and every one of those stations is in charge of one brave and devoted man—one man who assisted at the saving of over 130 lives—the gallant man

who is your guest this evening—Captain Joshua James. I do not know how to proceed when I come to speak of such a man—brave, simple, modest, unconscious of his heroism—who has again and again been rewarded and honored and medaled for deeds of extraordinary courage and self-sacrifice in the saving of life on the coast."

After graphically describing the latest exploit of Captain James and his crew, he said:

> And when they returned to their home that day, what had they accomplished? They had rescued from the sea twenty-eight men in twelve hours, a record that has never been surpassed for bravery and endurance on this coast. The brave men who dared to face all this hardship were Captain Joshua James, Eben T. Pope, Osceola James, George Pope, Eugene Mitchell, Eugene Mitchell, Jr., George Augustus, Alonzo L. and John L. Mitchell, Alfred and Joseph and Louis Galiano, Frank James, and William B. Mitchell. The eloquent orator who preceded me seemed to exclude all but Anglo-Saxons from sympathy with this bravery. I do not care whether a man is an Anglo-Saxon or not, if he be a hero. Carlyle says that a hero makes all but petty men forget the bonds of race and class. From the hero all small limitations fall away. His note meets a response in every man's heart.
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> And as to Anglo-Saxons, let me speak for the men of Hull—the men who pulled the oars in Captain James's boat—for I have the honor to know every one of them as an old friend. I know that the Jameses themselves are Dutchmen by blood; that the Mitchells are Austrians; that the Popes are Yankees; that the Augustuses are from Rome, and the Galianos also are Italians. But what of their blood and their race? These brave men are neither Dutch nor Irish—they are Americans. And the men of Hull are types not only of Massachusetts, but of America. A section of Hull is a section of the nation. We are gathering and boiling down here all the best blood of Europe—the blood of the people. Not to build up an Anglo-Saxon or any other petty community, but to make the greatest nation and the strongest manhood that God ever smiled upon.

O'Reilly remembered his life-saving friends, a year later, when an opportunity arose of his being serviceable to one of the heroes. Thanks to his masterly presentation of the case, the following letter was favorably considered by the National Life-saving Service Department. It is addressed to Hon. Edward A. Moseley:

BOSTON, October 28, 1889.

DEAR NED:

I shall be in Washington on the evening of November 9, at the Riggs House. I lecture for some charity next day, Sunday.

I want you to do me and the Hull public and humanity generally a great favor. (I am still living at Hull,—in the new house.) Captain Joshua James, the chief of the new United States life-saving crew at Hull, has not yet appointed his men. He told me last night that he wanted a first-class man as No. 1 of the crew, and that the best man in Hull, and one of the ablest surfmen on the whole coast, Alonzo Mitchell, was a year over the official age. I know Alonzo Mitchell, and he is all he says—a brave, powerful, cool-headed, experienced surfman; and a younger man than you or I.

What I want you to do is to ask Mr. Kimball to allow Capt. James to appoint Alonzo Mitchell. Capt. James is otherwise hampered in the restrictions regarding relatives, for all our regular Hull fishermen are intermarried in the most extraordinary way. But this really ought to be allowed. It gives Capt. James as second the very best man in the town, his own selection, in whom he has complete confidence.

Will you kindly urge this on Mr. Kimball, and let me know the result?

And I am always affectionately yours,

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Another Author's Reading, "A Philistine's Views" on Erotic Literature—Poem on the Pilgrim Fathers — Another, "From the Heights," for the Catholic University—Attacked by La Grippe—Hopes of another Canoe Cruise—Brave Words for the Negro and the Hebrew—"The Useless Ones," his Last Poem—Lecturing Tour to the Pacific Coast—Definition of Democracy—Views on the Catholic Congress—His Last Canoeing Paper and Last Editorials —A Characteristic Deed of Kindness—His Death.

THE presidential campaign of 1888 had disgusted O'Reilly with practical politics. On New Year's Eve he registered this good resolution in a letter to a friend in Washington:

> I shall cease all political connections to-morrow; never again shall I excite myself over an election. My experience of the past four years, and the past four months particularly, has cured me.

During all his life he had instinctively avoided local political entanglements. His first experience of national politics brought him into contact with some professional managers, who acted after the manner of their kind and made the refined and sensitive poet utterly sick of the association. Thenceforth, more than ever, he shunned the field of political strife, and devoted himself to his professional and literary work.

The Author's Reading for the benefit of the International Copyright Association was given at the Boston Museum on the afternoon of March 7. Among those who took part were Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain"), Charles Dudley Warner, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Richard Malcolm Johnston, F. Hopkinson Smith, John Boyle O'Reilly, George W. Cable, and Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson. O'Reilly's selections were:

"A Few Epigrams," "Ensign Epps, the Color Bearer," "A Wonderful Country Far Away," and "In Bohemia."

The New York *Herald*, after the fashion of the period, wrote to several leading authors of the country for expressions of opinion on the question of morality in novels. The answers were published in its edition of March 24, 1889. O'Reilly's reply was entitled "A Philistine's Views":

> Romantic literature belongs to the domain of art, on the same level as sculpture, painting, and the drama. In none of these other expressions is the abnormal, the corrupt, the wantonly repulsive allowable. The line of treatment on these subjects is definitely drawn and generally acknowledged. The unnecessarily foul is unpardonable.
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> Why should not the same limit be observed in romantic literature? All art deals with nature and truth, but not with all nature and all truth. A festering sore is part of nature; it directly affects the thought and action of the sufferer, and it is as unsightly, as deplorable, and as potent as the festering vice on the soul. Why should the latter be allowed and the bodily sore forbidden? The average middle-class American reader, male or female, is a Philistine—unquestionably the most impervious and cloaked conventionality known to all nations, not even excepting the "lower middle-class" English. He wants his fiction to be as proper, as full of small exactitudes in demeanor, as "good an example" on the outside, as he is himself. Humbug as he is, he is far preferable to the "natural" type of the morbid morality mongers, who teach the lesson of an hour by a life-long corruption. The Philistine has a right to his taste, and he is right in voting down the Zola school as the best for his children. Being a Philistine myself, I vote with him.

He was anything but the Philistine which he calls himself above, save only in the matter of clean thought and speech and writing. Living in an age of so-called realism in literature, when the "poetry of passion" had leaped its sewer banks and touched some very high ground, John Boyle O'Reilly's feet were never for an instant contaminated by the filthy flood. He never wrote a line which the most innocent might not read with safety. He never used a vile word; there was none such in his vocabulary. This means much, when we remember that he left his home, when only a child, to spend the formative years of his life, first, in the rough school of the composing-room, next in the grosser environment of the barrack-room, and finally in

society's cess-pool, the prison yard and convict gang. Nothing but the grace of heaven, and the absolute refinement with which he was born, could have brought him out of these debased surroundings a pure-minded man and a stainless, high-bred gentleman. His writings are pure because he could not write otherwise.

A Democratic mayor in New York having allowed the Irish flag to occupy a modest place on the City Hall on St. Patrick's Day this year, an Englishman wrote to Mayor Grant on behalf of his fellow-countrymen requesting that the British flag be floated from the same building on St. George's Day. "By all means," commented O'Reilly, "let the British flag float. It has as much right on the City Hall as the green or any other foreign flag. It will but remind every American of the time it floated there as a menace to the people, supported by the bayonets of its foreign legions, while the green flag and the nation it represents were spiritually and bodily supporting Washington in the field."

On May 11, he delivered an address before the Paint and Oil Club of Boston, on the future of the Dismal Swamp. He lectured through the season in various parts of New England. In compliance with the request of the Scranton *Truth* he acted as judge in the competition for a prize to be awarded to the best poem on the subject of the Samoan disaster. He awarded the prize to Homer Greene's poem, "The Banner of the Sea."

In May, he accepted an invitation to prepare a poem for the dedication of the national monument to the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, Mass.

The selection of a foreign-born citizen for this office surprised and offended some narrow-minded people who, through no fault of theirs, but by their constitutional limitations, were unable to appreciate either his poetical genius or the catholic breadth of his nature. But all, even the most doubtful, were convinced and delighted, when the masterly poem was read, that this alien-born citizen, precisely because he was such, had learned to grasp, as no

native could, the splendid lesson and example given to the world by the Pilgrim Fathers.

They had on servile order, no dumb throat ;
They trusted first the universal vote;
The first were they to practice and instill
The rule of law and not the rule of will;
They lived one noble test: who would be freed
Must give up all to follow duty's lead.
They made no revolution based on blows,
But taught one truth that all the planet knows,
That all men think of, looking on a throne—
The people may be trusted with their own.

* * * * * *

The past is theirs—the future ours ; and we
Must learn and teach. Oh, may our records be
Like theirs, a glory symboled in a stone,
To speak as this speaks, of our labors done,
They had no model; but they left us one.

Ex-Governor Long, President of the Pilgrim Society, introduced O'Reilly humorously, as follows:

The poet is the next descendant of the Pilgrims whom I shall present to you. Though he resides in the neighboring hamlet of Boston, he was born not on the mainland, but on a small island out at sea ; yet not so far out that it is not, and has not been, in the liveliest and most constant communication with us; but he is a genuine New England Pilgrim, and to a Pilgrim's love of truth he adds a certain ecstasy of the imagination and a musical note like that of a bird singing in the woods. Puritan New England recognizes him as one of its songsters. Most seriously, I believe nothing could be in better keeping with the comprehensiveness of this occasion, and that the spirit of this pilgrim makes a memory, than that he should write and speak the poem of the day; for while in none of the discriminations of race or of creed, yet in all the pulses of his heart and brain as an American citizen, he is at one with the genius of the Pilgrim landing and of the civil and religious liberty of which it was a token.

One minor tribute received by the poet, but one which he could well appreciate, was given on the day following the reading of the poem. He was spending the summer at Hull, as usual, going to his office every day by the Harbor steamer. As he came on board that day, the throng of passengers had their morning papers and were reading the

account of the exercises at Plymouth. The Irish singer's pæan to their Fathers touched the undemonstrative Yankee heart, and they stood up and cheered the poet as he reached the deck.

The Pilgrim poem was the crowning work of his life as an American singer, for New England thought dominates America, and the man chosen to celebrate the glory of the Forefathers was regarded as a sort of poet laureate to their descendants. Outside of New England, and apart from those who knew her history, the poet and his work were somewhat criticized. It was said that he had extolled the narrow Puritans and forgotten their intolerance, and some hasty censors accused him of having brought the Blarney Stone into conjunction with Plymouth Rock. The accusation was wholly wrong. O'Reilly would not have flattered an emperor for his crown. He knew the difference between Pilgrim and Puritan; and while he recognized the austerity of both, he remembered of the former that

> They never lied in practice, peace, or strife;
> They were no hypocrites; their faith was clear;

and whatever their defects might have been, his manhood warmed to the manly immigrants who "broke no compact" and "owned no slave."

His little poem, "What is Good?" was published in the Georgetown (D. C.) *College Journal*, in October. It contains, in four words, the creed by which he lived, the ideal to which he reached:

> Kindness is the word.

On November 10, he attended the celebration of the centenary of the Catholic Church in America, at St. Mary's Cathedral, Baltimore, and was present at the dedication of the American Catholic University of Washington, D. C., three days later. He lectured in Washington on November 10, in aid of St. Patrick's Church, on Capitol Hill, and read his poem, "From the Heights," at the banquet of the Catholic University on the 13th, before the President and Vice-President of the United States, Cardinals Gibbons

and Taschereau, and other great civic and religious dignitaries. No layman in America stood higher in the estimation of his co-religionists at this time than John Boyle O'Reilly. No man, lay or secular, had done more in his life-time to make his religion respected by non-Catholics.

He had been invited to prepare a paper for the first Catholic Congress, held in Baltimore, on November 12. He attended the Congress, but for reasons explained in the following letter, could not take an active part in its proceedings:

CRAWFORD HOUSE, WHITE MOUNTAINS, N. H.,
September 25, 1889.

DEAR MR. HARSON:

Your letter finds me here in the mountains trying to get over the effects of a year's incessant overwork, and, however kindly you express it, you ask me to begin overworking again,—before I am rested,—and with too short notice to prepare a paper for the Catholic Congress. I cannot leave here, wisely, for at least ten days more. I will then return to a mountainous accumulation of work. This will prevent me from giving due consideration to any subject suitable for an address at the Congress. It is not a place for hasty or raw expression, and I know that the gentlemen who have papers prepared have given them full and timely treatment.

Had I known a couple of months ago that I was to be asked to read an address I might have been able; but now it is quite too late,—under the circumstances,—and while thanking you for the invitation, and the delightful manner in which it is expressed, I congratulate the Congress on its escape.

I am deeply interested in the success of the Congress, and I beg that you will enable me to use the *Pilot* for that end.

I am just recovering from a repeated attack of insomnia, which has so alarmed my wife that I have promised her to abstain from all engagements, outside my editorial work, for a whole year.

I am, dear Mr. Harson,
Very truly yours,
J. BOYLE O'REILLY.

M. J. HARSON, Esq., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

There is a pathetic interest in the prospectus which he issued the last week of this year, outlining the conduct of his paper for 1890, and looking hopefully to the close of Ireland's long struggle, when the "Irish Question" should

no longer be foremost in the mind of this great Irishman:

When Irish-Americans look across the ocean to a redeemed and prosperous Ireland, expressing the genius of her people as of old, her rivers humming with industry, her bays white with shipping, her emigration stopped, and her homes comfortable and happy, then the *Pilot* may turn its whole attention to the interests of the greater Ireland on this continent.

Little did he foresee what the New Year was to bring to him. Could he have foreseen all, he would have grieved most for the fallacy of these hopeful words about his beloved country:

The future fights for Parnell and Gladstone. The world applauds them. They enter the New Year with greater confidence of success than ever.

In December, the epidemic known as "la grippe," attacked O'Reilly and all his household. He, his wife, his four children, and two servants were all prostrated at once, and unable to leave their beds. "I never was so sick in my life," he wrote to his friend Moseley; "nor have I seen so much dangerous illness in my house before. So don't laugh at 'la grippe,' but fear it, and pray that it may not seize you or yours."

Mr. Moseley had several times admired a handsome blackthorn cane which General Collins had brought to O'Reilly from Ireland. The latter once said to him, in his inimitable, quaint way, "Ned, that stick has a story; it has done murder in a good cause. Some day I will write you its history." He never wrote the history, but he sent the cane to his friend, with the following letter:

Before I was knocked out (by la grippe) I tried to get the right kind of a blackthorn for you, but I could not satisfy myself. I had four sticks myself, all beauties, but three of them had been formally given to me as personal presents by friends. The fourth was my own private stick—one that dear Collins brought from Ireland, which he gave me, not as a personal present, but just a stick to keep or give away as I chose. I chose to keep it; and I sent it to a jeweler and had the band of silver put on and the stick varnished. But when I failed to get you a proper stick, to last all your life, I said, "I will give him my own

stick and tell Collins I want him to get and give me in proper form, with his own inscription, another stick." The fact was that every time I looked on the inscription I was dissatisfied, and said to myself, "Collins didn't put that there." So I sent it back to the jeweler and told him to put on the same kind of band, and to inscribe the stick from me to you.

So, long may you have and wear it, my own dear boy.

Remember me kindly to Mrs. Moseley and Katherine, and to Weller, when you see him.

And a Happy New Year to you and yours.

Affectionately,

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

In January of 1890, he wrote again to his friend, suggesting a vacation in early May along the eastern shore of Maryland. "Would that be a good place for an absolute rest?" he asks; "I was thinking of a tent on the beach—shooting and fishing, and lying in the sand all day, like savages. How is it?"

Four days later, he wrote again:

DEAR NED:

. . . . I am going West in March for a month of hard work. In May, please God, we will go down to that eastern shore—and take a howl in the primeval. I am tired to death. . . .

Would one canoe do for the beach? My canoe is smashed. What do you think of a permanent camp on the beach, with fishing, shooting, etc., and only using the canoe for this?

The proposed vacation was never enjoyed. The western trip of which he speaks involved much preparation and care, and on its termination other things occurred to postpone the canoe cruise. His canoe, called after his youngest child, Blanid, had been crushed and wrecked at its moorings in Hull, and he did not procure another; in fact, it is doubtful if he would have made many more outdoor trips had he lived. He had grown perceptibly older during the last year or two of his life. The last flash of the old adventurous spirit that I can remember came out when Cardinal Lavigerie, the great enemy of the slave trade in Africa, said that the infamous traffic could be suppressed by force of arms, if only "one thousand men, prepared for suffering and sacrifice,—men who desired no

reward or recompense, except that which the consciousness of having given away time, health, and even life, brings with it,—would undertake the task. If there are any such men in America," said the Cardinal, "I will be glad to hear from them, and particularly glad to enroll the emancipated blacks in my little army."

"There!" exclaimed O'Reilly, "that is the work I would like to do." But for the hostages to fortune, I think he would have volunteered to raise the little army on the spot.

He had great faith in the possibilities of the Southern negro. When the news of the butchery of eight black men at Barnwell, S. C., was received, following three or four other similar ghastly stories, he wrote:

The black race in the South must face the inevitable, soon or late, and the inevitable is—DEFEND YOURSELF. If they shrink from this, they will be trampled on with yearly increasing cruelty until they have sunk back from the great height of American freedom to which the war-wave carried them. And in the end, even submission will not save them. On this continent there is going to be no more slavery. That is settled forever. Not even voluntary slavery will be tolerated. Therefore, unless the Southern blacks learn to defend their homes, women, and lives, by law first and by manly force in extremity, they will be exterminated like the Tasmanian and Australian blacks. No other race has ever obtained fair play from the Anglo-Saxon without fighting for it, or being ready to fight. The Southern blacks should make no mistake about the issue of the struggle they are in. They are fighting for the existence of their race; and they cannot fight the Anglo-Saxon by lying down under his feet.

For such remarks as the above he was accused of inciting the negroes by incendiary language, one Catholic paper, telling him, "It is neither Catholic nor American to rouse the negroes of the South to open and futile rebellion." He replied:

True, and the *Pilot* has not done so. We have appealed only to the great Catholic and American principle of resisting wrong and outrage, of protecting life and home and the honor of families by all lawful means, even the extremest, when nothing else remains to be tried. We shall preach this always, for black and white, North and South, please God.

In his championship of the oppressed he was far from sympathizing with those who denounced the people of the South indiscriminately, and he was utterly opposed to the absurd and futile policy of coercion advocated by the supporters of the Force Bill. He wrote:

> We admire the splendid qualities of Southern white men, their bravery, generosity, patriotism, and chivalry. We are not blind to the tremendous difficulty in the way of their social peace. We regard with conscientious sympathy their political burden, made so much heavier than ours of the North by the negro problem. All we ask of them or expect of them is that they will approach its solution in a manner worthy of their own advantages and not destructive of constitutional law as well as the law of God.
>
> * * * * * *
>
> Our Southern white brethren must see that if they are permitted to do this sort of thing by law, our Northern aristocrats may some time attempt to follow suit, and make a law expelling common people, workmen, etc., from the railway cars, hotels, theaters, or wherever else our nobility want "to be let alone."

O'Reilly defended the oppressed negroes, as he had defended the oppressed Indians, as sincerely and zealously as he had all his life defended the oppressed of his own race. It was morally impossible for him to do otherwise. If anybody remonstrated with him, pointing out the failings or weaknesses of the under-dog in the fight, he would say: "Very true; but there are thousands of people ready to show that side of the question, to one who is enlisted on the other side." He could see, above all minor questions, the one supreme issue of right against wrong, and he would not desert the right because it was not absolutely right, to condone the wrong because it was not completely wrong. He bore witness, as follows, to the worth of another oppressed race, in replying to three questions propounded by the editor of the *American Hebrew*, concerning the prejudice existing among Christians against their Jewish brethren:

> In answer to your questions:
>
> 1. I cannot find of my own experience the reason of prejudice against the Jews as a race.

2. I do not believe that the cause of this prejudice is the religious instruction in Christian schools, because the most prejudiced are least religious or Christian. Part of the prejudice is inherited from less intelligent times ; part comes from the exclusiveness of the Jews as a race, and the largest part from the marvelous success of the Jewish race in business. In this country, I think, the anti-Jewish prejudice is not at all religious. From personal experience, I should say it was wholly racial and commercial.

3. It has been my fortune to know, long and intimately, several Jewish families in Boston and New York, and many individual Jews during my lifetime. Their standard of conduct is the same as Christians, but their standard of home life and all its relations is the highest in the world. I know three men who are my ideals of mercantile honor, integrity, and business character : one is a Christian and two are Jews.

4. I do not know how to dispel the anti-Jewish prejudice except by expressing my own respect, honor, and affection for the greatest race—taking its vicissitudes and its achievements, its numbers and its glories—that ever existed.

His last poem, "The Useless Ones," meaning the poets, was published in the *Pilot* of February 1 :

Useless ? Ay,—for measure :
Roses die,
But their breath gives pleasure—
God knows why !

This poem had been read, in his absence, by his friend Benjamin Kimball, at the dinner of the Papyrus Club, in December. O'Reilly dined with his club for the last time on February 1, 1890, when he read some aphorisms in rhyme, of which two have been preserved by Secretary Arthur Macy :

A man may wound a brother with a hiss ;
A woman stabs a sister with a kiss.

I judged a man by his speaking ;
His nature I could not tell ;
I judged him by his silence,
And then I knew him well.

On Sunday evening, February 16, he made his last appearance as a lecturer in Boston, his subject being

"Irish Music and Poetry." A large audience filled the Boston Theater. He never appeared to better advantage than on this occasion.

On March 3, he set out on an extended tour to the West, accompanied by Dr. John F. Young, of Boston, one of his earliest and most intimate friends in America.

On the following evening, Emmet's birthday, he lectured in Syracuse, N. Y., on "Irish Music and Poetry," before an audience of three thousand, and was entertained after the lecture at a banquet by the Robert Emmet Society. He repeated his discourse at Chicago and St. Paul, and was again feasted by the principal men of the latter city. Here he had the happiness of meeting a man to whom he owed an undying gratitude, Rev. Patrick McCabe, the good priest who had enabled him to escape from the penal colony in Western Australia. They had met several years before, when Father McCabe first came to America, and the reunion was joyful for both. The venerable priest remained two days as O'Reilly's guest in St. Paul, and parted with the understanding that the latter should deliver a lecture for the benefit of his friend's parish in the succeeding autumn.

He lectured at Minneapolis, and on the 10th of March he left that place for Butte City, Mont. He was met by a delegation of the leading citizens about thirty miles before reaching his destination. On his arrival he was escorted in a carriage, by a procession of brass bands, etc., to the hotel. The Opera House was packed by an enthusiastic audience, and he was especially requested to repeat the lecture on his return. On the following morning, at the invitation of Superintendent Carroll, he donned a miner's suit and went down in the silver and copper mines owned by Marcus Daly. He dug out some silver ore, which he carried home as a souvenir of his visit. On March 14, he lectured before another large audience in Spokane Falls, and was again banqueted ("malediction on banquets," he had observed in an early part of his diary) by the leading business men of the city. Two days later he lectured in Seattle Armory.

The Seattle *Press* relates the following amusing incident of the lecture :

There was no more attentive listener among the throng who collected at Armory Hall last evening to hear John Boyle O'Reilly, than an enthusiastic Irishman in the gallery. Mr. O'Reilly was in the midst of his graphic description of Cromwell's conquests when this Irishman lost control of his tongue for an instant. The distinguished lecturer had told about Cromwell's marches across the Isle of Green, from North to South, and from East to West. The Irishmen had all been driven over the Shannon, and the land thus secured was parceled out to the troopers. While the men had been driven over the Shannon, the women who would marry the troopers were allowed to remain. Looking back over the records the speaker wondered what had become of these troopers, who have dropped out of sight.

"Where have they gone?" cried he.

"To hell!" ejaculated the enthusiastic Irishman, leaning on the gallery rail.

It took Mr. O'Reilly some little time to get attention, while he explained that he thought the good Irishwomen who married the troopers made loyal Irishmen of their husbands.

On the 17th, St. Patrick's Day, he arrived at Tacoma and was at once obliged to take part in the procession, occupying an open barouche drawn by four white horses. The Tacoma Theater was packed to the roof at his lecture that evening, the very rafters being occupied. A great banquet, attended literally by scores of Irish-American millionaires, was given by the Ancient Order of Hibernians after the lecture, and lasted until four o'clock in the morning. On the following evening he lectured at the Opera House in Portland, Ore., the stage being occupied by leading citizens of the State, including the Governor, ex-Governor, Maj.-Gen. Gibbon, commanding the United States forces on the Pacific Coast, Archbishop Gross, Major Burke, and a number of rich men whose aggregate wealth, as a fellow-citizen proudly remarked, represented $200,000,000. O'Reilly's reception was one of which any man might have been proud; even the steamer *Oregon*, which was to carry him to San Francisco, waited for him an hour and a half beyond its time of sailing.

During this voyage he twice mentions in his diary, with evident satisfaction,—"great rest."

Owing to some mismanagement, his tour in California was not successful. The lectures had not been advertised, and his audiences were small in San Francisco, Oakland, and Sacramento. From Sacramento he took train for Portland, Ore. He delivered only two lectures on his return trip, one at Tacoma, March 28, and another at Butte City, on the 30th, repeating his first successes, and going home full of admiration for the natural resources and enterprising population of the great Northwest. He had accomplished the chief object of his visit, that of seeing for himself the great possibilities of a region toward which he hoped to divert the stream of Irish-American emigration. He saw how the energetic and honest men of his race, starting with no capital but their native "bone and sinew and brain," had prospered beyond their wildest dreams in the new, fair land, whose balmy climate resembled that of their birthplace. The same men, left stranded amid the poverty and temptations of an Eastern city, might have remained poor and hopeless to the end, for lack of the opportunity which was so easily found in the new Western States. He never tired of singing the praises of that region, and had intended to make another journey to the Pacific Coast in the following year.

He returned to Boston on April 5. Shortly afterward, in his paper, he wrote of the Northwest, and of the State of Washington in particular:

> That matchless country, as large as an empire, and filled with all kinds of natural wealth, contains only about as many people as the City of Boston. It has all the political machinery of a State; but no one there dreams of turning the wheels of political machinery for a living. Men there are all engaged in active and profitable employments. Washington will have two millions of people in fifteen years, and the few hundred thousand who are there now have all they can do to prepare for the coming flood. Unlike California in 1849, this grand State is drawing from a population of seventy millions, and the railroads are already opened for the human freight. It took California forty years

to become an Empire State ; it will take Washington about fifteen years from 1890.

Sad as it is to write of this or that as his last word or deed, there is a mournful pleasure for those who knew and loved him in remembering that every last word and deed were characteristic of his great nature. Politically he was a Democrat to the last. "Is the *Pilot* a Democratic paper?" asked a correspondent. He replied in the issue of May 31, and his answer is worth preserving for its exposition of the truest Democratic doctrine :

The *Pilot* is a Democratic paper. We say so without reservation, exclusion, or exception.

The principles of Democracy as laid down by Jefferson are to us the changeless basis of sound politics and healthy republicanism. We are not Democratic simply as being partisan ; but we are partisan because we are Democratic. We would abide by Jeffersonian Democracy if there were no Democratic party in existence.

* * * * * *

Democracy means to us the least government for the people, instead of more or most.

It means that every atom of paternal power not needed for the safety of the Union and the intercourse of the population should be taken from the Federal Government and kept and guarded by the States and the people.

It means the spreading and preserving of doubt, distrust, and dislike of all sumptuary and impertinent laws.

It means that law shall only be drawn at disorder, and that all affairs that can be managed without disorder should be managed without law.

It means that all laws not called for by public disorder are an offense, a nuisance, and a danger.

It means watchfulness against Federal legislation for such State questions as education, temperance, irrigation, and all other questions that may arise and are sure to arise in the future.

It means the teaching of absolute trust in the people of the States to understand and provide for their own interests.

It means home rule in every community right through our system, from the township up to the State Legislature ; and above that, utter loyalty to the Union.

It means antagonism to all men, classes and parties that throw distrust and discredit on the working or common people, and who insinuate or declare that there is a higher, nobler, or safer patriotism among

the wealthy and more book-learned classes than the common people possess or appreciate.

It means that Democratic principles must be followed by individual citizens as well as by the aggregated party, that they must oppose the petty boss in their own caucuses, and the arrogant majority in their own town, when these attempt to coerce the rights of the masses or change the self-governing principle of the free town.

On June 28, he had this to say in defense of the American negro, whose social rights were and are ignored in the North, as his political rights have been denied in the South:

Clement Garnett Morgan, the colored graduate of Harvard, who delivered the class oration last week, held his own manfully. His oration was as good as the average and very like all the others, just as Clement Garnett Morgan is like all other Harvard graduates, except in the color of his skin. Men who have traveled and observed and reflected know that all men are like each other; that the same keyboard touches all their notes; that a black, red, yellow or white skin has no deeper significance; and that there is no greater difference between "races" than between individuals of the same race. But for all that, the position of Clement Garnett Morgan is an unhappy one; for the average American person calling himself an "Anglo-Saxon" is the most mulish of all men in claiming superiority for his own little part of the human family. To him the black man is an inferior, as the brown man is to his British relative in India. If he can throttle a man and rob his house, that proves that he was created to "govern" him. This colored boy was elected class orator in Harvard partly through class dissensions and partly through the noble instincts of youth still "uncorrected" by society and experience. When his oration was ended, and Morgan stepped out of Harvard and into the world, he ceased to be a "gentleman" and an equal, and at one descent fell to the level of "the nigger," who could never be invited to one's house or proposed at one's club, who would be refused a room at nearly all leading hotels, even in the North, and who would not be tolerated even in church in the half-empty pew of polite worshipers. Clement Garnett Morgan has trials and heart-burnings before him, and we wish him strength and wisdom to bear them. We trust that he, who spoke so well of "vicarious suffering" in his oration last week will feel, that by his superior mental training he is called upon not to evade but to take the blow meant for his colored brethren. Few men have so great a cause nowadays as this educated negro representing ten millions ostracized Americans. There are dignity and power in his hand if he be true to himself, which consists in being true to his people. Let no weak nerve

draw him for an instant from their loving association. Their virtues are his own; let him labor to reduce their faults. The Anglo-Saxon will accept him only when he has proved his strength in the mass. The A. S. will not accept colored individuals, simply because he need not. Negro strength is in negro unity; and it must so continue till the crust of white pride, prejudice, and ignorance is broken, torn off, and trampled into dust forever. Then, and not till then, Clement Garnett Morgan can be a cosmopolitan. Until then he must be a faithful, forbearing, helpful, and self-respecting negro.

The Catholic Congress held in Baltimore, in November, 1889, had appointed a committee on future congresses, which assembled at the Parker House, Boston, on July 25. It was composed as follows: James H. Dormer, Buffalo, N. Y.; Daniel Dougherty, New York; Edmund F. Dunne, San Antonio, Fla.; Patrick Farrelly, New York; M. D. Fansler, Fort Wayne, Ind.; M. J. Harson, Providence, R. I.; John D. Keily, Jr., Brooklyn; Wm. L. Kelly, St. Paul, Minn.; M. W. O'Brien, Detroit, Mich.; Hon. Morgan J. O'Brien, New York; Wm. J. Onahan, Chicago; John Boyle O'Reilly, Boston; Thomas J. Semmes, New Orleans; H. J. Spaunhorst, St. Louis.

The following Church dignitaries were also present: Archbishops Ireland, of St. Paul; Riordan, of San Francisco; Janssens, of New Orleans; and Elder, of Cincinnati; and Bishops Foley, Maes, and Spalding, together with Father Montgomery, of California.

"On the day previous to the meeting," says Mr. T. B. Fitz, President of the Catholic Union, of Boston, who was present, "Mr. O'Reilly called at the archepiscopal residence to pay his respects to His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, who received him with great cordiality and welcome. Referring to the meeting to be held the following day, at which several bishops and archbishops, with prominent laymen, were to take part, Mr. O'Reilly stated to him substantially the views embodied in his letter regarding Catholic conventions. 'If,' said he, 'these conventions should confine their papers and discussions to subjects coming legitimately under the jurisdiction of laymen, and aim to remedy certain local disadvantages under which we

labor in this country, he would certainly approve of them. In this connection might be considered,' he said, 'the great question of colonization, whereby our people might be, to a great extent, diverted from cities and thickly populated centers, to seek homes for themselves and their families in agricultural districts.

"'Aiding and directing emigrants, especially emigrant girls—strangers in a strange land—is another matter,' he said, 'which appealed to our race and humanity to consider and amend present conditions. The encouragement of temperance, a careful analysis of the labor problem, and such like practical questions, would offer abundant matter and range for profitable discussion.'

"The Cardinal expressed great interest in hearing Mr. O'Reilly's views and his hearty sympathy with them. The position taken by Archbishop Ireland, Archbishop Riordan, Bishop Spalding, and other bishops, besides the majority of the laymen present the next day at the meeting, were equally forcible in their approval of Mr. O'Reilly's views. In fact, it is fair to assume, that from the favor with which his suggestions were received by the committee they will have much weight in determining the scope and plan of work of the next Catholic Congress, should such be held."

The following letter to the same gentleman fully expresses the writer's views on the subject of Catholic congresses:

JULY 14, 1890.

DEAR MR. FITZ:

As you will see by the inclosed letter, the committee on holding another National Convention of Catholics will hold their meeting in Boston on the 25th inst. The members, should they attend, are a distinguished body of men, and I wish you would appoint a day when we might, with a few others, meet and talk over the manner of their reception—whether to give them a public notice or not.

I am a member of the committee, but I have almost decided to resign after giving my reasons to the committee. I am convinced that National Conventions of citizens called as Catholics, or as Baptists, Methodists, etc., are uncalled for, and in the case of the Catholics particularly are apt to be injurious rather than beneficial. The last

one may be taken as a specimen of what they are all to be—an audience of representative men listening to a series of papers that might just as well be published in magazines or papers, where they would reach a greater number.

For such a benefit to awaken the suspicions and doubts of our Protestant fellow-citizens, who are constantly of opinion that we Catholics are obeying "the orders of Rome," etc., is a questionable policy. If we had reason, as the German Catholics have had, to protest against national legislation, we should be only doing our duty in holding national conventions. But we have no reason of this kind, nor of any kind, that I can see. I do not believe that the judgment of the Catholics of the country advises the project of formulating any distinct Catholic policy in America.

For one,—and one called on to think for the best interests of the many,—I regard these conventions of Catholic laymen as unnecessary, prejudicial, and imprudent, and I shall not take part in their arrangement or progress.

Nevertheless, for the courteous treatment of the committee I shall be zealous and anxious; and if you will appoint a day when a few of us can lunch together and talk it over, I shall be much obliged.

I am, yours very truly,

J. B. O'Reilly.

On July 17, another distinguished Irish-American poet and orator, Rev. Henry Bernard Carpenter, died suddenly at Sorrento, Me. He was fifty years old and had lived sixteen years in the United States. A great scholar, a fine poet, and a man of charming personality, he had been for years one of the most popular members of the Papyrus and St. Botolph clubs. When another Irish-American poet and Papyrus man, Dr. Robert Dwyer Joyce, went home to Ireland to die, in 1883, Mr. Carpenter wrote for the *Pilot* a beautiful farewell poem, entitled "Vive Valeque." O'Reilly, himself suffering from overmuch care and work, was deeply moved by the death of the simple-minded, generous, and brilliant Irish poet and orator, whom he was so soon to follow.

Another last characteristic work was his contribution of a long article to the Boston *Evening Traveler*, in July, on "Canoes and Boats." In it he extolled the merits of his favorite craft and condemned the rowboat, of which he said, "There is no good reason why another should ever

be built, except for suicide." After summing up the many pleasures and benefits to be derived from the sport, he says:

If this paper has a purpose other than mere relation, it is to encourage the exercise of canoeing and to express my belief that there is no rest so complete and no play so refreshing as that which brings us face to face with primitive nature. It is good to get away from the customs and conventionalities of city life to the sound of running water and rustling leaves and birds; to be free again as a boy, enjoying what the boy loves; to depend on one's self for all that is needed to make the day delightful; to realize the truth that natural pleasures are not limited to a few years of childhood, but that all the joys of childhood are joys for life if not incrusted by the petty artificialities of business and society, and the still more deplorable and deadening assumption of solemn wisdom that is supposed to be "serious" and "respectable."

His last editorial utterance, in the *Pilot* of August 9, was an appeal to two eminent friends of the Irish cause, one of whom had made certain injurious reflections upon the other. Commenting on the latter's defense, O'Reilly wrote:

We notice the defense just to remark that it was as unnecessary as the attack was uncalled for. Therefore, both will pass with slight public notice. The only surprising thing about such episodes is the readiness with which many leading Irishmen, heated in a personal controversy, will ascribe the most dishonorable motives to their opponents. This is unworthy men like ——— and ———. The public will not believe either that the other is a bad man; they show the worst thing about themselves in the making of such charges and insinuations.

On Wednesday, August 6, a very sultry day, he attended the games of the National Irish Athletic Association at Oak Island Grove, Revere Beach, acting as judge and referee in the contests. About four thousand people were present on the crowded grounds. The day was exceedingly warm, and O'Reilly was compelled to leave the ground, in almost a fainting condition, before the sports were over.

As he was a member on the committee of reception for the Grand Army demonstration which was to take place in Boston the following week, he had made arrangements to spend some nights at a hotel in the city. On Wednesday

evening he visited the St. Botolph Club for an hour or two. Returning to his hotel after midnight, in company with a friend, an incident occurred, slight in itself, but thoroughly characteristic of the man. As he was walking up Boylston Street, engaged in pleasant conversation with his friend, his quick eye suddenly espied an unlovely object—a woman—poor, old, dirty, and drunken—huddled in the doorway of a house. Dropping his friend's arm, he stooped down to the repulsive bundle of misery, laid his strong hand on her shoulder, raised her to her feet, with a word of kindness, arranged her tattered shawl about her, and, gently as a son might have spoken to his mother, persuaded her to go home, and sent her on her way.

It was a little thing to do, but it showed a great heart in the doer. Nine men out of ten would have passed the unfortunate with a look of pity or of scorn. Ninety-nine gentlemen out of a hundred, going home from their club, would have given not a thought to the outcast. But Boyle O'Reilly, whether he wore the dress-coat or the convict suit, never for one instant forgot his kinship with all the poor and lowly and unfortunate of earth.

On Friday and Saturday forenoon he was at his office attending to his regular duties, but showing the effects of insomnia.

The great procession of the Grand Army veterans was to pass the *Pilot* building on the following Tuesday. Before leaving the city for Hull on Saturday afternoon he gave instructions, with his usual thoughtful care, that the windows of the office should be reserved for the printers and other employees of the paper. In order that they might have undisturbed possession, he had engaged a window in another part of the city for himself and family. It was his intention to make the following number of the *Pilot* a Grand Army one. He was full of interest in the work when he left his office to take the half-past two o'clock boat for Hull that afternoon.

Next morning the city and country were startled with the awful news that John Boyle O'Reilly was dead!

CHAPTER XIX.

Profound Sorrow of the Nation and of the Irish People—Tributes of Respect to his Memory—"A Loss to the Country, to the Church, and to Humanity in General"—Remarkable Funeral Honors—Resolutions of National and Catholic Societies—The Papyrus Club and the Grand Army of the Republic—"The Truest of all the True is Dead."

THE story of his last day on earth is briefly told. He was met on the arrival of the boat at Hull by his youngest daughter, whom he accompanied to his cottage, romping and laughing with her in one of his cheeriest moods. He spent the afternoon and evening with his family, and late at night walked with his brother-in-law, Mr. John R. Murphy, over to the Hotel Pemberton, hoping that the exercise might bring on fatigue and the sleep which he so much needed.

On leaving Mr. Murphy, he said, "Be sure and be over early in the morning, Jack, so that you can go with me and the children to Mass at Nantasket."

Mrs. O'Reilly, who had been an invalid for years, and the constant charge of her kind and thoughtful husband, had been confined to her room for the previous two days with a serious attack of illness, and was in the care of Dr. Litchfield. A little before twelve o'clock she called her husband, who was reading and smoking in the family sitting-room below, to ask him to get more medicine for her from Dr. Litchfield, as she felt very ill and feverish. Dr. Litchfield had already left her medicine which had benefited her, but it was all gone.

Mr. O'Reilly returned with the doctor, who prescribed

for Mrs. O'Reilly. As the medicine had no effect, her husband thought one dose might have been insufficient, as he had accidentally spilled a portion of it. He therefore made a second visit to the doctor, who, on renewing the prescription, said, "Mr. O'Reilly, you should take something yourself," as he knew that the latter was also suffering from insomnia.

What occurred thereafter is not known to anybody, but all the circumstances point to the fact that O'Reilly, unable to go to sleep, after administering the mixture to his wife, drank a quantity of some sleeping potion, of which there were several kinds in her medicine closet.

Mrs. O'Reilly woke up after a short sleep, fancying that she had heard some one call her. She noticed her husband's absence and perceived a light in the tower-room, adjoining her bedroom. Arising and entering the room, she found her husband, sitting on a couch, reading and smoking. She spoke to him and insisted on his retiring. He answered her quite collectedly and said, "Yes, Mamsie dear, (a pet name of hers) I have taken some of your sleeping medicine. I feel tired now, and if you will let me lie down on that couch (where Mrs. O'Reilly had seated herself on entering the room) I will go to sleep right away."

As he lay down, Mrs. O'Reilly noticed an unusually pallid look on his face, and a sudden strange drowsiness come over him. Never suspecting anything serious she spoke to him again, and tried to rouse him, but the only answer she received was an inarticulate, "Yes, my love! Yes, my love!"

Becoming strangely alarmed she aroused her daughter Bessie and sent her hurriedly for Dr. Litchfield. It was then about four o'clock. The doctor worked for about an hour trying to revive him, but in vain. He died at ten minutes to five o'clock. Dr. Litchfield and a consulting physician, who had been summoned at the same time, recognized that death had been caused by accidental poisoning. The medicine which had been ordered for Mrs. O'Reilly, evidently was not that taken by her husband, as it contained

no chloral. The supposition is that he had taken some of her other sleeping medicines which did contain that drug, and that he was ignorant of the quantity of the latter which might be taken with safety. The bottles in the medicine closet were found disturbed. Part of the medicine which Dr. Litchfield had ordered for Mrs. O'Reilly was not put up by him, but was some which was already in the house. In prescribing its use Dr. Litchfield said: "Use that medicine which you have, or which I saw at your house when I called yesterday."

The fatal error doubtless occurred when Mr. O'Reilly went to the closet to get the medicine for his wife.

The sad news reached Boston early on Sunday morning, and was bulletined in front of the newspaper offices and announced at the services in some of the Catholic churches of the city, awaking profound sorrow wherever it was received.

Mrs. O'Reilly was prostrated with grief and was removed with her younger daughters to the home of her mother. The eldest daughter, with her uncle, Mr. Murphy, accompanied the body of her father on the steamer to Boston, whence, early in the afternoon, the remains were borne to his late home in Charlestown.

It is the simplest of truths to say that the death of no private citizen in America, or perhaps in the world, could have caused such genuine and widespread grief as followed that of John Boyle O'Reilly. The sorrow was not confined to people of his own race or faith. Americans of every race appreciated the patriotic spirit of this adopted citizen, and recognized that in his death the country had lost not only a man of rare genius, but a leader whose counsels were as wise as his loyalty was fervent and unfaltering.

During the days and weeks following his death, messages of sympathy and regret came pouring in, literally in thousands. Cardinal Gibbons, the head of the Catholic Church in America, said, on hearing the news:

> It is a public calamity—not only a loss to the country, but a loss to the Church, and to humanity in general.

Hundreds of prelates and priests echoed the sentiment throughout the country. I can select but a few from the multitude of messages received at that time. Ex-President Cleveland wrote from

MARION, MASS., August 13.

I have heard with sincere regret that John Boyle O'Reilly is dead. I regarded him as a strong and able man, entirely devoted to any cause he espoused, unselfish in his activity, true and warm in his friendship, and patriotic in his enthusiasm.

Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, telegraphed to Mrs. O'Reilly:

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 12.

Accept my profound sympathy in your great loss and the great public loss. Your husband combined, as no other man, some of the noblest qualities of the Irishman and the American.

His parish priest, who best knew his spiritual side, Rev. J. W. McMahon of St. Mary's Church, Charlestown, said:

I have always had a great admiration for the man ever since he came to my parish as a member. As for his career before that time that, too, commands my respect and admiration. He was a single-minded, open-hearted man—a man who loved liberty for itself, and who wished everybody to have a fair chance.

He was a good husband, a good father, a good Catholic and a good man.

Generous praise for his life's work and sincere grief for his untimely death were bestowed by the fellow-authors who had known and loved him. The venerable Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote:

BEVERLY FARMS, MASS., August 12.

John Boyle O'Reilly was a man of heroic mold and nature; brave, adventurous, patriotic, enthusiastic, with the *perfervidum ingenium*, which belongs quite as much to the Irish as to the Scotch. We have been proud of him as an adopted citizen, feeling always that his native land could ill spare so noble a son. His poems show what he might have been had he devoted himself to letters. His higher claim is that he was a true and courageous lover of his country and of his fellow-men.

Among the many literary men who owed gratitude to O'Reilly was George Parsons Lathrop, who wrote from

NEW LONDON, CONN., August 12.

Except for the loss of my father, and that of my own and only son, I have never suffered one more bitter than that inflicted by the death of my dear and noble and most beloved Boyle O'Reilly. He is a great rock torn out of the foundations of my life. Nothing will ever replace that powerful prop, that magnificent buttress. I wish we could make all the people in the world stand still and think and feel about this rare, great, exquisite-souled man until they should fully comprehend him.

Boyle was the greatest man, the finest heart and soul I knew in Boston, and my most dear friend.

It would require a larger volume even than this to contain all of the tributes of praise given to the dead journalist by the newspapers of the United States, Canada, Australia, Ireland, and England itself. Never was the worth of a great man so generally recognized. Lines of race, and creed, and party were forgotten when men wrote of this man, whose broad charity had known no such distinctions.

Universal as was the grief at his loss, it was felt most keenly by the people of his own race in America, for whose welfare he had wrought throughout his whole noble life. The Irish societies in all parts of the country held memorial meetings and passed resolutions of regret and condolence.

In the land of his birth he was mourned as deeply as in that of his adoption. A meeting of the Parnellite members was held in the House of Commons on August 11, Michael Davitt, T. P. O'Connor, Professor Stuart, and others testifying to the great services of the dead patriot in Ireland's cause. At the National League meeting in Dublin on the following day, John Dillon briefly recounted the life and achievements of his friend and fellow patriot, and told how he himself had endeavored to obtain O'Reilly's consent to apply to the Government for permission to revisit his native land. O'Reilly refused to grant that consent; "and,"

said Mr. Dillon, "I know that in my own case and in that of Mr. Parnell and many of our friends we over and over again urged on O'Reilly, in the happier times which seemed to be about to dawn upon Ireland, that he should allow us to take steps and measures to secure for him permission to revisit his native land. And John Boyle O'Reilly, so strong was his feeling in the national cause, and so strong was his feeling against the oppression that existed in this country, sternly and unbendingly refused to grant that permission, and said that he never would tread the soil of Ireland again until its people were a free people. It had always been his dream, as he often told it to me, during the many pleasant hours we passed together, that he would visit Ireland when the people of Ireland were a free nation. It has always been a dream of mine, which now unhappily is never to be realized, to be one of those who would welcome him home in those happier days."

On Tuesday afternoon, August 12, his body was borne from his home on Winthrop Street to St. Mary's Church, Charlestown. The bearers were for the most part associates of his Fenian days. They were O'Donovan Rossa, Jeremiah O'Donovan, Michael Fitzgerald, James A. Wrenn, Capt. Lawrence O'Brien, and D. B. Cashman.

In the church the patriot's remains lay in state before the high altar, an honor rarely accorded to a layman. A devoted guard of sorrowing compatriots watched by his bier. Flowers and floral emblems lay on the coffin and before the altar rails. On the dead man's breast lay a bunch of shamrocks and on the coffin-lid an offering from the colored people of Boston, of crossed palm branches. In the center stood the offering of the Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston College, a tablet, with an open book, across whose white pages was wrought in violets this line from his "Wendell Phillips":

> A sower of infinite seed was he, a woodman that hewed toward the light.

The church, the sidewalks before it, and the adjacent

streets were thronged with the multitude of mourners long before the hour appointed for the funeral Mass, which was 10 o'clock, A.M., on Wednesday, August 13.

The four daughters and other bereaved relatives were present, Mrs. O'Reilly being prostrated with grief and unable to leave her bed.

At 10.30 the Solemn Mass of Requiem was begun, the Rev. J. W. McMahon, D.D., rector of St. Mary's, celebrant; the Rev. Charles O'Reilly, D.D., of Detroit, Mich., deacon; the Rev. Richard Neagle, Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Boston, subdeacon. The Rev. W. J. Millerick, of Charlestown, was master of ceremonies; the Rev. P. H. Callanan, of Foxboro, Mass., and the Rev. Louis Walsh, of St. John's Seminary, Brighton, Mass., acolytes; the Rev. M. J. Doody, of Cambridge, censer-bearer.

The sermon of eulogy was delivered by Rev. Robert Fulton, S.J., an old and intimate friend of the deceased. Amid a silence that was almost painfully impressive the venerable priest mounted the pulpit and said: "John Boyle O'Reilly is dead!" The sermon touched every heart and reached its climax when the speaker said of his dead friend:

> Has it ever struck you that for the success of our great cause Mother Church greatly needs lay champions? Some such there are in other countries; here there are none or few. Such a champion would need talent, but more would he need orthodoxy, respect for legitimate authority; he should give example in observing the ordinances of religion: his life should be a deduction from her spirit. Such was O'Reilly. I have it from one best able to know it, that he frequently, and very lately, approached that source from which we draw spiritual life. Those who knew him noticed how increasing years enriched his character, and imparted to him readiness to forgive, reluctance to pain, charity of interpretation. He was approximating Christ, for such is our Exemplar.

Father Fulton was the beloved priest for whom on his departure from Boston, ten years previously, O'Reilly had written his touching poem, "The Empty Niche."

After the sermon and the final absolution, the immense concourse of people filed past the coffin and looked their

last on the handsome, dark face, cold and still in death. For more than an hour the mourning throng moved past, until the doors of the church had to be closed and the coffin removed to the hearse. Among the thousands present in the church were priests from all parts of the country, State and city officials, representatives of the Catholic Union of Boston, the Grand Army of the Republic, the Papyrus Club, the Irish National League, the Charitable Irish Society, the Knights of Labor, the Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston College, the Clover Club, the Boston Athletic Association, St. Botolph Club, Ancient Order of Hibernians, and many other organizations.

Nearly all of these had sent flowers or emblems, which were borne to the cemetery and laid upon the coffin. The honorary pall-bearers were his loyal friend and rescuer, Captain Henry C. Hathaway, Patrick Donahoe, Patrick Maguire, Editor John H. Holmes, of the *Herald;* Col. Charles H. Taylor, President T. B. Fitz, of the Catholic Union; Gen. Francis A. Walker, Gen. M. T. Donohoe, president of the Charitable Irish Society; Dr. J. A. McDonald, Health Commissioner George F. Babbitt, James Jeffrey Roche, and Thomas Brennan.

The long funeral train moved from Charlestown through Boston to Roxbury and thence to Calvary Cemetery, where the remains were placed in a vault to await their final committal to the earth.

One of the first of the many societies which met to mourn their loss was his own beloved Papyrus Club. A special meeting was held on the afternoon of August 20 at the St. Botolph Club rooms; the president, James Jeffrey Roche, in the chair. Tender and loving words were spoken by the members present. A committee, consisting of Messrs. Wm. A. Hovey, Benjamin Kimball, and Henry M. Rogers, drew up resolutions of sympathy with the bereaved families of John Boyle O'Reilly and H. Bernard Carpenter, after which Messrs. Benjamin Kimball, T. Russell Sullivan, and George F. Babbitt were appointed a committee to con-

sider the preparation of a suitable memorial by the club. A subscription was voted from the treasury, and this, with various private subscriptions from members of the club, aggregated $1000.

The Grand Army of the Republic also held a special meeting at the close of the National Encampment, on August 14, at which General Henry A. Barnum presented a resolution:

That the Grand Army of the Republic express their deep sorrow for the too early death of John Boyle O'Reilly,—poet, orator, soldier, and patriot,—and that this expression of their grief and sorrow be certified to the bereaved family of the deceased.

Memorial services were held in Newburyport, Providence, Lowell, Worcester, and other New England cities, of which only a brief account can be given here. His warm friend, Father Teeling, of Newburyport, said:

A young man of forty-six, in a short space he fulfilled a long time; he was approaching the zenith of his fame; his life was a beautiful flower, blossomed to the full, with a fragrance that permeated the whole atmosphere and was wafted across the seas to his native land. Loving and loyal to the land of his adoption, and ever ready to work for her good and her glory with all the strength of his strong, noble manhood and God-given genius, he never forgot the land of his birth; he always battled for her against scurrilous enemies, here and abroad. As has been well said, when writing for Ireland, "he dipped his pen into his heart." Here he made friends for Ireland by his genius, by his manly beauty, his magnificence of character, his tenderness for oppressed humanity, his "love for justice and hatred of iniquity." Like Esther of old, he went among his country's enemies and made them her friends; he exalted her condition, he exalted the condition of the people of his race; he won for them, for his native land, respect and esteem.

Another dear friend and fellow-patriot, Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, speaking at Worcester, said:

"Drive out from Drogheda to Dowth Castle, Soggarth, and see where I was born. It is the loveliest spot in the world. I have not seen it in over twenty-five years, but, O God! I would like to see it again. See it for me, will you?" This was O'Reilly's request to me a year ago, on the eve of my departure for Europe. It certainly is a pretty spot near

the historic Boyne water, and within a few miles of the hill of Tara, Ireland's once royal city.

* * * * * *

Two thoughts seemed to dominate his life—religion and patriotism; thoughts which form the basis of every true life; religion, which bound him to God, and consecrated him to truth; and patriotism, which made him idolize country and think and act for the bettering of humanity. He drank deeply at the fountain of faith, and its draughts strengthened his soul in its aspirations for the highest ideals of human liberty. He was passionately fond of liberty, because he believed it to be a gift of God to men; and his voice and pen made earth ring with his denunciations of wrong wherever found—whether among the cotters of Ireland, amid the serfs of Russia, or in the negro cabins of the South. Liberty was his life idea, God its source, and humanity its application. As a silver trumpet sounding the note of human rights, he championed humanity; but his love was not the humanity of a revolution which ignored and blasphemed God, but the humanity which a crucified Saviour had redeemed and ennobled.

* * * * * *

O Ireland! motherland! weep for your well-beloved child; weep for your noble-hearted son. You have lost a tried and trusted chieftain. Weep, for you have lost him when you need your truest and best to defend you. Weep, but rejoice, for he has honored your name and cause. Add another to the roll of your illustrious children whose names and deeds bid the world demand your freedom,—for such another should not sit at the feet of tyrants. Freedom will come, and when it comes a pantheon will arise, and you will place him where honor is richest, and your poets will chant his praise. But the highest praise is what he wished himself to be,—the man of his people, beloved by them and God.

"He ruled no serfs, and he knew no pride,
He was one with the workers, side by side;
He would never believe but a man was made
For a nobler end than the glory of trade.
He mourned all selfish and shrewd endeavor,
But he never injured a weak one—never.
When censure was passed he was kindly dumb;
He was never so wise but a fault would come.
He erred and was sorry; but he never drew
A trusting heart from the pure and true.
When friends look back from the years to be
God grant they may say such things of me."

God has granted his prayer. God bless you, old friend, and God

bless the two loves of your patriotism. God bless your noble America, and God save your beloved Ireland !

Perhaps nothing said in praise of his memory was more in the spirit of eulogy which he would have loved best, because it was eulogy of his country and his countrymen, than these words from the pen of a Protestant clergyman, Rev. H. Price Collier, in the Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette:*

If the Almighty should undertake to create a man who was to be universally popular, no doubt he would create him a Celt. The Celtic temperament, with its ready adaptability to persons and circumstances, its quick wit, its fresh and wholesome out-of-door tone, its mental chastity, its masculine love of sport and of danger, its craving for freedom from restraint,—these together go to make up perhaps the most fascinating type of man we know. Such men make delightful playfellows as boys, and as men ideal lovers, lover-like husbands, stanch friends, open, frank enemies, and patriotic citizens. There is nothing of the subtlety and stealthiness of the Italian, of the morbid restlessness of the Gaul, of the indigested barbarism of the German in them ; and though they lack here and there the steadiness of the Saxon, they easily surpass him both in facility of adapting one's self and in felicity of expressing it.

John Boyle O'Reilly was a Celt of the very best type, whose friends were in the right and whose enemies—if he had any—were in the wrong ; for his friends were all made for him by his real character, and his enemies by mistaken estimates of him.

Many fine poems were written in memory of the dead singer, beautiful tributes of sorrow and praise from his brother and sister poets,—James Whitcomb Riley, Mary E. Blake, John W. O'Keefe, M. J. McNeirny, Louise Imogen Guiney, and a score of others, who had known and loved and owed gratitude for a thousand kindly deeds to this kindliest of men. One of the most touching came anonymously from San Diego, Cal., entitled simply :

AUGUST 10, 1890.

I stirred in my sleep with a sudden fear,
The breath of sorrow seemed very near,
And the sound of weeping ; I woke and said,
"Some one is dying, some one is dead."

Long time I lay in the darkened room,
Dawn just piercing the silent gloom,
And prayed, "O Saviour, whoe'er it be,
May the parting spirit find rest in Thee!"

The morn rose brightly and sweetly smiled
O'er the dancing waves, like a happy child;
I was singing softly, when some one said,
"The truest of all the true is dead."

And I knew that thousands of miles away
Hearts were breaking that summer day,—
That the wide world over, from pole to pole,
There were sighs and tears, and "God rest his soul!"

And I knew—his dearest friends apart,
The life of his life and the heart of his heart—
None wept more for that vacant place
Than I,—who never had seen his face.

CHAPTER XX.

The City of Boston Honors his Memory—Great Citizens' Meeting in Tremont Temple—Liberal Subscriptions to a Public Monument—Memorial Meetings in New York and Elsewhere—The "Month's Mind"—Eloquent Sermon of Bishop Healy—The Poet's Grave in Holyhood.

THE City of Boston took official action on the death of John Boyle O'Reilly by holding a citizens' meeting at Tremont Temple on the evening of September 2, Mayor Hart presiding. The platform was filled with representative citizens of every ancestry and creed. A fine crayon portrait of the dead poet, flanked by the Stars and Stripes and the Irish flag, was placed on the wall of the platform.

Mayor Hart delivered a graceful address, and then introduced the chairman of the evening, Hon. Charles Levi Woodbury.

"Had he been George Washington, Sam Adams, or John Hancock," said Judge Woodbury, "he could not have loved more the institutions of America than these great statesmen loved that which they had created and which they saw around them. We feel so much for him as a citizen that we almost forget he was born in another clime. He assimilated himself so perfectly among us that we hardly turned to remember that he came to us an exile, a fugitive, a man whom the oppressors of Great Britain had tried to brand as a felon, and to put the mark of ignominy upon him, because he was a patriot and loved his people."

Judge Woodbury was followed by the Very Rev. William Byrne, D.D., Vicar-General of Boston, a native of O'Reilly's County of Meath, and a warm personal friend of the poet. He could speak from his own experience of the

associations and influences which had molded the character of the young patriot. He said:

He was a Roman Catholic in religion. He was Catholic in faith because he gave the assent of his will to all the truths of religion made known to him by reason, revelation, and the teaching of the Church which he knew was founded by Christ. He was a Roman Catholic because he accepted the Bishop of Rome as the divinely ordained head of that Church, and the ultimate judge in all disputed questions of faith or morals.

He knew the limits of human intelligence and the fallibility of reason in the domain of religion, and was content to rest his faith on well-authenticated revelation, made through divinely appointed channels. His mind was too sane to rebel against these limitations, and too pious to blame the Creator for not making man perfect. Hence he was free from that intellectual pride and self-sufficiency which impel some men to try to hew out for themselves a pathway in the mysterious regions of religion, and to invent a way of salvation all their own.

As Father Byrne could speak for the dead hero's religious character, so Colonel Chas. H. Taylor, of the Boston *Globe*, could testify to his professional ability. Best proof of the journalist's worth was that to which Colonel Taylor bore witness:

No man was ever jealous of John Boyle O'Reilly. On the contrary, all were delighted with the position attained by this large-hearted, generous soul,—this manly man among manly men.

The next speaker was General Benjamin F. Butler, who had been, as he said:

For twenty years the legal adviser of John Boyle O'Reilly,—a most unprofitable client, for he has never had a lawsuit or a contention.

He had one weakness, which was a very uncomfortable one to him, and that was, he could not hear a tale of woe or misfortune that he did not set himself about rectifying or relieving it. He could never resist not only an appeal when made to him, but the most casual information of wrong done, and especially wrong done to the poor and unprotected.

Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, himself a soldier and brave advocate in the cause of the oppressed, was then introduced and spoke eloquently of O'Reilly's great mission:

So momentous for Boston, so momentous for America, so momen-

tous for the world, that it might well make a man willing to die before he is fifty, if he could contribute but a little toward accomplishing it,—the reconciliation in this community between the Roman Catholic Irishman and the Protestant American.

That was the mission that Boyle O'Reilly seemed just as distinctly sent among us to do, as if he had been born with that mission stamped upon his forehead, and as if a hundred vicar-generals had annointed and ordained him for the work.

And in doing this work he showed not merely the lovableness of his temperament, but its far-sightedness. He knew that unless that work could be done, our city and our State and our country are confessed failures. He knew that American civilization was a failure if it was only large enough to furnish a safe and convenient shelter for the descendants of Puritans and Anglo-Saxons, leaving Irishmen and Catholics outside.

As a literary man, Colonel Higginson gave O'Reilly a high place in the world of letters. As a patriot, he admired him for remembering and loving his native land. He continued:

I never have been among those who believed it to be the duty of an Irishman, as soon as he set foot on this soil and looked around for his naturalization papers, to forget the wrongs and sorrows he had left behind him.

I cannot complain of Boyle O'Reilly that through life in his spirit he kept the green flag waving beside the Stars and Stripes, any more than I can forget the recorded joy of McClellan in the terrible battles of the Wilderness when he saw the green flags borne by each regiment of Meagher's Irish Brigade come from the Second Army Corps to his relief.

In some ways Boyle O'Reilly was not enough of a reformer for me. I never could quite forgive him for not being—like my friend and his associate, Col. Taylor—a strong advocate of woman suffrage. But I can tell you that when the man who is doing two men's work all day still spends night after night in attending the invalid wife to whom he owes so much; and when, in making his last will, he has the courage and the justice to leave that wife in undisturbed possession of all his property and the executrix of his will, I am ready to sign an amnesty with him on the woman suffrage question.

Colonel Higginson was followed by President E. H. Capen, D.D., of Tufts College, who said of the deceased:

He was more than a patriot, because wherever he saw humanity oppressed he saw a brother in woe, and determined to give voice to the

wrong. Nay, he could rise, not only above the prejudices of his race and the traditions of his nation, but above even the scruples of his religion, and that is the hardest thing for man to accomplish in this world.

This man, a Roman Catholic on New England soil, in daily association with the sons of Puritans and Pilgrims, the sons of men who hated the Papacy as the instrument of Satan, and whose descendants have not entirely got beyond the narrowness of their forefathers, could yet describe in fitting terms, showing the appreciation of his mind and soul for the achievements of the founders of New England.

So that it is not only Ireland and America that may mourn his death, it is humanity, civilization, our common Christianity.

What honor shall we pay to such a man? It will be honor enough, though I doubt if we can, to take all the virtues and all the achievements of his life into our own souls.

Then spoke a representative of the race for which O'Reilly had zealously worked and written and spoken, Mr. Edwin G. Walker, the colored lawyer and orator. Said he:

With his pen John Boyle O'Reilly sent through the columns of a newspaper that he edited in this city, words in our behalf that were Christian, and anathemas that were just. Not only that—but he went on to the platform and in bold and defiant language he denounced the murderers of our people and advised us to strike the tyrants back. It was at a time when the cloud was most heavy and more threatening than at any other period since reconstruction. At that time our Wendell Phillips was stricken by the hand of death, and then it was that some doubted that they would ever be able to see a clear sky. But in the midst of all the gloom we could hear Mr. O'Reilly declaring his determination to stand by the colored American in all contests where his rights were at stake.

The last speaker was Hon. Patrick A. Collins, the orator and patriot who had stood beside O'Reilly for twenty years in the long fight for Ireland's cause. He spoke as follows:

"For Lycidas is dead ere his prime
* * * and has not left a peer."

Even in this solemn hour of public mourning it seems hard to realize that we shall see him no more. Men who knew us both will expect from me no eulogy of Boyle O'Reilly. You mourn the journalist, the

orator, the poet, the patriot of two peoples—the strong, tender, true, and knightly character. I mourn with you, and I also mourn—alone.

But, after all, the dead speak for themselves. No friend in prose or verse can add a cubit to his stature. No foe, however mendacious, can lessen his fame or the love humanity bears him.

Yet we owe, not to him, but to the living and to the future, these manifold expressions of regard—these estimates of his worth. The feverish age needs always teaching.

Here was a branded outcast some twenty years ago, stranded in a strange land, friendless and penniless; to-day wept for all over the world where men are free or seeking to be free, for his large heart went out to all in trouble, and his soul was the soul of a freeman; all he had he gave to humanity and asked no return.

Take the lesson of his life to your hearts, young men; you who are scrambling and wrangling for petty dignities and small honors. This man held no office and had no title. The man was larger than any office, and no title could ennoble him. He was born without an atom of prejudice, and he lived and died without an evil or ungenerous thought.

He was Irish and American; intensely both, but more than both. The world was his country and mankind was his kin. Often he struck, but he always struck power, never the helpless. He seemed to feel with the dying regicide in "Les Miserables," "I weep with you for the son of the king, murdered in the temple, but weep with me for the children of the people—they have suffered longest."

Numbered and marked and branded; officially called rebel, traitor, convict, and felon, wherever the red flag floats; denied the sad privilege of kneeling on the grave of his mother—thus died this superb citizen of the great Republic.

But his soul was always free—vain are all mortal interdicts.

By the banks of that lovely river, where the blood of four nations once commingled, in sight of the monument to the alien victor, hard by the great mysterious Rath, over one sanctified spot dearer than all others to him, where the dew glistened on the softest green, the spirit of O'Reilly hovered, and shook the stillness of the Irish dawn on its journey to the stars.

A memorial committee was appointed which held several meetings and did its work so well that before the close of the year it had collected about $13,000 of the sum required for the erection of "a statue or other monument to John Boyle O'Reilly in the city of Boston." When that object shall have been achieved, it is intended to

commemorate the dead poet further by endowing an Alcove of Celtic Literature in the new Public Library of Boston.

Another great Memorial meeting was held at Huntington Hall, Lowell, on the evening of September 7, at which addresses were made by Rev. Michael O'Brien, Mayor Charles D. Palmer, Governor Brackett, General Butler, Philip J. Farley, Esq., and Rev. D. M. Byrnes, O.M.I.

In New York City on the following evening the Metropolitan Opera House was filled with a large audience, Governor Hill acting as chairman of the meeting. A fine poem was read by Joseph I. C. Clarke, and Judge James Fitzgerald delivered an oration of eulogy. Governor Leon Abbett also spoke, and letters of sympathy were read from President Harrison,—paying honor "to the memory of the distinguished and patriotic citizen,"—from Senator Hiscock, President Low of Columbia College, General O. O. Howard, U.S.A., ex-Senator Platt, and others.

The beautiful Catholic ceremony of the "Month's Mind" was celebrated, at the instance of the Catholic Union of Boston, at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, on Wednesday morning, September 10. The large church was filled with relatives and friends of the dead poet, representatives of the several national, religious, and social organizations to which he had belonged, and mourning citizens of all creeds and classes.

The celebrant of the Pontifical Mass of Requiem was the Most Rev. John J. Williams, Archbishop of Boston; assistant priest, the Very Rev. John B. Hogan, D.D., director of the Catholic University of America; deacon of the mass, the Rev. Arthur J. Teeling of Newburyport, Mass.; subdeacon, the Rev. John F. Ford, superintendent of the Workingboy's Home, Boston; deacons of honor, the Rev. James McGlew, Chelsea, Mass., and the Rev. J. W. McMahon, rector of St. Mary's, Charlestown, Mass. The master of ceremonies was the Rev. James F. Talbot, D.D., of the Cathedral.

Rt. Rev. James A. Healy, Bishop of Portland, Me., delivered the funeral oration, from the following text:

"Our friend sleepeth; but I go that I may wake him out of sleep.—JOHN, xi."

Thus spoke our Divine Master of his friend Lazarus; and I am come, not as a better friend of the dead, nor as more fit to speak on this occasion, but as one of the earliest in this city, and, I trust, one of the most constant of his friends—not my friend only, but he was our friend—we all knew him, watched him, loved him as our friend.

* * * * * *

Our friend, the man whom we loved as a friend, sleepeth. Let us consider our friend as a man. I am not here to sing his praises as an angel, nor yet as a man of so sublime and ascetic life as we ascribe to the superhuman on earth. Our friend was a human man. I am not here to tell of his attainments in letters, or of his success as a writer for the press, as an author, a poet, gifted with a versatile and ever-ready and competent pen and tongue; nor even to recall the oft-told story of his early life—his efforts for Ireland, his captivity, his escape by help of generous sons of America; nor even to describe the manly form, the noble presence, the hardy and athletic temperament that we looked upon with wonder and delight; but I would wish to remind you of the characteristics of our friend as a man. In the holy book one is described as "a man simple and right"; that is straightforward, direct. Have you known one who sought by direct ways and means the end he aimed at—who for that end was willing to wait, to endure, to suffer; who in the weakness and helplessness of subject youth invited others to dare and suffer, but led the way as captain of the forlorn hope; who in prison walls could not be prevented from piously gathering and consigning to mother earth the disinterred bones of former captives—of those hapless Americans who died in English prisons; who for his country's sake bravely bore the horrors of the prison ship, the brutality of a convict settlement; and yet, everywhere, and in all things, the straightforward, the manly, the long-suffering but unconquered spirit? Such was our friend.

Have you known an ardent soul, loving his dear old country as a sorrowing and afflicted mother, loving her as only an Irish exile can love; and yet turning with admiring love to the new country, which had become his from the day he landed on her shores? He loved Ireland as his mother. He loved America as man loves a blooming and happy spouse. At times there may have been those who found fault with his unwavering devotion and constant efforts for the old land. But I will venture to say here, under this sacred roof, no one who has not seen the beautiful island and its oppressed people; aye, more, no

GRAVE OF JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY, WITH BOULDER, HOLYHOOD CEMETERY, BROOKLINE, MASS.

one who has not felt and endured the yoke of cruel inhuman tyranny, that for centuries has weighed down a gallant, a generous, a noble people, in spite of faults incident to humanity, can properly enter into the ardent, patriotic love of Irishmen for Ireland or their hatred of oppression and the oppressor. And such, in his ardent love for his native country, was our friend.

* * * * * *

A word of his home life. If we follow him a young and brilliant man, we see him repairing from the conversation, from the club, from the evening joys, and hastening home to the bedside of his sick wife, to the children anxious to greet him, to the playfulness of a warm father, in whom they felt they had a friend. Such was he as a husband and a father.

On such an occasion and within these walls, the mouth-piece of the Lord would speak to no purpose unless he should speak of the disciple of Christ as he was, or as he ought to be. And our friend was a Christian, a child of the Church of God.

* * * * * *

He is gone—our friend sleepeth. The body, indeed, rests in the tomb, far from the land he longed so much to revisit; but the soul liveth unto God. And do you now, venerable pontiff, and his friend, begin those prayers of Holy Church which follow the departing soul even to the throne of God. Do you, brethren in Faith, join your prayers with the pontiff, asking for him rest, light, life, the awakening unto God; and do Thou, O Divine Lord, whose words we have quoted for Thy friend—"I go to wake him"—do Thou come at the last great day to wake him, to wake the body from the grave, that thus, soul and body reunited in light and glory and joy eternal, our friend may rejoice forevermore.

The Catholic Union of Boston, the Charitable Irish Society, the Boston Press Club, and hundreds of other organizations throughout the country, and on both sides of the ocean, passed similar resolutions, the mere chronicling of which would be but a reiteration of the fact, known to all the English speaking world, that John Boyle O'Reilly was the most sincerely loved and the most truly mourned man of his generation.

His body lay in the receiving tomb of Calvary until November 7, when it was removed to Holyhood cemetery, Brookline, Mass., for final interment.

The poet's grave is marked by a natural monument worthy of the man. On the highest point of Holyhood

there crops out a ledge of rock, over the face of which, countless ages ago, the great glacial plow cut its way, leaving a polished surface to mark its passage. On the crest of this ledge, deposited by the mighty glacier, rests a giant boulder, about fifteen feet high, and, roughly speaking, twelve feet square,—seventy-five tons of weather-stained, conglomerate rock. It stands a picturesque land-mark, solitary, massive and majestic.

It is to be the tombstone of John Boyle O'Reilly, whose grave is at its base. No mark save a single tablet let in to its face shall mar the severe simplicity of the monolith—nature's fitting memorial to God's nobleman.

CHAPTER XXI.

Early Traits of Character—Letters from Prison—His Religious Nature Exemplified—An Ideal Comrade—Love of Nature and of Art—His First Poem—His Lavish Charity and Kindness—A Child's Tribute—The End.

KINDNESS was the fruit, courtesy the flower, of John Boyle O'Reilly's character. Its seed was that "sacrificial seed" of which he sings so often and so earnestly. While absolutely free from personal vanity or pride of intellect, no man could be more dignified on occasion than was this rare combination of bodily beauty and mental greatness. His courtly manners were neither the product of culture nor the garb of policy. They were born with him.

Even when a little child he was noted for his winning qualities. "His smile was irresistible," writes his sister, "but I think his greatest charm was in his manner. From earliest childhood he was a favorite with everybody, and yet the wildest boy in Dowth. If any mischievous act was committed in the neighborhood, John was blamed, yet everybody loved him and would hide him from my father when in disgrace."

The same was true of his life in barracks and in prison. The magnetism of the boyish soldier won more converts to treason than his fervid eloquence. Even the uncompromising loyalty and Protestantism of an Orangeman from the "black North" succumbed to his fascination and did not recover from the spell until the Fenian *malgré lui* found himself a life convict and wondered how it had come about. From a dozen letters written by O'Reilly to his heart-

broken mother and family, while he lay in Arbor Hill prison, I quote:

They all like me here, and if I sent you all the notes I get thrown to me for "dear J. B." or "J. B. O." you would be amused. There's a fine young fellow here, a Preston Irishman, named Kelly. He begged even a button from me, for a keepsake. I gave him the ring of my plume, and he's as happy as possible.

In the same letter, while expressing his belief that his sentence would be less severe if the threatened Fenian uprising should fail to occur, he writes in confident expectation and hope that it will take place:

Perhaps you think there will be none, but you'll see, either this or next month, please God. Even in here we get assurances of not being forgotten, and that *the* work goes on better than ever. Never grieve for me, I beg of you. God knows I'd be only too happy to die for the cause of my country. Pray for us all; we are all brothers who are suffering.

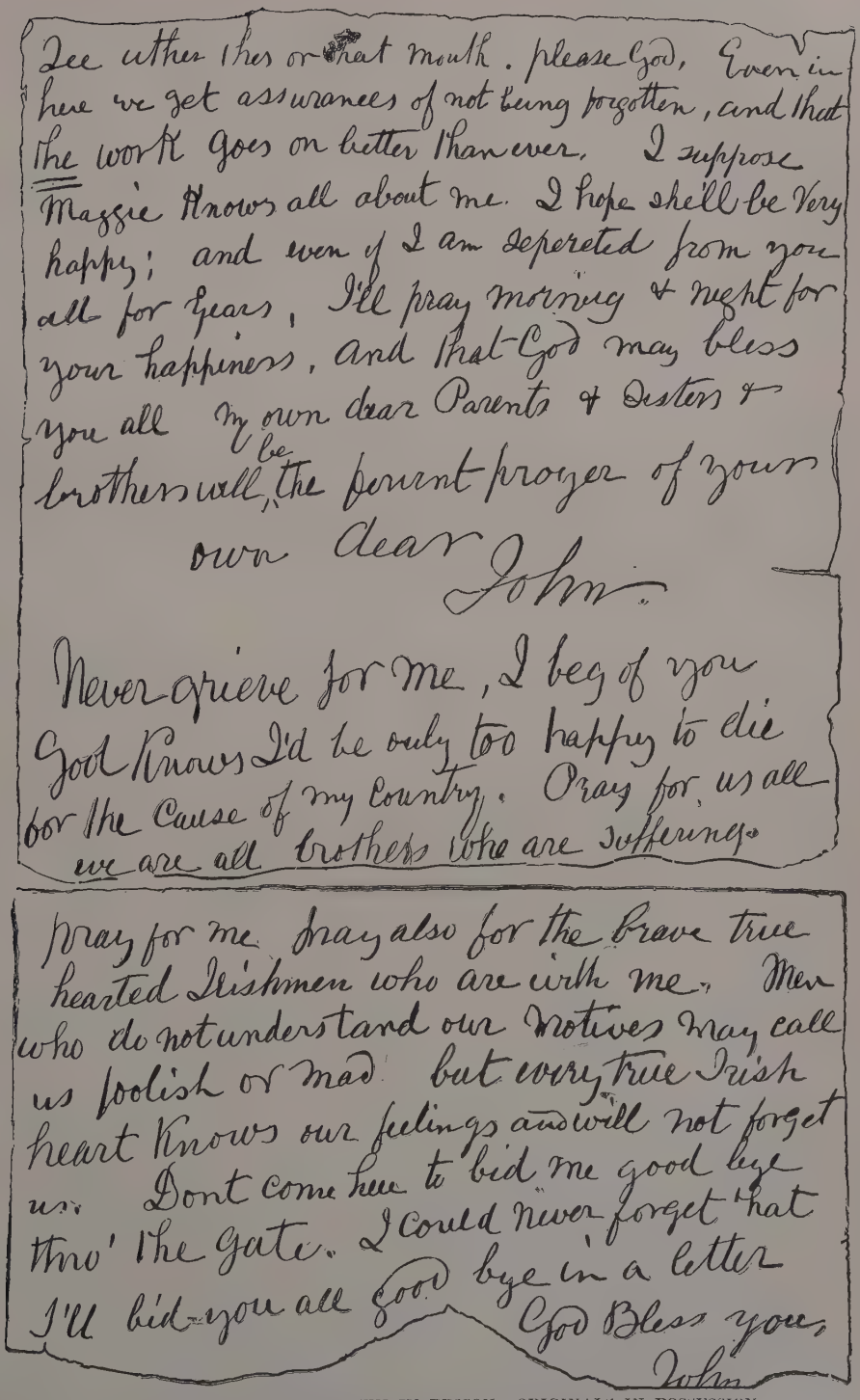
When the suspense was ended, he sent these brave words of comfort to his loved ones:

I wrote these slips before I knew my fate, and I have nothing more to say, only God's holy will be done! If I only knew that you would not grieve for me I'd be perfectly happy and content. My own dear ones, you will not be ashamed of me at any rate; you all love the cause I suffer for as well as I, and when you pray for me pray also for the brave, true-hearted Irishmen who are with me. Men who do not understand our motives may call us foolish or mad, but every true Irish heart knows our feelings and will not forget us. Don't come here to bid me good-by through the gate. I could never forget that. I'll bid you all good-by in a letter.

God bless you!

JOHN.

"God's holy will be done!" That was the key-note of his character. "It is the will of God, or I'd not get a day," he wrote when speaking of his sentence. His faith was as simple as the life which it inspired was upright and honorable. "It would hardly appear to some people," writes his close friend, Mr. Moseley, "but the great thing that impressed me in Boyle's character was his manliness, his



Dee either this or that month. please God, Even in here we get assurances of not being forgotten, and that the work goes on better than ever. I suppose Maggie knows all about me. I hope she'll be very happy; and even if I am seperated from you all for years, I'll pray morning & night for your happiness, and that God may bless you all My own dear Parents & Sisters & brothers will be the fervent prayer of your own dear John.

Never grieve for me, I beg of you God knows I'd be only too happy to die for the Cause of my Country. Pray for us all we are all brothers who are suffering.

pray for me. pray also for the brave true hearted Irishmen who are with me. Men who do not understand our motives may call us foolish or mad but every true Irish heart knows our feelings and will not forget us. Dont come here to bid me good bye tho' the gate. I could never forget that I'll bid you all good bye in a letter God Bless you.

John

FAC SIMILE LETTERS WRITTEN IN PRISON—ORIGINALS IN POSSESSION OF MRS. MERRY OF LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

self-abnegation, and, more than anything else, his child-like faith in the teachings of his youth, his firm, unshaken conviction, and his beautiful trust and repose in his religion, his Church, and his God. With him it was a fixed fact, a never faltering attitude of his mind, and when, by his literary associations, he was thrown with men who were doubters, agnostics, and disbelievers, his faith was as sublime, his conviction as unshaken, and his devotion as constant as when he learned the lesson at his mother's knee. Though I have seen him in many trying situations, surrounded by dangers and beset by troubles, I have never known him to relinquish his reliance upon the Higher Power whose bounteous love and ever watchful care his own character confessed and glorified.

"His was a practical religion; he, of all men, made the Divine injunction of unselfishness the rule of his daily life, and never have I seen a more self-sacrificing character, a more self-abnegating spirit, and a more watchful regard for the comfort and interests of others, than was exhibited in John Boyle O'Reilly."

Such was the impression left predominant in the mind of one not of his race or religion, after years of close association with O'Reilly. The least bigoted of men, he yet carried the sign of his Faith with him wherever he went, as simply and unostentatiously as he did that of his country; for he was unassumingly proud of both. A writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* quotes from O'Reilly's correspondence with a Western friend on the same theme:

> And yet your letter makes me smile. Puritan you, with your condemnation of the great old art-loving, human, music-breathing, color-raising, spiritual, mystical, symbolical Catholic Church! . . . . . A great, loving, generous heart will never find peace and comfort and field of labor except within her unstatistical, sun-like, benevolent motherhood. J., I am a Catholic just as I am a dweller on the planet, and a lover of yellow sunlight, and flowers in the grass, and the sound of birds. Man never made anything so like God's work as the magnificent, sacrificial, devotional faith of the hoary but young Catholic Church. There is no other church; they are all just way stations.

So much for his creed; his Christian charity was as boundless as the universe. He was absolutely devoid of sectarian prejudice. The eloquent Methodist clergyman, Rev. Louis A. Banks, of Boston, justly said of him:

> With unfeigned sympathy and love, I, a Protestant, with the charity with which I myself hope to be judged, would say of my brother Catholic, his heart was Christian.

His religion was expressed in deeds rather than in words. He forgave his enemies; he was the brother of all the poor and oppressed; he devoted his talents to the service of humanity; he preached and practiced the gospel of kindness.

The courtesy which won the hearts of strangers at their first meeting with him was not a garment put on for the occasion. It clothed his everyday life; it was as much a part of him as his breath or his blood. A Scotch lady living in Boston tells the following anecdote:

> Going down a public street, one day, I saw a distinguished-looking man, to whom, as he passed, two laborers working on the roadway touched their hats. He returned the courtesy by lifting his own and bowing gracefully. The act, little enough in itself, was an uncommon one in democratic America. When the gentleman had passed by, I stopped and asked one of the laborers who he was. He answered:
>
> "There goes the first gentleman in America, John Boyle O'Reilly,—God bless him!"

He was the ideal comrade for an outdoor holiday. His friend Moseley says:

> There is nothing which so brings out the true character of a man as freedom from all social restraints and conventionalities, such as is found in a canoe voyage. There his brilliancy, his intellectuality, the finer qualities or accomplishments, count as nothing compared with a ready, unselfish spirit, a willingness to do his full share of the drudgery of camp life, to cut the wood, draw the water, and scrub the kettle; and in this was found one of Boyle O'Reilly's greatest charms as a companion. He was far from being a shirk: he always wanted to do the whole thing. He insisted that I should have the sheltered corner of the tent, the daintiest bit of meat, or the pleasant side of the camp fire. It was this, more than anything else, that made our cruises so pleasant to us both, and in which we were so congenial. While his

conversation was delightful, and the mental companionship a most enjoyable feature of our trips, this would not have compensated for a lack of those more practical virtues which I have mentioned,—which, after all, were founded in his absolute unselfishness and self-abnegation.

Kindness, always kindness, was his watchword. In a letter to his friend, Mr. Michael Cavanagh, of Washington, written in July, 1878, I find the same note:

We are growing old, Mike, and our turn will soon be here. May we be remembered with affection as they are—as all the kindly hearts are. After all, there is nothing so strong as kindness; everything else—esteem, admiration, friends—is good, but there is nothing so pure and strong to hold our affections as the memory of a warm and sympathetic heart.

He inculcated the same principle in the many controversies inevitable to his journalistic career,—to fight a wrong or a wrong-doer until justice was attained, then to forget the quarrel as speedily as possible, and "be sure to say something kind" about the adversary at the first opportunity.

He laid down and followed another rule: "Never do anything as a journalist which you would not do as a gentlemen." How faithfully that rule was obeyed his twenty years of editorial work attest.

It was O'Reilly's rare fortune to be appreciated and loved during his lifetime. If any side of his character was misunderstood by good people, it was the healthy, vigorous one which rejoiced in manly sport, especially in that of boxing. How such a gentle, kindly heart could dwell within a lusty, combative body was a mystery not only to the narrow folk who mistake dyspepsia for piety, but even to truly religious people less generously endowed with natural appetites. As the Jesuit Father, John J. Murphy, wisely says of O'Reilly's love for the manly art, "He hated everything in it but the higher essence—the game spirit, the heroic endurance, the plucky heart." But once engaged in a friendly encounter he fought gallantly, as if fighting for life itself.

It was the qualities of courage and endurance, prime essentials of the boxer, which made O'Reilly first dare the rebel's fate, and afterward bear the penalty with fortitude. But for the brave heart within him he would never have joined the Fenian ranks; but for it he would have despaired and died in a felon's cell.

He never hesitated to employ the ultimate argument if a needed lesson had to be given to some insolent bully. He would not seek what is euphemistically called a difficulty, on his own account; but when the rights of the weak needed a champion, most assuredly he never shunned one.

This healthy, natural man could not but love nature with a deep love, although the passion finds little expression in his poetry. On that subject Mr. Moseley again writes:

John Boyle O'Reilly was very close to Nature and to man. He was in thorough sympathy with all created things, and saw in them the manifestation of God's power. It is not difficult to imagine the pleasure which such a man experienced, and shared with others, from a life in the woods. To him every leaf was a thing of beauty, every tree a pillar in Nature's temple; in every raindrop he saw a pearl from her jewel box, and their plashing was the music of her voice.

To illustrate to a certain extent this feature of his character, I can tell an incident which happened a number of years ago, but which is still fresh in my memory. We were in the habit, one summer, of going down Boston Harbor in our canoes almost every pleasant afternoon, and had found much enjoyment in the companionship, the respite from business, and the cool sea breezes at the entrance to the bay. It happened that I had been prevented from going for several days, when Boyle came to me one afternoon and insisted that I must drop everything and go with him that day, for he had something down there to show me,—something which I must see. Curious to see what had so aroused his enthusiasm, and anxious for the pleasure which such an expedition with him always brought, I started at once, and after a hard paddle down the harbor we reached one of the islands on which, under Boyle's guidance, we landed, and hauled our canoes upon the beach.

Mounting the barren clay bank with the impetuosity of a child, he shouted: "There it is, Ned! Look at it! And God put it there for me!" Following his outstretched hand I saw, growing alone upon the

arid soil, the tiniest, prettiest little tuft of green clover which, it seemed, my eyes had ever seen. And then he told me how he had come down there alone, feeling lonely and despondent (his family being away), and worried by those little annoyances of life which none can escape. His mind was dwelling for the moment upon the barrenness and emptiness of this world, the whole scene by which he was surrounded seeming perfectly in accord with his own thoughts, when suddenly he spied this little bunch of clover. "And when I saw," said he, "that emblem of God's all-pervading presence, which He had, I believe, put there for me, which He had sent His rain and dew to nourish and His sunlight to strengthen, and which He had made grow in this little desert as a sign of His far-reaching power—a realization of His wonderful goodness and protecting care rolled over me like a wave from the ocean at my feet. I thought of all the blessings which I had to thank and praise Him for; and as the wave rolled back it bore with it the sense of loneliness and despondency which had oppressed me, and left me soothed and strengthened, and with a renewed faith in the nearness of God to all His creatures. Standing there on that rocky coast, the fresh wind of heaven blowing around him and the rolling ocean stretching out to the horizon, he apostrophized that little bunch of clover in a strain which I have never heard equaled. It was a poem of sublime faith in God and His love for man, and I listened spell-bound to his matchless eloquence.

He loved nature and he loved art, but he better loved mankind. That love was given freest expression to those near him, his wife and little daughters. Without entering into the sacredness of his domestic life, it is enough to say that there he was truly at his best. He was infinitely patient, tender, and considerate. He would read for hours every evening to his little ones from the book, which he cherished and taught them to understand, Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, Shelley, Byron, Keats, and all the masters of English verse. One summer, when his wife was away at Nantucket, he read the Arabian Nights through to his little girls, taking a boyish delight in breaking all rules of wise conduct by prolonging the entertainment away into the unhallowed hours of morning, and enjoining secrecy on his fellow-culprits.

Here is a letter, one of many, written to his daughters, Bessie and Agnes, at their convent home in Elmhurst, Providence.

THE "PILOT" EDITORIAL ROOMS,
BOSTON, November 19, 1889.

DEAR OLD BESS :

At last I am out of the wood of hard work that has shut me in for two months. The first pleasure I take is to write to my dear brown hen and my dear blue pigeon. I have never been so busy in all my life as I have been since Mammie and I came from the mountains. I have literally not had a leisure hour for fifty days. I long to go to Elmhurst and see you—I wish you and I could go away in my canoe, down a long, sunny, beautiful river, and camp on the banks for weeks and weeks, till we were rested, rested, and had forgotten the busy, noisy cities and all the work and trouble that are "out in the world." Last night a little boy, ten years old, came to play the violin for mamma and me. He has been playing in public for two years ; but he plays rudely and carelessly, though I think he has talent, and would be a good musician if carefully trained—like a dear old fiddler that I want to kiss this moment. I suppose Mollie has sent you the poem I read at the University. It was well received by the Cardinals and Bishops; and they were a very grand audience, filling the whole large room with their crimson and purple robes.

But Mamsey and I were glad to get back, and we have rested well since Sunday night. We shall soon go to Providence to see our dear girls. Mrs. Weller particularly asked for you; they were *very kind* to us in Washington. We saw some great and wonderful things in many cities while away ; but we saw one little work by a great man that made us forget everything else—buildings, monuments, bridges, and cities. It was a picture—a little oil painting, eighteen inches square—"L'Angelus," by Millet, which is on exhibition in New York. It is in a great gallery where there are hundreds of other famous pictures—some of them world-famous. And, besides, there are in the lower rooms five hundred bronzes by the greatest genius in sculpture that has lived for two hundred years,—Barye, the animal sculptor. We thought, as we looked at his splendid grim lions and tigers and horses and elephants, that painting never could interest us any more. "Oh, painting is inferior to these glorious creatures," said Mamsey, as she stood before a great lion that held down a snake with his paws and roared at him. And then we went upstairs to the pictures.

At the head of the stairs was Millet's famous picture "The Sower," a tall, powerful young French peasant sowing seed in the dusk of the evening. It is a wonderful picture (Mr. Quincy Shaw of Boston owns it ; he paid $30,000 for it, years ago). This made Mammie stop and look long. Then came a river and a young wood by Corot, and a fairy-like landscape with golden clouds by Diaz ; and then we forgot the bronzes, as canvas after canvas, of indescribable beauty and enor-

mous value, came before us. At last we turned and looked down the long gallery. There was a little group of people standing on one side near the other end. And on the wall, alone, hung a little picture—"The Angelus"—that was to all the others as a diamond is to its setting. It was sold in Paris a few months ago, the price being $129,000 (the largest sum ever paid for a painting), and the duty on it when brought here was $30,000 more. But it was worth more. You know the picture from the engraving; it is the same size; but the coloring is like the very touch of God Himself in the sweet, flushing sunset. Far away on the fields is the church spire. The sun is very low, and is not seen; but the most exquisite gentle flush that ever was painted by man touches the bowed head and crossed hands on the breast of the praying woman and the back of the head and shoulders of the man. It is not a man and woman praying—it is a painted prayer. You can hear the Angelus bell filling the beautiful air; you can see the woman's lips moving; you pray with her. One looks at the lovely picture with parted lips and hushed breath. And so great is art that *all* who see it feel the same sweet influence—Protestant as well as Catholic. It was bought by Protestants; probably Mammie and I were the only Catholics in the building that day. We could hardly go away from it; and as we did go, we looked at nothing else there. Everything else had lost value. We passed "The Sower" with a glance (because it was Millet's, too), but we never looked at the bronzes. All day and ever since I keep saying at times to Mammie, "I can see the reddish flush on those French peasants"; and she says: "I can hear the Angelus bell whenever I think of the picture."

And yet the genius who painted this treasure sold it for a few hundred francs. He lived all his life in a little French village. He was not regarded as a great man; and he died very poor. His brother is now in Boston, a very poor old man, a sculptor; he wanted to make a bust of me last year. But François Millet was no sooner dead than France knew that she had lost an illustrious son. Foreigners were buying up his pictures at enormous prices. Fortunately for Boston, Mr. Shaw had recognized the genius many years ago, and had bought all the pictures he could get; so that we now have in this collection in Boston the best pictures he ever painted, except "L'Angelus."

Now, good-by, dear Bess and dear Agnes. When I get something to tell, I shall write a long letter to my dear little fiddler. Love and kisses.

PAPA.

The place in literature of John Boyle O'Reilly will be fixed by time. When we study his poems and speeches, and even his necessarily hasty editorial work, the one conspicuous quality evident in them is their author's steady

growth—higher thought, finer workmanship, and, surest test of advancement, condensation in expression. Compare his first volume of poems with his last, and mark the wonderful growth of thirteen years. Had he been granted twenty years more of life, with the leisure which he had well earned and hoped to enjoy, it is no partial praise to say that he might have attained the foremost place in the literature of America, if not of the world.

His growth was perceptible year by year—almost day by day. But he was hampered by the daily cares of his professional life. He had no leisure for calm thought or continuous work. That he should have achieved so much, under such conditions, is the highest proof of the great possibilities that lay behind, awaiting but time and opportunity for perfect development. He disdained the *dilletante's* work in letters, the elaborate polishing of trifles which he satirizes in his "Art Master," as "carving of cherry-stones." He always held the thought far above the language in which it might be clothed. Yet he has given evidence in a score of perfect songs, of his ability to handle rhyme, rhythm, and melody with a masterly skill.

To the kindness of his sister, Mrs. Merry, of Liverpool, England, I am indebted for a copy of his first poetical effort, written when he was eleven years old. Its subject was the death of Frederick Lucas, the great-hearted English friend of Ireland. Very crude and childish, yet not without a suggestion of originality, are the eight lines of this ambitious elegy:

> He is gone, he is gone, to a world more serene
> Than the one in which our most true friend has been.
> He is pale as the swan, he is cold as the wave,
> And his honored head lies low in the deep, hollow grave.
>
> His death has caused sorrow throughout our green isle,
> For now he is gone, he'll no more on us smile.
> And now is his poor brow as cold as the lead,
> Because our beloved Frederick Lucas is dead.

It is a far cry from this to "Wendell Phillips"; but

the spirit is the same in the doggerel of the child and the threnody of the man,—sorrow for the loss of a friend of humanity inspires both.

He left several unfinished poems, which appear in this volume, and one completed prose work, unpublished, entitled, "The Country with a Roof," an allegorical satire on the existing social condition.

O'Reilly would not have been true to his Irish nature had he not known how to sing the song of mourning. The bards of Ireland have enriched the language with some of its noblest elegies, a work for which the education and traditions of centuries had only too well prepared them. And what a range these songs cover! From the martial movement of the "Burial of Sir John Moore" and the "Bivouac of the Dead," to the heart-breaking *caoine* of Thomas Davis's "Lament for Owen Roe," and the mad "Hurrah for the Next that Dies," of Bartholomew Dowling. Whoever would understand the deepest depth of Irish grief, the mingling of love, wrath, and despair following the loss of a leader, will find it all compressed in the thirty odd lines of Davis's "Lament," with its closing wail:

> Your troubles are all over, you're at rest with God on high;
> But we're slaves and we're orphans, Owen!—why did you die!

O'Reilly's elegiac poems are Irish, too, in their warmth and sadness, but they are keyed to a higher note of philosophy and hope. His own death evoked touching verses from his countrymen and others,—Henry Austin, Edward King, Katharine E. Conway, Homer Greene, Arthur Forrester, William D. Kelly, Mrs. Whiton Stone, Rose Cavanagh, John E. Barrett, Katharine Tynan, and many more; for

> Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
> Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.

His was the ideal Celtic character, made up of sunshine and tears,—only, alas! his life had seen little of the sun.

There was a touch of sadness underlying all his thought. It is present almost everywhere in his writings. It comes to the surface most unexpectedly even in the lightest and gayest of his Papyrus poems. "We are growing old;" "grim Death beckons to us all." This is the burden of his song; sad, but never gloomy. He had supped too often with sorrow to be a pessimist: he had drunk too freely of pleasure to be an optimist. He had no illusions, because he believed in God and his fellow-man.

He bestowed charity with a generous hand, but his name was seldom seen in print among those of contributors to public benefactions. Privately, he gave liberally to half a score of worthy charities, while the needy individuals who received his bounty might be literally counted by the hundred. Some of them were his perpetual pensioners. Their names appear at regular and frequent intervals in the columns of a little private expense-book now in my possession, which he kept for some years before his death. One of them, an Englishman and a Protestant, was supported by his bounty for years, sent to a hospital in his declining days, and buried at last at the cost of his kindly benefactor. Most of them, however, were needy people of his own race and religion, for these came to him most readily.

Almost every second entry on the pages of that little book, intended for no eyes but his own, records a charity or a loan, which was substantially the same thing. Now it is an entry, "Sisters Good Shepherd, $5." Then another, "Colored school, S. C.," the same amount. Again, "Sisters from the South, $10." Amid names recurring again and again, there is an occasional entry like "Catholic editor, $5"; old publisher, $5"; "deaf mute, $3," etc.,—persons whose very names he had not learned, or had forgotten before he could note the expenditure. "Benefits" of all sorts for theatrical people, policemen, waiters, letter-carriers, coachmen, etc., etc., found in him a regular patron.

To his employees he was always kind, considerate and

liberal. He hated to discharge anybody, and seldom or never did so until he had secured him a new situation. "I'd give So-and-so five hundred dollars," he once said, "if he would only tender his resignation; but he wont," he added, in whimsically sorrowful tone, "and of course I can't *tell* him to go."

When he had a serious literary task to do, such as the preparation of a great poem or speech, he would engage a room in a hotel in which he would shut himself up, and say to himself: "Boyle O'Reilly, you have got this task before you, and you shall not play, you shall not see your dear wife and children, you shall not go to your home until it is finished; you shall stay right here, in this room, until you have done it." And sometimes days would go by, while he would subject himself to this strain, doing nothing in this room where he had immured himself but waiting for the inspiration to come to him. When the task was finished he would come forth looking like a man who had suffered a week's severe illness, and would ask his friends for their criticism, not their eulogy, of his work.

Mr. Moseley has noticed a peculiarity which, as he shrewdly guessed, was the result of O'Reilly's prison life.

> When walking abstractedly and mechanically, he always walked a short distance and then retraced his steps, no matter how wide a stretch he had before him. It was always three paces forward, turn, and three paces back, exactly like the restless turning of a lion in a cage. One day I asked him, "Boyle, what was the length of your cell when you were in prison? How many paces?" He said, "Three; why do you ask?" "Because," I replied, "when you are absent-minded you always walk three paces forward, and then retrace your steps."

It was literally the only outward and visible legacy of that sad experience,—an experience which had chastened and molded the whole soul of the man. In twenty years of acquaintance and more than seven years of close personal intimacy, in the *abandon* of the club or the *café*, I have never heard fall from his lips a word which might

not be spoken in a lady's drawing-room. He was neither a saint nor a prude, but he was a man of clean mind and tongue, and foul language revolted him like the touch of carrion.

Another thing which he hated almost as much as vulgar speech was the recounting of so-called "Irish" stories and all imitations of "the brogue." He loved his country and its people with a tenderness almost incomprehensible to anybody who did not share that love. Anything tending to make either ridiculous was to him as jarring as the mimicry of one's mother would be to another man. One had to be Irish, not only in blood but also in heart and soul, before he ventured to amuse O'Reilly with any jest, however harmless, at the foibles of his countrymen.

But how gladly he welcomed any praise of their virtues, how eagerly he jumped at the least extenuation of their faults, how unreservedly he took to his heart the man who championed their cause! "He could not hate any man who loved Ireland," says Count Plunkett. I will add, he could embrace his bitterest personal enemy, if that enemy only served Ireland.

To a nature such as his there was every reason why he should love his native land. She was poor, oppressed, suffering; and he had suffered with her and for her. He loved America with both heart and head; for it had given him freedom, home, and an honorable career. Moreover, he was a republican in all his instincts and principles, a believer in the People and their right to self-government, an unsparing enemy of caste and class distinctions in every form. Nobody has better understood or paid truer tribute to that which is highest and best in the American character, its courage, magnanimity, self-governing instincts, and love of justice.

The life of John Boyle O'Reilly teaches anew the lesson that the man just and firm of purpose can conquer circumstances. The failure of his youthful patriotic dream did not discourage his brave heart; the degradation of the prison did not contaminate his pure soul; poverty did not

debase nor prosperity destroy his manly independence. He remained throughout all his life a brave, honorable, Christian gentleman, a loyal friend, a generous foe, a lover of God and of his fellow-men.

It is not easy to write the last word of a lost friend so dear as this. Let the simple tribute of "a child, to John Boyle O'Reilly," written after his death, speak the love and grief of the many who hold his name in grateful memory:

You saw my leaf and praised it,
Until it grew a tree.
You saw my heart and raised it
To love and grow—for thee.

I bring, dear poet, all I have,—
My tree's leaf and my heart's love.

POEMS
OF
JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

And how did he live, that dead man there,
In the country churchyard laid?
O, he? He came for the sweet field air;
He was tired of the town, and he took no pride
In its fashion or fame. He returned and died
In the place he loved, where a child he played
With those who have knelt by his grave and prayed.
He ruled no serfs, and he knew no pride;
He was one with the workers, side by side;
He hated a mill, and a mine, and a town,
With their fever of misery, struggle, renown;
He could never believe but a man was made
For a nobler end than the glory of trade.
For the youth he mourned with an endless pity
Who were cast like snow on the streets of the city,
He was weak, maybe; but he lost no friend;
Who loved him once, loved on to the end.
He mourned all selfish and shrewd endeavor;
But he never injured a weak one—never.
When censure was passed, he was kindly dumb;
He was never so wise but a fault would come;
He was never so old that he failed to enjoy
The games and the dreams he had loved when a boy.
He erred and was sorry; but never drew
A trusting heart from the pure and true.
When friends look back from the years to be,
God grant they may say such things of me.

THE WONDERFUL COUNTRY.

THERE once was a time when, as old songs prove it,
The earth was not round, but an endless plain;
The sea was as wide as the heavens above it—
Just millions of miles, and begin again.
And that was the time—ay, and more's the pity
It ever should end!—when the world could play,
When singers told tales of a crystal city
In a wonderful country far away!

But the schools must come, with their scales and measures,
To limit the visions and weigh the spells;
They scoffed at the dreams and the rainbow treasures,
And circled the world in their parallels;
They charted the vales and the sunny meadows,
Where a poet might ride for a year and a day;
They sounded the depths and they pierced the shadows,
Of that wonderful country far away.

For fancies they gave us their microscopics;
For knowledge, a rubble of fact and doubt;
Wing-broken and caged, like a bird from the tropics,
Romance at the wandering stars looked out.
Cold Reason, they said, is the earthly Eden;
Go, study its springs, and its ores assay;
But fairer the flowers and fields forbidden
Of that wonderful country far away.

They questioned the slumbering baby's laughter,
And cautioned its elders to dream by rule;
All mysteries past and to come hereafter
Were settled and solved in their common school.

But sweeter the streams and the wild birds singing,
The friendships and loves that were true alway;
The gladness unseen, like a far bell ringing,
In that wonderful country far away.

Nay, not in their Reason our dear illusion,
But truer than truths that are measured and weighed—
O land of the spirit! where no intrusion
From bookmen or doubters shall aye be made!
There still breaks the murmuring sea to greet us
On shadowy valley and peaceful bay;
And souls that were truest still wait to meet us
In that wonderful country far away!

WHAT IS GOOD.

"WHAT is the real good?"
I asked in musing mood.

Order, said the law court;
Knowledge, said the school;
Truth, said the wise man;
Pleasure, said the fool;
Love, said the maiden;
Beauty, said the page;
Freedom, said the dreamer;
Home, said the sage;
Fame, said the soldier;
Equity, the seer;—

Spake my heart full sadly:
"The answer is not here."

Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
"Each heart holds the secret:
Kindness is the word."

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

"Let it not be grievous unto you that you have been instruments to break the ice for others who come after with less difficulty; the honor shall be yours to the world's end."—*Letter from London to the Pilgrims*, 1622.—(Bradford's Hist.)

"I charge you before God that you follow me no farther than you have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ. If God reveal anything to you by any other instrument of His, be as ready to receive it as ever you were to receive any truth by my ministry; for I am verily persuaded, I am very confident, the Lord has more truths yet to break forth out of His holy word."—*Rev. John Robinson's Farewell to the Pilgrims at Leyden, in Holland*, 1620.

"The hospitals [of England] are full of the ancient . . . the almshouses are filled with old laborers. Many there are who get their living with bearing burdens; but more are fain to burden the land with their whole bodies. Neither come these straits upon men always through intemperance, ill-husbandry, indiscretion, etc.; but even the most wise, sober, and discreet men go often to the wall when they have done their best. . . . The rent-taker lives on sweet morsels, but the rent-payer eats a dry crust often with watery eyes."—*Robert Cushman, Plymouth*, 1621.—(Chronicles of the Pilgrims.)

"We are all freeholders; the rent day doth not trouble us."—*Letter of William Hilton from Plymouth*, 1621.—(Young's Chronicles.)

ONE righteous word for Law—the common will;
One living truth of Faith—God regnant still;
One primal test of Freedom—all combined;
One sacred Revolution—change of mind;
One trust unfailing for the night and need—
The tyrant-flower shall cast the freedom-seed.

So held they firm, the Fathers aye to be,
From Home to Holland, Holland to the sea—
Pilgrims for manhood, in their little ship,
Hope in each heart and prayer on every lip.
They could not live by king-made codes and creeds;
They chose the path where every footstep bleeds.
Protesting, not rebelling; scorned and banned;
Through pains and prisons harried from the land;
Through double exile,—till at last they stand

Apart from all,—unique, unworldly, true,
Selected grain to sow the earth anew ;
A winnowed part—a saving remnant they ;
Dreamers who work—adventurers who pray !

What vision led them ? Can we test their prayers ?
Who knows they saw no empire in the West ?
The later Puritans sought land and gold,
And all the treasures that the Spaniard told ;
What line divides the Pilgrims from the rest ?

We know them by the exile that was theirs ;
Their justice, faith, and fortitude attest ;
And those long years in Holland, when their band
Sought humble living in a stranger's land.
They saw their England covered with a weed
Of flaunting lordship both in court and creed.
With helpless hands they watched the error grow,
Pride on the top and impotence below ;
Indulgent nobles, privileged and strong,
A haughty crew to whom all rights belong ;
The bishops arrogant, the courts impure,
The rich conspirators against the poor ;
The peasant scorned, the artisan despised ;
The all-supporting workers lowest prized.
They marked those evils deepen year by year :
The pensions grow, the freeholds disappear,
Till England meant but monarch, prelate, peer.
At last, the Conquest ! Now they know the word :
The Saxon tenant and the Norman lord !
No longer Merrie England : now it meant
The payers and the takers of the rent ;
And rent exacted not from lands alone—
All rights and hopes must centre in the throne :
Law-tithes for prayer—their souls were not their own !

Then o'er the brim the bitter waters welled ;
The mind protested and the soul rebelled.

And yet, how deep the bowl, how slight the flow!
A few brave exiles from their country go;
A few strong souls whose rich affections cling,
Though cursed by clerics, hunted by the king.
Their last sad vision on the Grimsby strand
Their wives and children kneeling on the sand.

Then twelve slow years in Holland—changing years—
Strange ways of life—strange voices in their ears;
The growing children learning foreign speech;
And growing, too, within the heart of each
A thought of further exile—of a home
In some far land—a home for life and death
By their hands built, in equity and faith.

And then the preparation—the heart-beat
Of wayfarers who may not rest their feet;
Their Pastor's blessing—the farewells of some
Who stayed in Leyden. Then the sea's wide blue!—
"They sailed," writ one, "and as they sailed they knew
That they were Pilgrims!"

On the wintry main
God flings their lives as farmers scatter grain.
His breath propels the wingéd seed afloat;
His tempests swerve to spare the fragile boat;
Before His prompting terrors disappear;
He points the way while patient seamen steer;
Till port is reached, nor North, nor South, but HERE!

Here, where the shore was rugged as the waves,
Where frozen nature dumb and leafless lay,
And no rich meadows bade the Pilgrims stay,
Was spread the symbol of the life that saves:
To conquer first the outer things; to make
Their own advantage, unallied, unbound;
Their blood the mortar, building from the ground;
Their cares the statutes, making all anew;
To learn to trust the many, not the few;

To bend the mind to discipline; to break
The bonds of old convention, and forget
The claims and barriers of class; to face
A desert land, a strange and hostile race,
And conquer both to friendship by the debt
That Nature pays to justice, love, and toil.

Here, on this rock, and on this sterile soil,
Began the kingdom not of kings, but men:
Began the making of the world again.
Here centuries sank, and from the hither brink
A new world reached and raised an old-world link,
When English hands, by wider vision taught,
Threw down the feudal bars the Normans brought,
And here revived, in spite of sword and stake,
Their ancient freedom of the Wapentake!
Here struck the seed—the Pilgrims' roofless town,
Where equal rights and equal bonds were set,
Where all the people equal-franchised met;
Where doom was writ of privilege and crown;
Where human breath blew all the idols down;
Where crests were nought, where vulture flags were furled,
And common men began to own the world!

All praise to others of the vanguard then!
To Spain, to France; to Baltimore and Penn;
To Jesuit, Quaker,—Puritan and Priest;
Their toil be crowned—their honors be increased!
We slight no true devotion, steal no fame
From other shrines to gild the Pilgrims' name.
As time selects, we judge their treasures heaped;
Their deep foundations laid; their harvests reaped;
Their primal mode of liberty; their rules
Of civil right; their churches, courts, and schools;
Their freedom's very secret here laid down,—
The spring of government is the little town!
They knew that streams must follow to a spring;
And no stream flows from township to a king.

Give praise to others, early-come or late,
For love and labor on our ship of state;
But this must stand above all fame and zeal:
The Pilgrim Fathers laid the ribs and keel.
On their strong lines we base our social health,—
The man—the home—the town—the commonwealth!

Unconscious builders? Yea: the conscious fail!
Design is impotent if Nature frown.
No deathless pile has grown from intellect.
Immortal things have God for architect,
And men are but the granite He lays down.
Unconscious? Yea! They thought it might avail
To build a gloomy creed about their lives,
To shut out all dissent; but naught survives
Of their poor structure; and we know to-day
Their mission was less pastoral than lay—
More Nation-seed than Gospel-seed were they!

The Faith was theirs: the time had other needs.
The salt they bore must sweeten worldly deeds.
There was a meaning in the very wind
That blew them here so few, so poor, so strong,
To grapple concrete work, not abstract wrong.
Their saintly Robinson was left behind
To teach by gentle memory; to shame
The bigot spirit and the word of flame;
To write dear mercy in the Pilgrims' law;
To lead to that wide faith his soul foresaw,—
That no rejected race in darkness delves;
There are no Gentiles, but they make themselves;
That men are one of blood and one of spirit;
That one is as the whole, and all inherit!

On all the story of a life or race,
The blessing of a good man leaves its trace.
Their Pastor's word at Leyden here sufficed:
"But follow me as I have followed Christ!"
And, "I believe there is more truth to come!"

O gentle soul, what future age shall sum
The sweet incentive of thy tender word!
Thy sigh to hear of conquest by the sword:
"How happy to convert, and not to slay!"
When valiant Standish killed the chief at bay.
To such as thee the Fathers owe their fame;
The Nation owes a temple to thy name.
Thy teaching made the Pilgrims kindly, free,—
All that the later Puritans should be.
Thy pious instinct marks their destiny.
Thy love won more than force or arts adroit—
It writ and kept the deed with Massasoit;
It earned the welcome Samoset expressed;
It lived again in Eliot's loving breast;
It filled the Compact which the Pilgrims signed—
Immortal scroll! the first where men combined
From one deep lake of common blood to draw
All rulers, rights, and potencies of law.

When waves of ages have their motive spent
Thy sermon preaches in this Monument,
Where Virtue, Courage, Law, and Learning sit;
Calm Faith above them, grasping Holy Writ;
White hand upraised o'er beauteous, trusting eyes,
And pleading finger pointing to the skies!

The past is theirs—the future ours; and we
Must learn and teach. Oh, may our record be
Like theirs, a glory, symbolled in a stone,
To speak as this speaks, of our labors done.
They had no model; but they left us one.

Severe they were; but let him cast the stone
Who Christ's dear love dare measure with his own.
Their strict professions were not cant nor pride.
Who calls them narrow, let his soul be wide!
Austere, exclusive—ay, but with their faults,
Their golden probity mankind exalts.

They never lied in practice, peace, or strife ;
They were no hypocrites ; their faith was clear ;
They feared too much some sins men ought to fear :
The lordly arrogance and avarice,
And vain frivolity's besotting vice ;
The stern enthusiasm of their life
Impelled too far, and weighed poor nature down ;
They missed God's smile, perhaps, to watch His frown.
But he who digs for faults shall resurrect
Their manly virtues born of self-respect.
How sum their merits? They were true and brave ;
They broke no compact and they owned no slave ;
They had no servile order, no dumb throat ;
They trusted first the universal vote ;
The first were they to practice and instill
The rule of law and not the rule of will ;
They lived one noble test : who would be freed
Must give up all to follow duty's lead.
They made no revolution based on blows,
But taught one truth that all the planet knows,
That all men think of, looking on a throne—
The people may be trusted with their own !

In every land wherever might holds sway
The Pilgrims' leaven is at work to-day.
The Mayflower's cabin was the chosen womb
Of light predestined for the nations' gloom.
God grant that those who tend the sacred flame
May worthy prove of their Forefathers' name.
More light has come,—more dangers, too, perplex :
New prides, new greeds, our high condition vex.
The Fathers fled from feudal lords, and made
A freehold state ; may we not retrograde
To lucre-lords and hierarchs of trade.
May we, as they did, teach in court and school,
There must be classes, but no class shall rule :
The sea is sweet, and rots not like the pool.

Though vast the token of our future glory,
Though tongue of man hath told not such a story,—
Surpassing Plato's dream, More's phantasy,—still we
Have no new principles to keep us free.
As Nature works with changeless grain on grain,
The truths the Fathers taught we need again.
Depart from this, though we may crowd our shelves,
With codes and precepts for each lapse and flaw,
And patch our moral leaks with statute law,
We cannot be protected from ourselves!
Still must we keep in every stroke and vote
The law of conscience that the Pilgrims wrote;
Our seal their secret: LIBERTY CAN BE;
THE STATE IS FREEDOM IF THE TOWN IS FREE.
The death of nations in their work began;
They sowed the seed of federated Man.
Dead nations were but robber-holds; and we
The first battalion of Humanity!
All living nations, while our eagles shine,
One after one, shall swing into our line;
Our freeborn heritage shall be the guide
And bloodless order of their regicide;
The sea shall join, not limit; mountains stand
Dividing farm from farm, not land from land.

O People's Voice! when farthest thrones shall hear;
When teachers own; when thoughtful rabbis know;
When artist minds in world-wide symbol show;
When serfs and soldiers their mute faces raise;
When priests on grand cathedral altars praise;
When pride and arrogance shall disappear,
The Pilgrims' Vision is accomplished here!

FROM THE HEIGHTS.

[Read at the opening Banquet of the American Catholic University. Washington, Nov. 13, 1889.]

"COME to me for wisdom," said the mountain;
"In the valley and the plain
There is Knowledge dimmed with sorrow in the gain;
There is Effort, with its hope like a fountain;
There, the chainéd rebel, Passion;
Laboring Strength and fleeting Fashion;
There, Ambition's leaping flame,
And the iris-crown of Fame;
But those gains are dear forever
Won from loss and pain and fever.
Nature's gospel never changes:
Every sudden force deranges;
Blind endeavor is not wise:
Wisdom enters through the eyes;
And the seer is the knower,
Is the doer and the sower.

"Come to me for riches," said the peak;
"I am leafless, cold and calm;
But the treasures of the lily and the palm—
They are mine to bestow on those who seek.
I am gift and I am giver
To the verdured fields below,
As the motherhood of snow
Daily gives the new-born river.
As a watcher on a tower,
Listening to the evening hour,
Sees the roads diverge and blend,
Sees the wandering currents end
Where the moveless waters shine
On the far horizon line—

All the storied Past is mine;
All its strange beliefs still clinging;
All its singers and their singing;
All the paths that led astray,
All the meteors once called day;
All the stars that rose to shine—
Come to me—for all are mine!

"Come to me for safety," said the height;
"In the future as the past,
Road and river end at last
Like a raindrop in the ever-circling sea.
Who shall know by lessened sight
Where the gain and where the loss
In the desert they must cross?
Guides who lead their charge from ills,
Passing soon from town to town,
Through the forest and the down,
Take direction from the hills;
Those who range a wider land,
Higher climb until they stand
Where the past and future swing
Like a far blue ocean-ring;
Those who sail from land afar
Leap from mountain-top to star.
Higher still, from star to God,
Have the spirit-pilots trod,
Setting lights for mind and soul
That the ships may reach the goal.

"They shall safely steer who see:
Sight is wisdom. Come to me!"

MAYFLOWER.

THUNDER our thanks to her—guns, hearts, and lips!
Cheer from the ranks to her,
Shout from the banks to her—
Mayflower! Foremost and best of our ships.

Mayflower! Twice in the national story
Thy dear name in letters of gold—
Woven in texture that never grows old—
Winning a home and winning glory!
Sailing the years to us, welcomed for aye;
Cherished for centuries, dearest to-day.
Every heart throbs for her, every flag dips—
Mayflower! First and last—best of our ships!

White as a seagull, she swept the long passage.
True as the homing-bird flies with its message.
Love her? O, richer than silk every sail of her.
Trust her? More precious than gold every nail of her.
Write we down faithfully every man's part in her;
Greet we all gratefully every true heart in her.
More than a name to us, sailing the fleetest,
Symbol of that which is purest and sweetest.
More than a keel to us, steering the straightest:
Emblem of that which is freest and greatest.
More than a dove-bosomed sail to the windward:
Flame passing on while the night-clouds fly hindward.
Kiss every plank of her! None shall take rank of her;
Frontward or weatherward, none can eclipse.
Thunder our thanks to her! Cheer from the banks to her!
Mayflower! Foremost and best of our ships!

CRISPUS ATTUCKS.

NEGRO PATRIOT—KILLED IN BOSTON, MARCH 5, 1770.

Read at the Dedication of the Crispus Attucks Monument in Boston, November 14, 1888.

The Boston Massacre, March 5, 1770, may be regarded as the first act in the drama of the American Revolution. "From that moment" said Daniel Webster, "we may date the severance of the British Empire." The presence of the British soldiers in King Street excited the patriotic indignation of the people. . . . . Led by Crispus Attucks, the mulatto slave, and shouting, "The way to get rid of these soldiers is to attack the main guard ; strike at the root ; this is the nest," with more valor than discretion, they rushed to King Street, and were fired upon by Captain Preston's company. Crispus Attucks was the first to fall ; he and Samuel Gray and Jonas Caldwell were killed on the spot. Samuel Maverick and Patrick Carr were mortally wounded.--*Historical Research, by George Livermore—Mass. Hist. Society.*

WHERE shall we seek for a hero, and where shall we find a story?
Our laurels are wreathed for conquest, our songs for completed glory.
But we honor a shrine unfinished, a column uncapped with pride,
If we sing the deed that was sown like seed when Crispus Attucks died.

Shall we take for a sign this Negro-slave with unfamiliar name—
With his poor companions, nameless too, till their lives leaped forth in flame?

Yea, surely, the verdict is not for us, to render or deny;
We can only interpret the symbol; God chose these men
to die—
As teachers and types, that to humble lives may chief
award be made;
That from lowly ones, and rejected stones, the temple's
base is laid!

When the bullets leaped from the British guns, no chance
decreed their aim:
Men see what the royal hirelings saw—a multitude and a
flame;
But beyond the flame, a mystery; five dying men in the
street,
While the streams of severed races in the well of a nation
meet!

O, blood of the people! changeless tide, through century,
creed and race!
Still one as the sweet salt sea is one, though tempered by
sun and place;
The same in the ocean currents, and the same in the shel-
tered seas;
Forever the fountain of common hopes and kindly sympa-
thies;
Indian and Negro, Saxon and Celt, Teuton and Latin and
Gaul—
Mere surface shadow and sunshine; while the sounding
unifies all!
One love, one hope, one duty theirs! No matter the time
or ken,
There never was separate heart-beat in all the races of men!

But alien is one—of class, not race—he has drawn the
line for himself;
His roots drink life from inhuman soil, from garbage of
pomp and pelf;

His heart beats not with the common beat, he has changed
his life-stream's hue;
He deems his flesh to be finer flesh, he boasts that his
blood is blue:
Patrician, aristocrat, tory—whatever his age or name,
To the people's rights and liberties, a traitor ever the
same.
The natural crowd is a mob to him, their prayer a vulgar
rhyme;
The freeman's speech is sedition, and the patriot's deed a
crime.
Wherever the race, the law, the land,—whatever the time,
or throne,
The tory is always a traitor to every class but his
own.

Thank God for a land where pride is clipped, where arro-
gance stalks apart;
Where law and song and loathing of wrong are words of
the common heart;
Where the masses honor straightforward strength, and
know, when veins are bled,
That the bluest blood is putrid blood—that the people's
blood is red!

And honor to Crispus Attucks, who was leader and voice
that day;
The first to defy, and the first to die, with Maverick, Carr,
and Gray.
Call it riot or revolution, his hand first clenched at the
crown;
His feet were the first in perilous place to pull the king's
flag down;
His breast was the first one rent apart that liberty's stream
might flow;
For our freedom now and forever, his head was the first laid
low.

Call it riot or revolution, or mob or crowd, as you may,
Such deaths have been seed of nations, such lives shall be honored for aye.
They were lawless hinds to the lackeys—but martyrs to Paul Revere;
And Otis and Hancock and Warren read spirit and meaning clear.
Ye teachers, answer: what shall be done when just men stand in the dock;
When the caitiff is robed in ermine, and his sworders keep the lock;
When torture is robbed of clemency, and guilt is without remorse;
When tiger and panther are gentler than the Christian slaver's curse;
When law is a satrap's menace, and order the drill of a horde—
Shall the people kneel to be trampled, and bare their neck to the sword?

Not so! by this Stone of Resistance that Boston raises here!
By the old North Church's lantern, and the watching of Paul Revere!
Not so! by Paris of 'Ninety-Three, and Ulster of 'Ninety-Eight!
By Toussaint in St. Domingo! by the horror of Delhi's gate!
By Adams's word to Hutchinson! by the tea that is brewing still!
By the farmers that met the soldiers at Concord and Bunker Hill!

Not so! not so! Till the world is done, the shadow of wrong is dread;
The crowd that bends to a lord to-day, to-morrow shall strike him dead.

There is only one thing changeless: the earth steals from
under our feet,
The times and manners are passing moods, and the laws
are incomplete;
There is only one thing changes not, one word that still
survives—
The slave is the wretch who wields the lash, and not the
man in gyves!

There is only one test of contract: is it willing, is it
good?
There is only one guard of equal right: the unity of
blood;
There is never a mind unchained and true that class or race
allows;
There is never a law to be obeyed that reason disavows;
There is never a legal sin but grows to the law's disaster,
The master shall drop the whip, and the slave shall enslave
the master!

O, Planter of seed in thought and deed has the year of
right revolved,
And brought the Negro patriot's cause with its problem to
be solved?
His blood streamed first for the building, and through all
the century's years,
Our growth of story and fame of glory are mixed with his
blood and tears.
He lived with men like a soul condemned—derided,
defamed, and mute;
Debased to the brutal level, and instructed to be a brute.
His virtue was shorn of benefit, his industry of reward;
His love!—O men, it were mercy to have cut affection's
cord;
Through the night of his woe, no pity save that of his
fellow-slave;
For the wage of his priceless labor, the scourging block
and the grave!

And now, is the tree to blossom? Is the bowl of agony filled?
Shall the price be paid, and the honor said, and the word of outrage stilled?
And we who have toiled for freedom's law, have we sought for freedom's soul?
Have we learned at last that human right is not a part but the whole?
That nothing is told while the clinging sin remains part unconfessed?
That the health of the nation is periled if one man be oppressed?

Has he learned—the slave from the rice-swamps, whose children were sold—has he,
With broken chains on his limbs, and the cry in his blood, "I am free!"
Has he learned through affliction's teaching what our Crispus Attucks knew—
When Right is stricken, the white and black are counted as one, not two?
Has he learned that his century of grief was worth a thousand years
In blending his life and blood with ours, and that all his toils and tears
Were heaped and poured on him suddenly, to give him a right to stand
From the gloom of African forests, in the blaze of the freest land?
That his hundred years have earned for him a place in the human van
Which others have fought for and thought for since the world of wrong began?

For this, shall his vengeance change to love, and his retribution burn,
Defending the right, the weak and the poor, when each shall have his turn;

For this, shall he set his woeful past afloat on the stream
of night;
For this, he forgets as we all forget when darkness turns
to light;
For this, he forgives as we all forgive when wrong has
changed to right.

And so, must we come to the learning of Boston's lesson
to-day;
The moral that Crispus Attucks taught in the old heroic
way;
God made mankind to be one in blood, as one in spirit and
thought;
And so great a boon, by a brave man's death, is never
dearly bought!

THE EXILE OF THE GAEL.

[Read at the 150th anniversary of the Irish Charitable Society, Boston, March 17, 1887.]

IT is sweet to rejoice for a day,—
For a day that is reached at last!
It is well for wanderers in new lands,
Slow climbers toward a lofty mountain pass,
Yearning with hearts and eyes strained ever upward,
To pause, and rest, on the summit,—
To stand between two limitless outlooks,—
Behind them, a winding path through familiar pains and
ventures;
Before them, the streams unbridged and the vales untrav-
eled.

What shall they do nobler than mark their passage,
With kindly hearts, mayhap for kindred to follow?
What shall they do wiser than pile a cairn

With stones from the wayside, that their tracks and names
Be not blown from the hills like sand, and their story be
lost forever?

"Hither," the cairn shall tell, "Hither they came and
rested!"
"Whither?" the searcher shall ask, with questioning eyes
on their future.

Hither and Whither! O Maker of Nations! Hither and
Whither the sea speaks,
Heaving; the forest speaks, dying; the Summer whispers,
Like a sentry giving up the watchword, to the muffled
Winter.
Hither and Whither! the Earth calls wheeling to the Sun;
And like ships on the deep at night, the stars interflash the
signal.

Hither and Whither, the exiles' cairn on the hill speaks,—
Yea, as loudly as the sea and the earth and the stars.
The heart is earth's exile: the soul is heaven's;
And God has made no higher mystery for stars.

Hither—from home! sobs the torn flower on the river:
Wails the river itself as it enters the bitter ocean;
Moans the iron in the furnace at the premonition of melting;
Cries the scattered grain in Spring at the passage of the
harrow.
In the iceberg is frozen the rain's dream of exile from the
fields;
The shower falls sighing for the opaline hills of cloud;
And the clouds on the bare mountains weep their daughter-
love for the sea.

Exile is God's alchemy! Nations he forms like metals,—
Mixing their strength and their tenderness;
Tempering pride with shame and victory with affliction;
Meting their courage, their faith and their fortitude,—
Timing their genesis to the world's needs!

"What have ye brought to our Nation-building, Sons of the Gael?
What is your burden or guerdon from old Innisfail?
Here build we higher and deeper than men ever built before;
And we raise no Shinar tower, but a temple forevermore.
What have ye brought from Erin your hapless land could spare?
Her tears, defeats, and miseries? Are these, indeed, your share?
Are the mother's *caoine* and the *banshee's* cry your music for our song?
Have ye joined our feast with a withered wreath and a memory of wrong?
With a broken sword and treason-flag, from your Banba of the Seas?
O, where in our House of Triumph shall hang such gifts as these?"

O, Soul, wing forth! what answer across the main is heard?
From burdened ships and exiled lips,—write down, write down the word!

"No treason we bring from Erin — nor bring we shame nor guilt!
The sword we hold may be broken, but we have not dropped the hilt!
The wreath we bear to Columbia is twisted of thorns, not bays;
And the songs we sing are saddened by thoughts of desolate days.
But the hearts we bring for Freedom are washed in the surge of tears;
And we claim our right by a People's fight outliving a thousand years!"

"What bring ye else to the Building?"

"O, willing hands to toil;
Strong natures tuned to the harvest-song, and bound to the kindly soil;
Bold pioneers for the wilderness, defenders in the field,—
The sons of a race of soldiers who never learned to yield.
Young hearts with duty brimming—as faith makes sweet the due;
Their truth to me their witness they cannot be false to you!"

"What send ye else, old Mother, to raise our mighty wall?
For we must build against Kings and Wrongs a fortress never to fall?"

"I send you in cradle and bosom, wise brain and eloquent tongue,
Whose crowns should engild my crowning, whose songs for me should be sung.
O, flowers unblown, from lonely fields, my daughters with hearts aglow,
With pulses warm with sympathies, with bosoms pure as snow,—
I smile through tears as the clouds unroll—my widening river that runs!
My lost ones grown in radiant growth—proud mothers of free-born sons!
My seed of sacrifice ripens apace! The Tyrant's cure is disease:
My strength that was dead like a forest is spread beyond the distant seas!"

"It is well, aye well, old Erin! The sons you give to me
Are symbolled long in flag and song—your Sunburst on the Sea!
All mine by the chrism of Freedom, still yours by their love's belief;
And truest to me shall the tenderest be in a suffering mother's grief.

Their loss is the change of the wave to the cloud, of the dew to the river and main;
Their hope shall persist through the sea, and the mist, and thy streams shall be filled again.
As the smolt of the salmon go down to the sea, and as surely come back to the river,
Their love shall be yours while your sorrow endures, for God guardeth His right forever!"

THREE GRAVES.

HOW did he live, this dead man here,
With the temple above his grave?
He lived as a great one, from cradle to bier
He was nursed in luxury, trained in pride,
When the wish was born, it was gratified;
Without thanks he took, without heed he gave.
The common man was to him a clod
From whom he was far as a demigod.
His duties? To see that his rents were paid;
His pleasure? To know that the crowd obeyed.
His pulse, if you felt it, throbbed apart,
With a separate stroke from the people's heart.
But whom did he love, and whom did he bless?
Was the life of him more than a man's, or less?
I know not. He died. There was none to blame,
And as few to weep; but these marbles came
For the temple that rose to preserve his name!

How did he live, that other dead man,
From the graves apart and alone?
As a great one, too? Yes, this was one
Who lived to labor and study and plan.
The earth's deep thought he loved to reveal;
He banded the breast of the land with steel;

The thread of his toil he never broke ;
He filled the cities with wheels and smoke,
And workers by day and workers by night,
For the day was too short for his vigor's flight.
Too firm was he to be feeling and giving :
For labor, for gain, was a life worth living.
He worshiped Industry, dreamt of her, sighed for her.
Potent he grew by her, famous he died for her.
They say he improved the world in his time,
That his mills and mines were a work sublime.
When he died—the laborers rested, and sighed ;
Which was it—because he had lived, or died ?

And how did he live, that dead man there,
In the country churchyard laid ?
O, he ? He came for the sweet field air ;
He was tired of the town, and he took no pride
In its fashion or fame. He returned and died
In the place he loved, where a child he played
With those who have knelt by his grave and prayed.
He ruled no serfs, and he knew no pride ;
He was one with the workers side by side ;
He hated a mill, and a mine, and a town,
With their fever of misery, struggle, renown ;
He could never believe but a man was made
For a nobler end than the glory of trade.
For the youth he mourned with an endless pity
Who were cast like snow on the streets of the city.
He was weak, maybe ; but he lost no friend ;
Who loved him once, loved on to the end.
He mourned all selfish and shrewd endeavor ;
But he never injured a weak one—never.
When censure was passed, he was kindly dumb ;
He was never so wise but a fault would come ;
He was never so old that he failed to enjoy
The games and the dreams he had loved when a boy.
He erred, and was sorry ; but never drew
A trusting heart from the pure and true.

When friends look back from the years to be,
God grant they may say such things of me.

AN ART MASTER.

HE gathered cherry-stones, and carved them quaintly
Into fine semblances of flies and flowers;
With subtle skill, he even imaged faintly
The forms of tiny maids and ivied towers.

His little blocks he loved to file and polish;
And ampler means he asked not, but despised.
All art but cherry-stones he would abolish,
For then his genius would be rightly prized.

For such rude hands as dealt with wrongs and passions
And throbbing hearts, he had a pitying smile;
Serene his way through surging years and fashions,
While Heaven gave him his cherry-stones and file!

LIBERTY LIGHTING THE WORLD.

MAJESTIC warder by the Nation's gate,
Spike-crowned, flame-armed like Agony or Glory,
Holding the tablets of some unknown law,
With gesture eloquent and mute as Fate,—
We stand about thy feet in solemn awe,
Like desert-tribes who seek their Sphinx's story,
And question thee in spirit and in speech:
What art thou? Whence? What comest thou to teach?
What vision hold those introverted eyes
Of Revolutions framed in centuries?
Thy flame—what threat, or guide for sacred way?
Thy tablet—what commandment? What Sinai?

Lo! as the waves make murmur at thy base,
We watch the somber grandeur of thy face,
And ask thee—what thou art.

I am LIBERTY,—God's daughter!
My symbols—a law and a torch;
Not a sword to threaten slaughter,
Nor a flame to dazzle or scorch;
But a light that the world may see,
And a truth that shall make men free.

I am the sister of Duty,
And I am the sister of Faith;
To-day, adored for my beauty,
To-morrow, led forth to death.
I am she whom ages prayed for;
Heroes suffered undismayed for;
Whom the martyrs were betrayed for!

I am a herald republican from a land grown free under feet of kings;
My radiance, lighting a century's span, a sister's love to Columbia brings.
I am a beacon to ships at sea, and a warning to watchers ashore;
In palace and prairie and street, through me, shall be heard the ominous ocean-roar.
I am a threat to oppression's sin, and a pharos-light to the weak endeavor;
Mine is the love that men may win, but lost—it is lost forever!
Mine are the lovers who deepest pain, with weapon and word still wounding sore;
With sanguined hands they caress and chain, and crown and trample—and still adore!
Cities have flamed in my name, and Death has reaped wild harvest of joy and peace,
Till mine is a voice that stills the breath, my advent an omen that love shall cease!
In My name, timid ones crazed with terror! In My name, Law with a scourging rod!

In My name, Anarchy, Cruelty, Error! I, who am Liberty,—daughter of God!—

Peace! Be still! See my torch uplifted,—
Heedless of Passion or Mammon's cause!
Round my feet are the ages drifted,
Under mine eyes are the rulers sifted,—
Ever, forever, my changeless laws!

I am Liberty! Fame of nation or praise of statute is naught to me;
Freedom is growth and not creation: one man suffers, one man is free.
One brain forges a constitution; but how shall the million souls be won?
Freedom is more than a resolution—he is not free who is free alone.

Justice is mine, and it grows by loving, changing the world like the circling sun;
Evil recedes from the spirit's proving as mist from the hollows when night is done.
I am the test, O silent toilers, holding the scales of error and truth;
Proving the heritage held by spoilers from hard hands empty, and wasted youth.
Hither, ye blind, from your futile banding; know the rights, and the rights are won;
Wrong shall die with the understanding—one truth clear and the work is done.
Nature is higher than Progress or Knowledge, whose need is ninety enslaved for ten;
My word shall stand against mart and college: THE PLANET BELONGS TO ITS LIVING MEN!
And hither, ye weary ones and breathless, searching the seas for a kindly shore,
I am Liberty! patient, deathless—set by Love at the Nation's door.

THE PRESS EVANGEL.

[The *New York World* on May 10, 1887, celebrated the attainment of a circulation of a quarter of a million copies per day. The *World* asked Mr. O'Reilly to write a poem for the occasion, which was printed at the head of the anniversary number.]

GOD'S order, "LIGHT!" when all was void and dark
Brought mornless noon, a flame without a spark.
A gift unearned, that none may hold or hide,
An outer glory, not an inner guide;
But flamed no star in heaven to light the soul
And lead the wayward thought toward Freedom's goal.

O wasted ages! Whither have ye led
The breeding masses for their daily bread?
Engendered serfs, across a world of gloom,
The wavelike generations reach the tomb.
Masters and lords, they feared a lord's decree,
Nor freedom knew nor truth to make them free.

But hark! A sound has reached the servile herd!
Strong brows are raised to catch the passing word;
From mouth to mouth a common whisper flies;
A wild fire message burns on lips and eyes;
Far-off and near the kindred tidings throng—
How hopes come true, how heroes challenge wrong;
How men have rights above all law's decrees;
How weak ones rise and sweep the thrones like seas!
Behold! The people listen—question! Then
The inner light has come—the boors are men!

What read ye here—a dreamer's idle rule?
A swelling pedant's lesson for a school?

Nay, here no dreaming, no delusive charts ;
But common interests for common hearts ;
A truth, a Principle—beneath the sun
One vibrant throb—men's rights and wrongs are one.
One heart's small keyboard touches all the notes ;
One weak one's cry distends the million throats ;
Nor race nor nation bounds the human kind—
White, yellow, black—one conscience and one mind !

How spread the doctrine ? See the teachers fly—
The printed messages across the sky ;
From land to land, as never birds could wing ;
With songs of promise birds could never sing ;
With mighty meanings clearing here and there ;
With nations' greetings kings could never share ;
With new communions whispering near and far ;
With gathering armies bent on peace, not war ;
With kindly judges reading righteous laws ;
With strength and cheer for every struggling cause.

Roll on, O cylinders of light, and teach
The helpless myriads tongue can never reach.
Make men, not masses : pulp and mud unite—
The single grain of sand reflects the light.
True freedom makes the individual free ;
And common law for all makes Liberty !

THE USELESS ONES.

POETS should not reason :
Let them sing !
Argument is treason—
Bells should ring.

Statements none, nor questions ;
Gnomic words.
Spirit-cries, suggestions,
Like the birds.

He may use deduction
  Who must preach ;
He may praise instruction
  Who must teach ·

But the poet duly
  Fills his part
When the song bursts truly
  From his heart.

For no purpose springing ;
  For no pelf :
He must do the singing
  For itself.

Not in lines austerely
  Let him build ;
Not the surface merely
  Let him gild.

Fearless, uninvited,
  Like a spring.·
Opal-words, inlighted,
  Let him sing.

As the leaf grows sunward
  Song must grow ;
As the stream flows onward
  Song must flow.

Useless ? Ay,—for measure ;
  Roses die,
But their breath gives pleasure—
  God knows why !

The Poems on pages 429 *to* 438 *were found among John Boyle O'Reilly's papers after his death. They have never before been published, and are given unrevised, and, in a few cases, incomplete, as he left them. This at the instance of friends, who felt that those who knew and loved him would not willingly forego these last words.*

LIBRARY OF JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY, AT HIS HOME, CHARLESTOWN, MASS.

LOVE WAS TRUE TO ME.

LOVE was true to me,
True and tender;
I who ought to be
Love's defender,
Let the cold winds blow
Till they chilled him;
Let the winds and snow
Shroud him—and I know
That I killed him.

Years he cried to me
To be kinder;
I was blind to see
And grew blinder.
Years with soft hands raised
Fondly reaching,
Wept and prayed and praised,
Still beseeching.

When he died I woke,
God! how lonely,
When the gray dawn broke
On one only.
Now beside Love's grave
I am kneeling;
All he sought and gave
I am feeling.

TO MY LITTLE BLANID.

I TOLD her a story, a fairy story,
My little daughter with eyes of blue.
And with clear, wide gaze as the splendors brightened,
She always asked me—"Oh, is it true?"

Always that word when the wonder reached her,
The pictured beauty so grand and new—
When the good were paid and the evil punished,
Still, with soft insistance—"Oh, is it true?"

Ah, late, drear knowledge from sin and sorrow,
How will you answer and answer true,
Her wistful doubt of the happy ending?—
Wise child! I wondered how much she knew.

WRITTEN UNDER A PORTRAIT OF KEATS.

A GOD-LIKE face, with human love and will
And tender fancy traced in every line:
A god-like face, but oh, how human still!
Dear Keats, who love the gods their love is thine.

AN OLD PICTURE.

THERE are times when a dream delicious
Steals into a musing hour,
Like a face with love capricious
That peeps from a woodland bower;
And one dear scene comes changeless;
A wooded hill and a river;
A deep, cool bend, where the lilies end,
And the elm-tree shadows quiver.

And I lie on the brink there, dreaming
That the life I live is a dream;
That the real is but the seeming,
And the true is the sun-flecked stream.
Beneath me, the perch and the bream sail past
In the dim cool depths of the river;
The struggling fly breaks the mirrored sky
And the elm-tree shadows quiver.

There are voices of children away on the hill;
There are bees thro' the flag-flowers humming;
The lighter-man calls to the lock, and the mill
On the farther side is drumming.
And I sink to sleep in my dream of a dream,
In the grass by the brink of a river,
Where the voices blend and the lilies end
And the elm-tree shadows quiver.

Like a gift from the past is the kindly dream,
For the sorrow and passion and pain
Are adrift like the leaves on the breast of the stream,
And the child-life comes again.
O, the sweet sweet pain of a joy that died—
Of a pain that is joy forever!
O, the life that died in the stormy tide
That was once my sun-flecked river.

AT SCHOOL.

THE bees are in the meadow,
And the swallows in the sky;
The cattle in the shadow
Watch the river running by.
The wheat is hardly stirring;
The heavy ox-team lags;
The dragon-fly is whirring
Through the yellow-blossomed flags.

And down beside the river,
Where the trees lean o'er the pool,
Where the shadows reach and quiver,
A boy has come to school.
His teachers are the swallows
And the river and the trees;
His lessons are the shallows
And the flowers and the bees.

He sees the fly-wave on the stream,
The otter steal along,
The red-gilled, slow, deep-sided bream,
He knows the mating-song.
The chirping green-fly on the grass
Accepts his comrade meet;
The small gray rabbits fearless pass;
The birds light at his feet.

He knows not he is learning;
He thinks nor writes a word;
But in the soul discerning
A living spring is stirred.

In after years—O, weary years!
The river's lesson, he
Will try to speak to heedless ears
In faltering minstrelsy!

UNDER THE SURFACE.

AY, smile as you will, with your saintly face!
But I know the line
Of your guard is as weak as a maze of lace:
You may give no sign—
And the devil is never far to seek,
And a rotten peach has a lovely cheek.

As they come in the stream, I say to you:
The lives we jostle are none of them true.
Who seeks with a lamp and glass may find
A nature of honor from core to rind;
But woe to the heart that is formed so true:
It may not reck, and it still must rue
The perjured lip and the bleeding vow.
God keep it blind to the things we know—
To the ghastly scars for the leech's eyes
And the occult lore of the worldly wise.

CONSCIENCE.

I CARE not for the outer voice
That deals out praise or blame;
I could not with the world rejoice
Nor bear its doom of shame—
But when the Voice within me speaks
The truth to me is known;
He sees himself who inward seeks—
The riches are his own.

TO MY DEAR OLD FRIEND, MR. A. SHUMAN.

[ON THE OCCASION OF HIS SILVER WEDDING.]

NOT many friends
Wish I you;
Love makes amends
For the few.

Slight bonds are best
For the new;
Here is the test
Of the true:

Pay to your friend
Your own due;
Love to the end
Through and through;
Let him commend,
And not you.

Friends of this kind,
Tried and true,
May you, friend, find,—
Just a few.

TO A. S., ON HIS DAUGHTER'S WEDDING.

THERE is no joy all set apart from pain,
The opening bud has loss as well as gain.
The brighest dewdrop gems a bending flower,
The rarest day has wept one little shower;
But wholly blest the parting pain and ruth
That hold and fold the joining love of youth.

TWO LIVES.

TWO youths from a village set out together
To seek their fortune the wide world through;
One cried, "Hurra for the autumn weather!"
The other sighed, "Winter is almost due!"
One failed, they said, for he never was thrifty,
Returned to the village, and laughed and loved.
The other succeeded, and when he was fifty
Had millions and fame, and the world approved.

But the failure was happy, his smile a blessing,
The dogs and the children romped at his feet,
While from him who succeeded, tho' much possessing,
The little ones shrank when they chanced to meet.
One purchased respect by his lordly giving:
The other won love by his loving ways;
And if either had doubts of his way of living,
It wasn't the one with the humble days.

They never knew it, but both were teachers
Of deep life-secrets, these village youths—
The one of a school where Facts are preachers—
The other of a world that worships Truths.

MY TROUBLES!

I WROTE down my troubles every day;
And after a few short years,
When I turned to the heart-aches passed away,
I read them with smiles, not tears.

VIGNETTES.

"AND Smith has made money?"
"O, no; that's a myth:
Smith never made money
But money made Smith!"

A sculptor is Deming—a great man, too;
But the chisel of fancy the hand outstrips;
While he talks of the wonder he's going to do
All the work of his fingers leaks out at his lips!

"A scholar, sir! To Brown six tongues
are known!"
(The Blockhead! never spoke one thought
his own!)

Johnson jingled his silver—though he never
had much to purloin;
But Jackson jingled his intellect—O, give us
Johnson's coin!

At school a blockhead—sullen, wordless, dull;
His size well known to even his smallest mate;
Grown up, men say: "How silent! He is full
Of will and wisdom!" Truly mud is great!

An honest man! Jones never broke the law.
The wretch behind the bars he scorned with pride.
But these same bars on every side he saw:
Jones lived in prison—on the other side.

A hideous fungus in the wine-vault grows,
Liver-like, loathsome, shaking on its stalk:
Above the wine-vault, too (to him who knows),
The cursed mushroom lives and walks and talks.

A MESSAGE OF PEACE.

THERE once was a pirate, greedy and bold,
Who ravaged for gain, and saved the spoils;
Till his coffers were bursting with bloodstained gold,
And millions of captives bore his toils.

Then fear took hold of him, and he cried:
"I have gathered enough; now, war should cease!"
And he sent out messengers far and wide
(To the strong ones only) to ask for peace.

"We are Christian brethren!" thus he spake;
"Let us seal a contract—never to fight!
Except against rebels who dare to break
The bonds we have made by the victor's right."

And the strong ones listen; and some applaud
The kindly offer and righteous word;
With never a dream of deceit or fraud,
They would spike the cannon and break the sword.

But others, their elders, listen, and smile
At the sudden convert's unctuous style.

They watch for the peacemaker's change of way;
But his war-forges roar by night and by day.
Even now, while his godly messengers speak,
His guns are aflame on his enemies weak.
He has stolen the blade from the hand of his foe,
And he strikes the unarmed a merciless blow.

To the ends of the earth his oppression runs;
The rebels are blown from the mouths of his guns.
His war-tax devours his subject's food;
He taxes their evil and taxes their good;
He taxes their salt till he rots their blood.
He leaps on the friendless as on a prey,
And slinks, tail-down, from the strong one's way.
The pharisee's cant goes up for peace;
But the cries of his victims never cease;
The stifled voices of brave men rise
From a thousand cells; while his rascal spies
Are spending their blood-money fast and free.

And this is the Christian to oversee
A world of evil! a saint to preach!
A holy well-doer come to teach!
A prophet to tell us war should cease!
A pious example of Christian peace!

A MAN.

A MAN is not the slave of circumstance,
Or need not be, but builder and dictator;
He makes his own events, not time nor chance;
Their logic his: not creature, but creator.

"The Singer who lived is always alive;
We hearken and always hear!"

FOREVER.

THOSE we love truly never die,
Though year by year the sad memorial wreath,
A ring and flowers, types of life and death,
Are laid upon their graves.

For death the pure life saves,
And life all pure is love ; and love can reach
From heaven to earth, and nobler lessons teach
Than those by mortals read.

Well blest is he who has a dear one dead :
A friend he has whose face will never change—
A dear communion that will not grow strange ;
The anchor of a love is death.

The blessed sweetness of a loving breath
Will reach our cheek all fresh through weary years.
For her who died long since, ah ! waste not tears,
She's thine unto the end.

Thank God for one dead friend,
With face still radiant with the light of truth,
Whose love comes laden with the scent of youth,
Through twenty years of death.

MY NATIVE LAND.

IT chanced to me upon a time to sail
Across the Southern Ocean to and fro ;
And, landing at fair isles, by stream and vale
Of sensuous blessing did we ofttimes go.

And months of dreamy joys, like joys in sleep,
  Or like a clear, calm stream o'er mossy stone,
Unnoted passed our hearts with voiceless sweep,
  And left us yearning still for lands unknown.

And when we found one,—for 'tis soon to find
  In thousand-isled Cathay another isle,—
For one short noon its treasures filled the mind,
  And then again we yearned, and ceased to smile.
And so it was, from isle to isle we passed,
  Like wanton bees or boys on flowers or lips;
And when that all was tasted, then at last
  We thirsted still for draughts instead of sips.

I learned from this there is no Southern land
  Can fill with love the hearts of Northern men.
Sick minds need change; but, when in health they stand
  'Neath foreign skies, their love flies home again.
And thus with me it was: the yearning turned
  From laden airs of cinnamon away,
And stretched far westward, while the full heart burned
  With love for Ireland, looking on Cathay!

My first dear love, all dearer for thy grief!
  My land, that has no peer in all the sea
For verdure, vale, or river, flower or leaf,—
  If first to no man else, thou'rt first to me.
New loves may come with duties, but the first
  Is deepest yet,—the mother's breath and smiles:
Like that kind face and breast where I was nursed
  Is my poor land, the Niobe of isles.

A YEAR.

IN the Spring we see :
Then the buds are dear to us—immature bosoms like lilies swell.
In the Summer we live :
When bright eyes are near to us, oh, the sweet stories the false lips tell !
In the Autumn we love :
When the honey is dripping, deep eyes moisten and soft breasts heave ;
In the Winter we think :
With the sands fast slipping, we smile and sigh for the days we leave.

THE FAME OF THE CITY.

A GREAT rich city of power and pride,
With streets full of traders, and ships on the tide ;
With rich men and workmen and judges and preachers,
The shops full of skill and the schools full of teachers.

The people were proud of their opulent town :
The rich men spent millions to bring it renown ;
The strong men built and the tradesmen planned ;
The shipmen sailed to every land ;
The lawyers argued, the schoolmen taught,
And a poor shy Poet his verses brought,
And cast them into the splendid store.

The tradesmen stared at his useless craft ;
The rich men sneered and the strong men laughed ;
The preachers said it was worthless quite ;
The schoolmen claimed it was theirs to write ;

But the songs were spared, though they added naught
To the profit and praise the people sought,
That was wafted at last from distant climes;
And the townsmen said: "To remotest times
We shall send our name and our greatness down!"

The boast came true; but the famous town
Had a lesson to learn when all was told:
The nations that honored cared naught for its gold,
Its skill they exceeded an hundred-fold;
It had only been one of a thousand more,
Had the songs of the Poet been lost to its store.

Then the rich men and tradesmen and schoolmen said
They had never derided, but praised instead;
And they boast of the Poet their town has bred.

YESTERDAY AND TO-MORROW.

JOYS have three stages, Hoping, Having, and Had:
The hands of Hope are empty, and the heart of Having is sad;
For the joy we take, in the taking dies; and the joy we Had is its ghost.
Now, which is the better—the joy unknown or the joy we have clasped and lost?

IN BOHEMIA.

I'D rather live in Bohemia than in any other land;
For only there are the values true,
And the laurels gathered in all men's view.
The prizes of traffic and state are won
By shrewdness or force or by deeds undone;
But fame is sweeter without the feud,
And the wise of Bohemia are never shrewd.
Here, pilgrims stream with a faith sublime
From every class and clime and time,
Aspiring only to be enrolled
With the names that are writ in the book of gold;
And each one bears in mind or hand
A palm of the dear Bohemian land.
The scholar first, with his book—a youth
Aflame with the glory of harvested truth;
A girl with a picture, a man with a play,
A boy with a wolf he has modeled in clay;
A smith with a marvelous hilt and sword,
A player, a king, a plowman, a lord—
And the player is king when the door is past.
The plowman is crowned, and the lord is last!

I'd rather fail in Bohemia than win in another land;
There are no titles inherited there,
No hoard or hope for the brainless heir;
No gilded dullard native born
To stare at his fellow with leaden scorn:
Bohemia has none but adopted sons;
Its limits, where Fancy's bright stream runs;
Its honors, not garnered for thrift or trade,
But for beauty and truth men's souls have made.
To the empty heart in a jeweled breast
There is value, maybe, in a purchased crest;
But the thirsty of soul soon learn to know
The moistureless froth of the social show;

The vulgar sham of the pompous feast
Where the heaviest purse is the highest priest;
The organized charity, scrimped and iced,
In the name of a cautious, statistical Christ;
The smile restrained, the respectable cant,
When a friend in need is a friend in want;
Where the only aim is to keep afloat,
And a brother may drown with a cry in his throat.
Oh, I long for the glow of a kindly heart and the grasp of a friendly hand,
And I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land.

SONGS THAT ARE NOT SUNG.

DO not praise: a smile is payment more than meet for what is done;
Who shall paint the mote's glad raiment floating in the molten sun?
Nay, nor smile, for blind is eyesight, ears may hear not, lips are dumb;
From the silence, from the twilight, wordless but complete they come.

Songs were born before the singer: like white souls awaiting birth,
They abide the chosen bringer of their melody to earth.

Deep the pain of our demerit: strings so rude or rudely strung,
Dull to every pleading spirit seeking speech but sent unsung;
Round our hearts with gentle breathing still the plaintive silence plays,
But we brush away its wreathing, filled with cares of common days.

Ever thinking of the morrow, burdened down with cares
and needs,
Once or twice, mayhap, in sorrow, we may hear the song
that pleads;
Once or twice, a dreaming poet sees the beauty as it flies,
But his vision who shall know it, who shall read it from
his eyes?
Voiceless he,—his necromancy fails to cage the wondrous
bird;
Lure and snare are vain when fancy flies like echo from a
word.
Only sometime he may sing it, using speech as 'twere a
bell,
Not to read the song but ring it, like the sea-tone from a
shell.
Sometimes, too, it comes and lingers round the strings all
still and mute,
Till some lover's trembling fingers draw it living from the
lute.
Still, our best is but a vision which a lightning-flash
illumes,
Just a gleam of life elysian flung across the voiceless
glooms.

Why should gleams perplex and move us? Must the soul
still upward grow
To the beauty far above us and the songs no sense may
know?

"Great men grow greater by the lapse of time:
We know those least whom we have seen the latest;
And they, 'mongst those whose names have grown sublime,
Who worked for Human Liberty, are greatest."

WENDELL PHILLIPS.*

WHAT shall we mourn? For the prostrate tree that sheltered the young green wood?
For the fallen cliff that fronted the sea, and guarded the fields from the flood?
For the eagle that died in the tempest, afar from its eyrie's brood?

Nay, not for these shall we weep; for the silver cord must be worn,
And the golden fillet shrink back at last, and the dust to its earth return;
And tears are never for those who die with their face to the duty done;
But we mourn for the fledglings left on the waste, and the fields where the wild waves run.

From the midst of the flock he defended, the brave one has gone to his rest;
And the tears of the poor he befriended their wealth of affliction attest.
From the midst of the people is stricken a symbol they daily saw,
Set over against the law books, of a Higher than Human Law;
For his life was a ceaseless protest, and his voice was a prophet's cry
To be true to the Truth and faithful, though the world were arrayed for the Lie.

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* Died Saturday, February 2, 1884.

From the hearing of those who hated, a threatening voice has past;
But the lives of those who believe and die are not blown like a leaf on the blast.
A sower of infinite seed was he, a woodman that hewed toward the light,
Who dared to be traitor to Union when Union was traitor to Right!

"Fanatic!" the insects hissed, till he taught them to understand
That the highest crime may be written in the highest law of the land.
"Disturber" and "Dreamer" the Philistines cried when he preached an ideal creed,
Till they learned that the men who have changed the world with the world have disagreed;
That the remnant is right, when the masses are led like sheep to the pen;
For the instinct of equity slumbers till roused by instinctive men.

It is not enough to win rights from a king and write them down in a book.
New men, new lights; and the fathers' code the sons may never brook.
What is liberty now were license then: their freedom our yoke would be;
And each new decade must have new men to determine its liberty.
Mankind is a marching army, with a broadening front the while:
Shall it crowd its bulk on the farm-paths, or clear to the outward file?
Its pioneers are the dreamers who fear neither tongue nor pen
Of the human spiders whose silk is wove from the lives of toiling men.

Come, brothers, here to the burial! But weep not, rather
rejoice,
For his fearless life and his fearless death; for his true,
unequalled voice,
Like a silver trumpet sounding the note of human right;
For his brave heart always ready to enter the weak one's
fight;
For his soul unmoved by the mob's wild shout or the social
sneer's disgrace;
For his freeborn spirit that drew no line between class or
creed or race.

Come, workers; here was a teacher, and the lesson he
taught was good:
There are no classes or races, but one human brotherhood;
There are no creeds to be outlawed, no colors of skin
debarred;
Mankind is one in its rights and wrongs—one right, one
hope, one guard.
By his life he taught, by his death we learn the great
reformer's creed:
The right to be free, and the hope to be just, and the guard
against selfish greed.
And richest of all are the unseen wreaths on his coffin-lid
laid down
By the toil-stained hands of workmen—their sob, their
kiss, and their crown.

A SEED.

A KINDLY act is a kernel sown,
That will grow to a goodly tree,
Shedding its fruit when time has flown
Down the gulf of eternity.

A TRAGEDY.

A SOFT-BREASTED bird from the sea
Fell in love with the light-house flame;
And it wheeled round the tower on its airiest wing,
And floated and cried like a lovelorn thing;
It brooded all day and it fluttered all night,
But could win no look from the steadfast light.

For the flame had its heart afar,—
Afar with the ships at sea;
It was thinking of children and waiting wives,
And darkness and danger to sailors' lives;
But the bird had its tender bosom pressed
On the glass where at last it dashed its breast.
The light only flickered, the brighter to glow;
But the bird lay dead on the rocks below.

DISTANCE.

THE world is large, when its weary leagues two loving hearts divide;
But the world is small, when your enemy is loose on the other side.

ERIN.

"COME, sing a new song to her here while we listen!"
They cry to her sons who sing;
And one sings: "*Mavourneen*, it makes the eyes glisten
To think how the sorrows cling,
Like the clouds on your mountains, wreathing
Their green to a weeping gray!"
And the bard with his passionate breathing
Has no other sweet word to say.

"Come sing a new song!" and their eyes, while they're speaking,
Are dreaming of far-off things;
And their hearts are away for the old words seeking,
Unheeding of him who sings.
But he smiles and sings on, for the sound so slender
Has reached the deep note he knows;
And the heart-poem stirred by the word so tender
Out from the well-spring flows.

And he says in his song: "*O dhar dheelish!* the tearful!
She's ready to laugh when she cries!"
And they sob when they hear: "Sure she's sad when she's cheerful;
And she smiles with the tears in her eyes!"

And he asks them: What need of new poets to praise her?
Her harpers still sing in the past;
And her first sweet old melodies comfort and raise her
To joys never reached by her last.

What need of new hero, with Brian? or preacher,
With Patrick? or soldier, with Conn?
With her dark Ollamh Fohla, what need of a teacher,
Sage, ruler, and builder in one?

What need of new lovers, with Deirdré and Imer?
With wonders and visions and elves
Sure no need at all has romancer or rhymer,
When the fairies belong to ourselves.

What need of new tongues? O, the Gaelic is clearest,
Like Nature's own voice every word;
"*Ahagur! Acushla! Savourneen!*" the dearest
The ear of a girl ever heard.

They may talk of new causes! *Dhar Dhia!* our old one
Is fresher than ever to-day;
Like Erin's green sod that is steaming to God
The blood it has drunk in the fray.

They have scattered her seed, with her blood and hate in it,
And the harvest has come to her here;
Her crown still remains for the strong heart to win it,
And the hour of acceptance is near.

Through ages of warfare and famine and prison
Her voice and her spirit were free:
But the longest night ends, and her name has uprisen:
The sunburst is red on the sea!

What need of new songs? When his country is singing,
What word has the Poet to say,
But to drink her a toast while the joy-bells are ringing
The dawn of her opening day?
"O Bride of the Sea! may the world know your laughter
As well as it knows your tears!

As your past was for Freedom, so be your hereafter ;
And through all your coming years
May no weak race be wronged, and no strong robber feared ;
To oppressors grow hateful, to slaves more endeared ;
Till the world comes to know that the test of a cause
Is the hatred of tyrants, and Erin's applause ! ''

POET AND LORD.

GOD makes a poet : touches soul and sight,
And lips and heart, and sends him forth to sing ;
His fellows hearing, own the true birthright,
And crown him daily with the love they bring.

The king a lord makes, by a parchment leaf ;
Though heart be withered, and though sight be dim
With dullard brain and soul of disbelief—
Ay, even so ; he makes a lord of him.

What, then, of one divinely kissed and sent
To fill the people with ideal words,
Who with his poet's crown is discontent,
And begs a parchment title with the lords ?

SPRING FLOWERS.

O THE rare spring flowers ! take them as they come :
Do not wait for summer buds—they may never bloom.
Every sweet to-day sends, we are wise to save ;
Roses bloom for pulling : the path is to the grave.

THE LOVING CUP OF THE PAPYRUS.*

WISE men use days as husbandmen use bees,
And steal rich drops from every pregnant hour;
Others, like wasps on blossomed apple-trees,
Find gall, not honey, in the sweetest flower.

Congratulations for a scene like this!
The olden times are here—these shall be olden
When, years to come, remembering present bliss,
We sigh for past Papyrian dinners golden.

We thank the gods! we call them back to light—
Call back to hoary Egypt for Osiris,
Who first made wine, to join our board to-night,
And drain this loving cup with the Papyrus.

He comes! the Pharaoh's god! fling wide the door—
Welcome, Osiris! See—thine old prescription
Is honored here; and thou shalt drink once more
With men whose treasured ensign is Egyptian.

A toast! a toast! our guest shall give a toast!
By Nilus' flood, we pray thee, god, inspire us!
He smiles—he wills—let not a word be lost—
His hand upon the cup, he speaks: ——

"PAPYRUS!
"I greet ye! and mine ancient nation shares
In greeting fair from Ammon, Ptah, and Isis,
Whose leaf ye love—dead Egypt's leaf, that bears
Our tale of pride from Cheops to Cambyses.

* On February 3, 1877, at the dinner of "The Papyrus," a club composed of literary men and artists of Boston, a beautiful crystal "Loving Cup" was presented to the club by Mr. Wm. A. Hovey.

"We gods of Egypt, who are wise with age—
Five thousand years have washed us clean of passion—
A golden era for this board presage,
While ye do keep this cup in priestly fashion.

"We love to see the bonds of fellowship
Made still more sacred by a fine tradition;
We bless this bowl that moves from lip to lip
In love's festoons, renewed by every mission.

"Intern the vessel from profaning eyes;
The lip that kisses should have special merit;
Thus every sanguine draught shall symbolize
And consecrate the true Papyrian spirit.

"For brotherhood, not wine, this cup should pass;
Its depths should ne'er reflect the eye of malice;
Drink toasts to strangers with the social glass,
But drink to brothers with this loving chalice.

"And now, Papyrus, each one pledge to each:
And let this formal tie be warmly cherished.
No words are needed for a kindly speech—
The loving thought will live when words have perished."

UNDER THE RIVER.

CLEAR and bright, from the snowy height,
The joyous stream to the plain descended:
Rich sands of gold were washed and rolled
To the turbid marsh where its pure life ended.

From stainless snow to the moor below
The heart like the brook has a waning mission:
The buried dream in life's sluggish stream
Is the golden sand of our young ambition.

GRANT—1885.

BLESSED are Pain, the smiter,
And Sorrow, the uniter!
For one afflicted lies—
A symboled sacrifice—
And all our rancor dies!

No North, no South! O stern-faced Chief,
One weeping ours, one cowléd Grief—
Thy Country—bowed in prayer and tear—
For North and South—above thy bier!

For North and South! O Soldier grim,
The broken ones to weep for him
Who broke them! He whose terrors blazed
In smoking harvests, cities razed;
Whose Fate-like glance sent fear and chill;
Whose wordless lips spake deathless will—
Till all was shattered, all was lost—
All hands dropped down—all War's red cost
Laid there in ashes—Hope and Hate
And Shame and Glory!

Death and Fate
Fall back! Another touch is thine;
He drank not of thy poisoned wine,
Nor blindly met thy blind-thrown lance,
Nor died for sightless time or chance—
But waited, suffered, bowed and tried,
Till all the dross was purified;
Till every well of hate was dried;
And North and South in sorrow vied,
And then—at God's own calling—died!

AT BEST.

THE faithful helm commands the keel,
From port to port fair breezes blow;
But the ship must sail the convex sea,
Nor may she straighter go.

So, man to man; in fair accord,
On thought and will, the winds may wait;
But the world will bend the passing word,
Though its shortest course be straight.

From soul to soul the shortest line
At best will bended be:
The ship that holds the straightest course
Still sails the convex sea.

THE RIDE OF COLLINS GRAVES.

AN INCIDENT OF THE FLOOD IN MASSACHUSETTS, ON MAY 16, 1874.

NO song of a soldier riding down
To the raging fight from Winchester town;
No song of a time that shook the earth
With the nations' throe at a nation's birth;
But the song of a brave man, free from fear
As Sheridan's self or Paul Revere;
Who risked what they risked, free from strife,
And its promise of glorious pay—his life!

The peaceful valley has waked and stirred,
And the answering echoes of life are heard:
The dew still clings to the trees and grass,
And the early toilers smiling pass,
As they glance aside at the white-walled homes,
Or up the valley, where merrily comes
The brook that sparkles in diamond rills
As the sun comes over the Hampshire hills.

What was it, that passed like an ominous breath—
Like a shiver of fear, or a touch of death?
What was it? The valley is peaceful still,
And the leaves are afire on top of the hill.
It was not a sound—nor a thing of sense—
But a pain, like the pang of the short suspense
That thrills the being of those who see
At their feet the gulf of Eternity!

The air of the valley has felt the chill:
The workers pause at the door of the mill;
The housewife, keen to the shivering air,
Arrests her foot on the cottage stair,

Instinctive taught by the mother-love,
And thinks of the sleeping ones above.

Why start the listeners? Why does the course
Of the mill-stream widen? Is it a horse—
Hark to the sound of his hoofs, they say—
That gallops so wildly Williamsburg way!

God! what was that, like a human shriek
From the winding valley? Will nobody speak?
Will nobody answer those women who cry
As the awful warnings thunder by?

Whence come they? Listen! And now they hear
The sound of the galloping horsehoofs near;
They watch the trend of the vale, and see
The rider who thunders so menacingly,
With waving arms and warning scream
To the home-filled banks of the valley stream.
He draws no rein, but he shakes the street
With a shout and the ring of the galloping feet;
And this the cry he flings to the wind:
"To the hills for your lives! The flood is behind!"

He cries and is gone; but they know the worst—
The breast of the Williamsburg dam has burst!
The basin that nourished their happy homes
Is changed to a demon—It comes! it comes!

A monster in aspect, with shaggy front
Of shattered dwellings, to take the brunt
Of the homes they shatter—white-maned and hoarse,
The merciless Terror fills the course
Of the narrow valley, and rushing raves,
With death on the first of its hissing waves,
Till cottage and street and crowded mill
Are crumbled and crushed.

But onward still,
In front of the roaring flood is heard
The galloping horse and the warning word.
Thank God! the brave man's life is spared!
From Williamsburg town he nobly dared
To race with the flood and take the road
In front of the terrible swath it mowed.

For miles it thundered and crashed behind,
But he looked ahead with a steadfast mind;
"They must be warned!" was all he said,
As away on his terrible ride he sped.

When heroes are called for, bring the crown
To this Yankee rider: send him down
On the stream of time with the Curtius old;
His deed as the Roman's was brave and bold,
And the tale can as noble a thrill awake,
For he offered his life for the people's sake.

ENSIGN EPPS, THE COLOR-BEARER.

ENSIGN EPPS, at the battle of Flanders,
Sowed a seed of glory and duty
That flowers and flames in height and beauty
Like a crimson lily with heart of gold,
To-day, when the wars of Ghent are old
And buried as deep as their dead commanders.

Ensign Epps was the color-bearer,—
No matter on which side, Philip or Earl;
Their cause was the shell—his deed was the pearl.
Scarce more than a lad, he had been a sharer
That day in the wildest work of the field.
He was wounded and spent, and the fight was lost;
His comrades were slain, or a scattered host.

But stainless and scatheless, out of the strife,
He had carried his colors safer than life.
By the river's brink, without weapon or shield,
He faced the victors. The thick-heart mist
He dashed from his eyes, and the silk he kissed
Ere he held it aloft in the setting sun,
As proudly as if the fight were won,
And he smiled when they ordered him to yield.

Ensign Epps, with his broken blade,
Cut the silk from the gilded staff,
Which he poised like a spear till the charge was made,
And hurled at the leader with a laugh.
Then round his breast, like the scarf of his love,
He tied the colors his heart above,
And plunged in his armor into the tide,
And there, in his dress of honor, died.

Where are the lessons your kinglings teach?
And what is text of your proud commanders?
Out of the centuries, heroes reach
With the scroll of a deed, with the word of a story,
Of one man's truth and of all men's glory,
Like Ensign Epps at the battle of Flanders.

THE CRY OF THE DREAMER.

I AM tired of planning and toiling
In the crowded hives of men;
Heart-weary of building and spoiling,
And spoiling and building again.
And I long for the dear old river,
Where I dreamed my youth away;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming
Of a life that is half a lie ;
Of the faces lined with scheming
In the throng that hurries by.
From the sleepless thoughts' endeavor,
I would go where the children play ;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a thinker dies in a day.

I can feel no pride, but pity
For the burdens the rich endure ;
There is nothing sweet in the city
But the patient lives of the poor.
Oh, the little hands too skillful,
And the child-mind choked with weeds !
The daughter's heart grown willful,
And the father's heart that bleeds !

No, no ! from the street's rude bustle,
From trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the woods' low rustle
And the meadows' kindly page.
Let me dream as of old by the river,
And be loved for the dream alway ;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

MY MOTHER'S MEMORY.

THERE is one bright star in heaven
Ever shining in my night;
God to me one guide has given,
Like the sailor's beacon-light,
Set on every shoal and danger,
Sending out its warning ray
To the home-bound weary stranger
Looking for the land-locked bay.
In my farthest, wildest wanderings
I have turned me to that love,
As a diver, 'neath the water,
Turns to watch the light above.

THE SHADOW.

THERE is a shadow on the sunny wall,
Dark and forbidding, like a bode of ill;
Go, drive it thence. Alas, such shadows fall
From real things, nor may be moved at will.

There is a shadow on my heart to-day,
A cloudy grief condensing to a tear:
Alas, I cannot drive its gloom away—
Some sin or sorrow casts the shapeless fear.

AT FREDERICKSBURG.—Dec. 13, 1862.

GOD send us peace, and keep red strife away;
But should it come, God send us men and steel!
The land is dead that dare not face the day
When foreign danger threats the common weal.

Defenders strong are they that homes defend;
From ready arms the spoiler keeps afar.
Well blest the country that has sons to lend
From trades of peace to learn the trade of war.

Thrice blest the nation that has every son
A soldier, ready for the warning sound;
Who marches homeward when the fight is done,
To swing the hammer and to till the ground.

Call back that morning, with its lurid light,
When through our land the awful war-bell tolled;
When lips were mute, and women's faces white
As the pale cloud that out from Sumter rolled.

Call back that morn: an instant all were dumb,
As if the shot had struck the Nation's life;
Then cleared the smoke, and rolled the calling drum,
And men streamed in to meet the coming strife.

They closed the ledger and they stilled the loom,
The plow left rusting in the prairie farm;
They saw but "Union" in the gathering gloom;
The tearless women helped the men to arm;

Brigades from towns—each village sent its band:
German and Irish—every race and faith;
There was no question then of native land,
But—love the Flag and follow it to death.

No need to tell their tale: through every age
The splendid story shall be sung and said;
But let me draw one picture from the page—
For words of song embalm the hero dead.

The smooth hill is bare, and the cannons are planted,
Like Gorgon fates shading its terrible brow;
The word has been passed that the stormers are wanted,
And Burnside's battalions are mustering now.
The armies stand by to behold the dread meeting;
The work must be done by a desperate few;
The black-mouthéd guns on the height give them greeting—
From gun-mouth to plain every grass blade in view.
Strong earthworks are there, and the rifles behind them
Are Georgia militia—an Irish brigade—
Their caps have green badges, as if to remind them
Of all the brave record their country has made.

The stormers go forward—the Federals cheer them;
They breast the smooth hillside—the black mouths are dumb;
The riflemen lie in the works till they near them,
And cover the stormers as upward they come.
Was ever a death-march so grand and so solemn?
At last, the dark summit with flame is enlined;
The great guns belch doom on the sacrificed column,
That reels from the height, leaving hundreds behind.
The armies are hushed—there is no cause for cheering:
The fall of brave men to brave men is a pain.
Again come the stormers! and as they are nearing
The flame-sheeted rifle-lines, reel back again.
And so till full noon come the Federal masses—
Flung back from the height, as the cliff flings a wave;

Brigade on brigade to the death-struggle passes,
No wavering rank till it steps on the grave.

Then comes a brief lull, and the smoke-pall is lifted,
The green of the hillside no longer is seen;
The dead soldiers lie as the sea-weed is drifted,
The earthworks still held by the badges of green.
Have they quailed? is the word. No: again they are forming—
Again comes a column to death and defeat!
What is it in these who shall now do the storming
That makes every Georgian spring to his feet?

"O God! what a pity!" they cry in their cover,
As rifles are readied and bayonets made tight;
"'Tis Meagher and his fellows! their caps have green clover;
'Tis Greek to Greek now for the rest of the fight!"
Twelve hundred the column, their rent flag before them,
With Meagher at their head, they have dashed at the hill!
Their foemen are proud of the country that bore them;
But, Irish in love, they are enemies still.
Out rings the fierce word, "Let them have it!" the rifles
Are emptied point-blank in the hearts of the foe:
It is green against green, but a principle stifles
The Irishman's love in the Georgian's blow.
The column has reeled, but it is not defeated;
In front of the guns they re-form and attack;
Six times they have done it, and six times retreated;
Twelve hundred they came, and two hundred go back.
Two hundred go back with the chivalrous story;
The wild day is closed in the night's solemn shroud;
A thousand lie dead, but their death was a glory
That calls not for tears—the Green Badges are proud!

Bright honor be theirs who for honor were fearless,
Who charged for their flag to the grim cannon's mouth;

And honor to them who were true, though not tearless,—
Who bravely that day kept the cause of the South.
The quarrel is done—God avert such another;
The lesson it brought we should evermore heed:
Who loveth the Flag is a man and a brother,
No matter what birth or what race or what creed.

THE DEAD SINGER.

"SHE is dead!" they say; "she is robed for the grave; there are lilies upon her breast;
Her mother has kissed her clay-cold lips, and folded her hands to rest;
Her blue eyes show through the waxen lids: they have hidden her hair's gold crown;
Her grave is dug, and its heap of earth is waiting to press her down."

"She is dead!" they say to the people, her people, for whom she sung;
Whose hearts she touched with sorrow and love, like a harp with life-chords strung.
And the people hear—but behind their tear they smile as though they heard
Another voice, like a mystery, proclaim another word.

"She is not dead," it says to their hearts; "true Singers can never die;
Their life is a voice of higher things, unseen to the common eye;
The truths and the beauties are clear to them, God's right and the human wrong,
The heroes who die unknown, and the weak who are chained and scourged by the strong."
And the people smile at the death-word, for the mystic voice is clear:
"THE SINGER WHO LIVED IS ALWAYS ALIVE: WE HEARKEN AND ALWAYS HEAR!"

And they raise her body with tender hands, and bear her down to the main,
They lay her in state on the mourning ship, like the lily-maid Elaine;
And they sail to her isle across the sea, where the people wait on the shore
To lift her in silence with heads all bare to her home forevermore,
Her home in the heart of her country; oh, a grave among our own
Is warmer and dearer than living on in the stranger lands alone.

No need of a tomb for the Singer! Her fair hair's pillow now
Is the sacred clay of her country, and the sky above her brow
Is the same that smiled and wept on her youth, and the grass around is deep
With the clinging leaves of the shamrock that cover her peaceful sleep.

Undreaming there she will rest and wait, in the tomb her people make,
Till she hears men's hearts, like the seeds in Spring, all stirring to be awake,
Till she feels the moving of souls that strain till the bands around them break;
And then, I think, her dead lips will smile and her eyes be oped to see,
When the cry goes out to the Nations that the Singer's land is free!

THE PRIESTS OF IRELAND.

"The time has arrived when the interests of our country require from us, as priests and as Irishmen, a public pronouncement on the vital question of Home Rule. . . . We suggest the holding of an aggregate meeting in Dublin, of the representatives of all interested in this great question—and they are the entire people, without distinction of creed or class—for the purpose of placing, by constitutional means, on a broad and definite basis, the nation's demand for the restoration of its plundered rights."—*Extract from the Declaration of the Bishop and Priests of the Diocese of Cloyne, made on September* 15, 1873.

YOU have waited, Priests of Ireland, until the hour was late:
You have stood with folded arms until 'twas asked—Why do they wait?
By the fever and the famine you have seen your flocks grow thin,
Till the whisper hissed through Ireland that your silence was a sin.
You have looked with tearless eyes on fleets of exile-laden ships,
And the hands that stretched toward Ireland brought no tremor to your lips;
In the sacred cause of freedom you have seen your people band,
And they looked to you for sympathy: you never stirred a hand;
But you stood upon the altar, with their blood within your veins,
And you bade the pale-faced people to be patient in their chains!
Ah, you told them—it was cruel—but you said they were not true

To the holy faith of Patrick, if they were not ruled by you ;
Yes, you told them from the altar—they, the vanguard of the Faith—
With your eyes like flint against them—that their banding was a death—
Was a death to something holy : till the heart-wrung people cried
That their priests had turned against them—that they had no more a guide—
That the English gold had bought you—yes, they said it—but they lied !

Yea, they lied, they sinned, not knowing you—they had not gauged your love :
Heaven bless you, Priests of Ireland, for the wisdom from above,
For the strength that made you, loving them, crush back the tears that rose
When your country's heart was quiv'ring 'neath the statesman's muffled blows :
You saw clearer far than they did, and you grieved for Ireland's pain ;
But you did not rouse the people—and your silence was their gain ;
For too often has the peasant dared to dash his naked arm
'Gainst the saber of the soldier : but you shielded him from harm,
And your face was set against him—though your heart was with his hand
When it flung aside the plow to snatch a pike for fatherland !

O, God bless you, Priests of Ireland ! You were waiting with a will,
You were waiting with a purpose when you bade your flocks be still ;

And you preached from off your altars not alone the Word Sublime,
But your silence preached to Irishmen—"Be patient: bide your time!"
And they heard you, and obeyed, as well as outraged men could do:—
Only some, who loved poor Ireland, but who erred in doubting you,
Doubting you, who could not tell them why you spake the strange behest—
You, who saw the day was coming when the moral strength was best—
You, whose hearts were sore with looking on your country's quick decay—
You, whose chapel seats were empty and your people fled away—
You, who marked amid the fields where once the peasant's cabin stood—
You, who saw your kith and kindred swell the emigration flood—
You, the *soggarth* in the famine, and the helper in the frost—
You, whose shadow was a sunshine when all other hope was lost—
Yes, they doubted—and you knew it—but you never said a word;
Only preached, "Be still: be patient!" and, thank God, your voice was heard.
Now, the day foreseen is breaking—it has dawned upon the land,
And the priests still preach in Ireland: do they bid their flocks disband?
Do they tell them still to suffer and be silent? No! their words
Flash from Dublin Bay to Connaught, brighter than the gleam of swords!
Flash from Donegal to Kerry, and from Waterford to Clare,

And the nationhood awaking thrills the sorrow-laden air.
Well they judged their time—they waited till the bar was glowing white,
Then they swung it on the anvil, striking down with earnest might,
And the burning sparks that scatter lose no luster on their way,
Till five million hearts in Ireland and ten millions far away
Feel the first good blow, and answer; and they will not rest with one:
Now the first is struck, the anvil shows the labor well begun;
Swing them in with lusty sinew and the work will soon be done!
Let them sound from hoary Cashel; Kerry, Meath, and Ross stand forth;
Let them ring from Cloyne and Tuam and the Primate of the North;
Ask not class or creed: let "Ireland!" be the talismanic word;
Let the blessed sound of unity from North to South be heard;
Carve the words: "No creed distinctions!" on O'Connell's granite tomb,
And his dust will feel their meaning and rekindle in the gloom.
Priest to priest, to sound the summons—and the answer, man to man;
With the people round the standard, and the prelates in the van.
Let the heart of Ireland's hoping keep this golden rule of Cloyne
Till the Orange fades from Derry and the shadow from the Boyne.
Let the words be carried outward till the farthest lands they reach:
"After Christ, their country's freedom do the Irish prelates preach!"

A LEGEND OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

THE day of Joseph's marriage unto Mary,
In thoughful mood he said unto his wife,
"Behold, I go into a far-off country
To labor for thee, and to make thy life
And home all sweet and peaceful." And the Virgin
Unquestioning beheld her spouse depart:
Then lived she many days of musing gladness,
Not knowing that God's hand was round her heart.

And dreaming thus one day within her chamber,
She wept with speechless bliss, when lo! the face
Of white-winged angel Gabriel rose before her,
And bowing spoke, "Hail! Mary, full of grace,
The Lord is with thee, and among the nations
Forever blessed is thy chosen name."
The angel vanished, and the Lord's high Presence
With untold glory to the Virgin came.

A season passed of joy unknown to mortals,
When Joseph came with what his toil had won,
And broke the brooding ecstasy of Mary,
Whose soul was ever with her promised Son.
But nature's jealous fears encircled Joseph,
And round his heart in darkening doubts held sway.
He looked upon his spouse cold-eyed, and pondered
How he could put her from his sight away.

And once, when moody thus within his garden,
The gentle girl besought for some ripe fruit
That hung beyond her reach, the old man answered,
With face averted, harshly to her suit:
"I will not serve thee, woman! Thou hast wronged me:
I heed no more thy words and actions mild;
If fruit thou wantest, thou canst henceforth ask it
From him, the father of thy unborn child!"

But ere the words had root within her hearing,
The Virgin's face was glorified anew;
And Joseph, turning, sank within her presence,
And knew indeed his wondrous dreams were true.
For there before the sandaled feet of Mary
The kingly tree had bowed its top, and she
Had pulled and eaten from its prostrate branches,
As if unconscious of the mystery.

RELEASED—JANUARY, 1878.

On the 5th of January, 1878, three of the Irish political prisoners, who had been confined since 1866, were set at liberty. The released men were received by their fellow-countrymen in London. "They are well," said the report, "but they look prematurely old."

THEY are free at last! They can face the sun;
Their hearts now throb with the world's pulsation;
Their prisons are open—their night is done;
'Tis England's mercy and reparation!

The years of their doom have slowly sped—
Their limbs are withered—their ties are riven;
Their children are scattered, their friends are dead—
But the prisons are open—the "crime" forgiven.

God! what a threshold they stand upon:
The world has passed on while they were buried;
In the glare of the sun they walk alone
On the grass-grown track where the crowd has hurried.

Haggard and broken and seared with pain,
They seek the remembered friends and places:
Men shuddering turn, and gaze again
At the deep-drawn lines on their altered faces.

What do they read on the pallid page?
What is the tale of these woeful letters?
A lesson as old as their country's age,
Of a love that is stronger than stripes and fetters.

In the blood of the slain some dip their blade,
And swear by the stain the foe to follow:
But a deadlier oath might here be made,
On the wasted bodies and faces hollow.

Irishmen! You who have kept the peace—
Look on these forms diseased and broken:
Believe, if you can, that their late release,
When their lives are sapped, is a good-will token.

Their hearts are the bait on England's hook;
For this are they dragged from her hopeless prison;
She reads her doom in the Nation's book—
She fears the day that has darkly risen;

She reaches her hand for Ireland's aid—
Ireland, scourged, contemned, derided;
She begs from the beggar her hate has made;
She seeks for the strength her guile divided.

She offers a bribe—ah, God above!
Behold the price of the desecration:
The hearts she has tortured for Irish love
She brings as a bribe to the Irish nation!

O, blind and cruel! She fills her cup
With conquest and pride, till its red wine splashes:
But shrieks at the draught as she drinks it up—
Her wine has been turned to blood and ashes.

We know her—our Sister! Come on the storm!
God send it soon and sudden upon her:
The race she has shattered and sought to deform
Shall laugh as she drinks the black dishonor.

JOHN MITCHEL.

DIED MARCH 20, 1875.

I.

DEAD, with his harness on him:
Rigid and cold and white,
Marking the place of the vanguard
Still in the ancient fight.

The climber dead on the hill-side,
Before the height is won:
The workman dead on the building,
Before the work is done!

O, for a tongue to utter
The words that should be said—
Of his worth that was silver, living,
That is gold and jasper, dead!

Dead—but the death was fitting:
His life, to the latest breath,
Was poured like wax on the chart of right,
And is sealed by the stamp of Death!

Dead—but the end was fitting:
First in the ranks he led;
And he marks the height of his nation's gain,
As he lies in his harness—dead!

II.

Weep for him, Ireland—mother lonely;
Weep for the son who died for thee.
Wayward he was, but he loved thee only,
Loyal and fearless as son could be.

Weep for him, Ireland—sorrowing nation
  Faithful to all who are true to thee:
Never a son in thy desolation
  Had holier love for thy cause than he.

Sons of the Old Land, mark the story—
  Mother and son in the final test:
Weeping she sits in her darkened glory,
  Holding her dead to her stricken breast.
Only the dead on her knees are lying—
  Ah, poor mother beneath the cross!
Strength is won by the constant trying,
  Crowns are gemmed by the tears of loss!

Sons of the Old Land, mark the story—
  Mother and son to each other true:
She called, and he answered, old and hoary,
  And gave her his life as a man should do.
She may weep—but for us no weeping:
  Tears are vain till the work is done;
Tears for her—but for us the keeping
  Our hearts as true as her faithful son.

A DEAD MAN.

THE Trapper died—our hero—and we grieved;
  In every heart in camp the sorrow stirred.
"His soul was red!" the Indian cried, bereaved;
  "A white man, he!" the grim old Yankee's word.

So, brief and strong, each mourner gave his best—
  How kind he was, how brave, how keen to track;
And as we laid him by the pines to rest,
  A negro spoke, with tears: "His heart was black!"

"Island of Destiny! Innisfail! for thy faith is the payment near!
The mine of the future is opened, and the golden veins appear.
Thy hands are white and thy page unstained. Reach out for thy glorious years,
And take them from God as his recompense for thy fortitude and tears."

A NATION'S TEST.

READ AT THE O'CONNELL CENTENNIAL IN BOSTON, ON AUGUST 6, 1875.

I.

A NATION'S greatness lies in men, not acres;
One master-mind is worth a million hands.
No royal robes have marked the planet-shakers,
But Samson-strength to burst the ages' bands.
The might of empire gives no crown supernal—
Athens is here—but where is Macedon?
A dozen lives make Greece and Rome eternal,
And England's fame might safely rest on one.

Here test and text are drawn from Nature's preaching:
Afric and Asia—half the rounded earth—
In teeming lives the solemn truth are teaching,
That insect-millions may have human birth.
Sun-kissed and fruitful, every clod is breeding
A petty life, too small to reach the eye:
So must it be, with no man thinking, leading,
The generations creep their course and die.

Hapless the lands, and doomed amid the races,
That give no answer to this royal test;
Their toiling tribes will droop ignoble faces,
Till earth in pity takes them back to rest.
A vast monotony may not be evil,
But God's light tells us it cannot be good;
Valley and hill have beauty—but the level
Must bear a shadeless and a stagnant brood.

II.

I bring the touchstone. Motherland, to thee,
And test thee trembling, fearing thou shouldst fail;
If fruitless, sonless, thou wert proved to be,
Ah, what would love and memory avail?

Brave land! God has blest thee!
Thy strong heart I feel,
As I touch thee and test thee—
Dear land! As the steel
To the magnet flies upward, so rises thy breast,
With a motherly pride to the touch of the test.

III.

See! she smiles beneath the touchstone, looking on her distant youth,
Looking down her line of leaders and of workers for the truth.
Ere the Teuton, Norseman, Briton, left the primal woodland spring,
When their rule was might and rapine, and their law a painted king;
When the sun of art and learning still was in the Orient;
When the pride of Babylonia under Cyrus' hand was shent;
When the sphinx's introverted eye turned fresh from Egypt's guilt;
When the Persian bowed to Athens; when the Parthenon was built;
When the Macedonian climax closed the Commonwealths of Greece;
When the wrath of Roman manhood burst on Tarquin for Lucrece—

Then was Erin rich in knowledge—thence from out her
Ollamh's store—
Kenned to-day by students only—grew her ancient *Sen-
chus More;**
Then were reared her mighty builders, who made temples
to the sun—
There they stand—the old Round Towers—showing how
their work was done:
Thrice a thousand years upon them—shaming all our later
art—
Warning fingers raised to tell us we must build with rev-
'rent heart.

Ah, we call thee Mother Erin! Mother thou in right of
years;
Mother in the large fruition—mother in the joys and
tears.
All thy life has been a symbol — we can only read a
part:
God will flood thee yet with sunshine for the woes that
drench thy heart.
All thy life has been symbolic of a human mother's life:
Youth's sweet hopes and dreams have vanished, and the
travail and the strife
Are upon thee in the present; but thy work until to-day
Still has been for truth and manhood—and it shall not pass
away:
Justice lives, though judgment lingers—angels' feet are
heavy shod—
But a planet's years are moments in th' eternal day of
God!

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* "Senchus More," or *Great Law*, the title of the Brehon Laws, translated by O'Donovan and O'Curry. Ollamh Fola, who reigned 900 years B.C., organized a triennial parliament at Tara, of the chiefs, priests, and bards, who digested the laws into a record called the Psalter of Tara. Ollamh Fola founded schools of history, medicine, philosophy, poetry, and astronomy, which were protected by his successors. Kimbath (450 B.C.) and Hugony (300 B.C.) also promoted the civil interests of the kingdom in a remarkable manner.

IV.

Out from the valley of death and tears,
From the war and want of a thousand years,
From the mark of sword and the rust of chain,
From the smoke and blood of the penal laws,
The Irishmen and the Irish cause
Come out in the front of the field again!

What says the stranger to such a vitality?
What says the statesman to this nationality?
Flung on the shore of a sea of defeat,
Hardly the swimmers have sprung to their feet,
When the nations are thrilled by a clarion-word,
And Burke, the philosopher-statesman, is heard.
When shall his equal be? Down from the stellar height
Sees he the planet and all on its girth—
India, Columbia, and Europe—his eagle-sight
Sweeps at a glance all the wrong upon earth.
Races or sects were to him a profanity:
Hindoo and Negro and Kelt were as one;
Large as mankind was his splendid humanity,
Large in its record the work he has done.

V.

What need to mention men of minor note,
When there be minds that all the heights attain?
What school-boy knoweth not the hand that wrote
"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain?"
What man that speaketh English e'er can lift
His voice 'mid scholars, who hath missed the lore
Of Berkeley, Curran, Sheridan, and Swift,
The art of Foley and the songs of Moore?
Grattan and Flood and Emmet—where is he
That hath not learned respect for such as these?
Who loveth humor, and hath yet to see
Lover and Prout and Lever and Maclise?

VI.

Great men grow greater by the lapse of time:
We know those least whom we have seen the latest;
And they, 'mongst those whose names have grown sublime,
Who worked for Human Liberty, are greatest.

And now for one who allied will to work,
And thought to act, and burning speech to thought;
Who gained the prizes that were seen by Burke—
Burke felt the wrong—O'Connell felt, and fought.

Ever the same—from boyhood up to death:
His race was crushed—his people were defamed;
He found the spark, and fanned it with his breath,
And fed the fire, till all the nation flamed!

He roused the farms—he made the serf a yeoman;
He drilled his millions and he faced the foe;
But not with lead or steel he struck the foeman:
Reason the sword—and human right the blow.

He fought for home—but no land-limit bounded
O'Connell's faith, nor curbed his sympathies;
All wrong to liberty must be confounded,
Till men were chainless as the winds and seas.

He fought for faith—but with no narrow spirit;
With ceaseless hand the bigot laws he smote;
One chart, he said, all mankind should inherit,—
The right to worship and the right to vote.
Always the same—but yet a glinting prism:
In wit, law, statecraft, still a master-hand;
An "uncrowned king," whose people's love was chrism;
His title—Liberator of his Land!

"His heart's in Rome, his spirit is in heaven"—
So runs the old song that his people sing;

A tall Round Tower they builded in Glasnevin—
Fit Irish headstone for an Irish king!

VII.

Oh Motherland! there is no cause to doubt thee:
Thy mark is left on every shore to-day.
Though grief and wrong may cling like robes about thee,
Thy motherhood will keep thee queen alway.
In faith and patience working, and believing
Not power alone can make a noble state:
Whate'er the land, though all things else conceiving,
Unless it breed great men, it is not great.
Go on, dear land, and midst the generations
Send out strong men to cry the word aloud;
Thy niche is empty still amidst the nations—
Go on in faith, and God must raise the cloud.

LOVE, AND BE WISE.

NOT on the word alone
Let love depend;
Neither by actions done
Choose ye the friend.

Let the slow years fly—
These are the test;
Never to peering eye
Open the breast.

Psyche won hopeless woe,
Reaching to take;
Wait till your lilies grow
Up from the lake.

Gather words patiently;
Harvest the deed;

Let the winged years fly,
  Sifting the seed.

Judging by harmony,
  Learning by strife;
Seeking in unity
  Precept and life.

Seize the supernal—
  Prometheus dies;
Take the external
  On trust—and be wise.

WHEAT GRAINS.

AS grains from chaff, I sift these worldly rules,
Kernels of wisdom, from the husks of schools:

I.

Benevolence befits the wisest mind;
But he who has not studied to be kind,
Who grants for asking, gives without a rule,
Hurts whom he helps, and proves himself a fool.

II.

The wise man is sincere: but he who tries
To be sincere, hap-hazard, is not wise.

III.

Knowledge is gold to him who can discern
That he who loves to know, must love to learn.

IV.

Straightforward speech is very certain good;
But he who has not learned its rule is rude.

V.

Boldness and firmness, these are virtues each,
Noble in action, excellent in speech.
But who is bold, without considerate skill,
Rashly rebels, and has no law but will;
While he called firm, illiterate and crass,
With mulish stubbornness obstructs the pass.

VI.

The mean of soul are sure their faults to gloss,
And find a secret gain in others' loss.

VII.

Applause the bold man wins, respect the grave;
Some, only being *not* modest, think they're brave.

VIII.

The petty wrong-doer may escape unseen;
But what from sight the moon eclipsed shall screen?
Superior minds must err in sight of men,
Their eclipse o'er, they rule the world again.

IX.

Temptation waits for all, and ills will come;
But some go out and ask the devil home.

X.

"I love God," said the saint. God spake above:
"Who loveth me must love those whom I love."
"I scourge myself," the hermit cried. God spake:
"Kindness is prayer; but not a self-made ache."

THE PRICELESS THINGS.

THOSE are vulgar things we pay for, be they stones for crowns of kings;
While the precious and the peerless are unpriced symbolic things.

Common debts are scored and canceled, weighed and measured out for gold;
But the debts from men to ages, their account is never told.

Always see, the noblest nations keep their highest prize unknown;
Chæronea's deathless lion frowned above unlettered stone.

Ah, the Greeks knew! Come their victors honored from the sacred games,
Under arches red with roses, flushed to hear their shouted names;

See their native cities take them, breach the wall to make a gate!
What supreme reward is theirs who bring such honors to their state?

In the forum stand they proudly, take their prizes from the priest:
Little wreaths of pine and parsley on their naked temples pressed!

We in later days are lower? When a manful stroke is made,
We must raise a purse to pay it—making manliness a trade.

Sacrifice itself grows venal—surely Midas will subscribe;
And the shallow souls are gratified when worth accepts the bribe.

But e'en here, amidst the markets, there are things they dare not prize;
Dollars hide their sordid faces when they meet annointed eyes.

Lovers do not speak with jewels—flowers alone can plead for them;
And one fragrant memory cherished is far dearer than a gem.

Statesmen steer the nation safely; artists pass the burning test;
And their country pays them proudly with a ribbon at the breast.

When the soldier saves the battle, wraps the flag around his heart,
Who shall desecrate his honor with the values of the mart?

From his guns of bronze we hew a piece, and carve it as a cross;
For the gain he gave was priceless, as unpriced would be the loss.

When the poet sings the love-song, or the song of life and death,
Till the workers cease their toiling with abated wondering breath;

When he gilds the mill and mine, inspires the slave to rise and dare;
Lights with love the cheerless garret, bids the tyrant to beware;

When he steals the pang from poverty with meanings new and clear,
Reconciling pain and peace, and bringing blissful visions near;—

His reward? Nor cross nor ribbon, but all others high above;
They have won their glittering symbols—he has earned the people's love!

THE RAINBOW'S TREASURE.

WHERE the foot of the rainbow meets the field,
And the grass resplendent glows,
The earth will a precious treasure yield,
So the olden story goes.
In a crystal cup are the diamonds piled
For him who can swiftly chase
Over torrent and desert and precipice wild,
To the rainbow's wandering base.

There were two in the field at work, one day,
Two brothers, who blithely sung,
When across their valley's deep-winding way
The glorious arch was flung!
And one saw naught but a sign of rain,
And feared for his sheaves unbound;
And one is away, over mountain and plain,
Till the mystical treasure is found!

Through forest and stream, in a blissful dream,
The rainbow lured him on;
With a siren's guile it loitered awhile,
Then leagues away was gone.
Over brake and brier he followed fleet;
The people scoffed as he passed;
But in thirst and heat, and with wounded feet,
He nears the prize at last.

It is closer and closer—he wins the race—
One strain for the goal in sight;
Its radiance falls on his yearning face—
The blended colors unite!
He laves his brow in the iris beam—
He reaches—Ah woe! the sound
From the misty gulf where he ends his dream,
And the crystal cup is found!

'Tis the old, old story: one man will read
His lesson of toil in the sky;
While another is blind to the present need,
But sees with the spirit's eye.
You may grind their souls in the self-same mill,
You may bind them, heart and brow;
But the poet will follow the rainbow still,
And his brother will follow the plow.

A WHITE ROSE.

THE red rose whispers of passion,
And the white rose breathes of love;
Oh, the red rose is a falcon,
And the white rose is a dove.

But I send you a cream-white rosebud
With a flush on its petal tips;
For the love that is purest and sweetest
Has a kiss of desire on the lips.

YES?

THE words of the lips are double or single,
True or false, as we say or sing:
But the words of the eyes that mix and mingle
Are always saying the same old thing!

WAITING.

HE is coming! he is coming! in my throbbing breast I feel it;
There is music in my blood, and it whispers all day long,
That my love unknown comes toward me! Ah, my heart, he need not steal it,
For I cannot hide the secret that it murmurs in its song!

O the sweet bursting flowers! how they open, never blushing,
Laying bare their fragrant bosoms to the kisses of the sun!
And the birds—I thought 'twas poets only read their tender gushing,
But I hear their pleading stories, and I know them every one.

"He is coming!" says my heart; I may raise my eyes and greet him;
I may meet him any moment—shall I know him when I see?
And my heart laughs back the answer—I can tell him when I meet him,
For our eyes will kiss and mingle ere he speaks a word to me.

O, I'm longing for his coming—in the dark my arms outreaching;
To hasten you, my love, see, I lay my bosom bare!
Ah, the night-wind! I shudder, and my hands are raised beseeching—
It wailed so light a death-sigh that passed me in the air!

CHUNDER ALI'S WIFE.

FROM THE HINDOSTANEE.

"I AM poor," said Chunder Ali, while the Mandarin above him
Frowned in supercilious anger at the dog who dared to speak;
"I am friendless and a Hindoo: such a one meets few to love him
Here in China, where the Hindoo finds the truth alone is weak.
I have naught to buy your justice; were I wise, I had not striven.
Speak your judgment;" and he crossed his arms and bent his quivering face.
Heard he then the unjust sentence: all his goods and gold were given
To another, and he stood alone, a beggar in the place.

And the man who bought the judgment looked in triumph and derision
At the cheated Hindoo merchant, as he rubbed his hands and smiled
At the whispered gratulation of his friends, and at the vision
Of the more than queenly dower for Ahmeer, his only child.
Fair Ahmeer, who of God's creatures was the only one who loved him,
She, the diamond of his treasures, the one lamb within his fold,
She, whose voice, like her dead mother's, was the only power that moved him,—
She would praise the skill that gained her all this Hindoo's silk and gold.

And the old man thanked Confucius, and the judge, and
him who pleaded.
But why falls this sudden silence? why does each one hold
his breath?
Every eye turns on the Hindoo, who before was all un-
heeded,
And in wond'ring expectation all the court grows still as
death.

Not alone stood Chunder Ali: by his side Ahmeer was
standing,
And his brown hand rested lightly on her shoulder as he
smiled
At the sweet young face turned toward him. Then the
father's voice commanding
Fiercely bade his daughter to him from the dog whose
touch defiled.
But she moved not, and she looked not at her father or the
others
As she answered, with her eyes upon the Hindoo's noble
face:
"Nay, my father, he defiles not: this kind arm above all
others
Is my choosing, and forever by his side shall be my place.
When you knew not, his dear hand had given many a
sweet love-token,
He had gathered all my heartstrings and had bound them
round his life;
Yet you tell me he defiles me; nay, my father, you have
spoken
In your anger, and not knowing I was Chunder Ali's
wife."

A KISS.

LOVE is a plant with double root,
And of strange, elastic power:
Men's minds are divided in naming the fruit,
But a kiss is only the flower.

JACQUEMINOTS.

I MAY not speak in words, dear, but let my words be flowers,
To tell their crimson secret in leaves of fragrant fire;
They plead for smiles and kisses as summer fields for showers,
And every purple veinlet thrills with exquisite desire.

O, let me see the glance, dear, the gleam of soft confession
You give my amorous roses for the tender hope they prove;
And press their heart-leaves back, love, to drink their deeper passion,
For their sweetest, wildest perfume is the whisper of my love!

My roses, tell her, pleading, all the fondness and the sighing,
All the longing of a heart that reaches thirsting for its bliss;
And tell her, tell her, roses, that my lips and eyes are dying
For the melting of her love-look and the rapture of her kiss.

THE CELEBES.

"The sons of God came upon the earth and took wives of the daughters of men."—*Legends of the Talmud.*

DEAR islands of the Orient,
Where Nature's first of love was spent;
Sweet hill-tops of the summered land
Where gods and men went hand in hand
In golden days of sinless earth!
Woe rack the womb of time, that bore
The primal evil to its birth!
It came; the gods were seen no more:
The fields made sacred by their feet,
The flowers they loved, grown all too sweet,
The streams their bright forms mirrorèd,
The fragrant banks that made their bed,
The human hearts round which they wove
Their threads of superhuman love—
These were too dear and desolate
To sink to fallen man's estate;
The gods who loved them loosed the seas,
Struck free the barriers of the deep,
That rolled in one careering sweep
And filled the land, as 'twere a grave,
And left no beauteous remnant, save
Those hill-tops called the Celebes.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

LOVE'S Herald flew o'er all the fields of Greece,
Crying: "Love's altar waits for sacrifice!"
And all folk answered, like a wave of peace,
With treasured offerings and gifts of price.

Toward high Olympus every white road filled
With pilgrims streaming to the blest abode;
Each bore rich tribute, some for joys fulfilled,
And some for blisses lingering on the road.

The pious peasant drives his laden car;
The fisher youth bears treasure from the sea;
A wife brings honey for the sweets that are;
A maid brings roses for the sweets to be.

Here strides the soldier with his wreathèd sword,
No more to glitter in his country's wars;
There walks the poet with his mystic word,
And smiles at Eros' mild recruit from Mars.

But midst these bearers of propitious gifts,
Behold where two, a youth and maiden, stand:
She bears no boon; his arm no burden lifts,
Save her dear fingers pressed within his hand.

Their touch ignites the soft delicious fire,
Whose rays the very altar-flames eclipse;
Their eyes are on each other—sweet desire
And yearning passion tremble on their lips.

So fair—so strong! Ah, Love! what errant wiles
Have brought these two so poor and so unblest?
But see! Instead of anger, Cupid smiles;
And lo! he crowns their sacrifice as best!

Their hands are empty, but their hearts are filled;
Their gifts so rare for all the host suffice:
Before the altar is their life-wine spilled—
The love they long for is their sacrifice.

HER REFRAIN.

"DO you love me?" she said, when the skies were blue,
And we walked where the stream through the branches glistened;
And I told and retold her my love was true,
While she listened and smiled, and smiled and listened.

"Do you love me?" she whispered, when days were drear,
And her eyes searched mine with a patient yearning;
And I kissed her, renewing the words so dear,
While she listened and smiled, as if slowly learning.

"Do you love me?" she asked, when we sat at rest
By the stream enshadowed with autumn glory;
Her cheek had been laid as in peace on my breast,
But she raised it to ask for the sweet old story.

And I said: "I will tell her the tale again—
I will swear by the earth and the stars above me!"
And I told her that uttermost time should prove
The fervor and faith of my perfect love;
And I vowed it and pledged it that nought should move;
While she listened and smiled in my face, and then
She whispered once more, "Do you truly love me?"

GOLU.

ONCE I had a little sweetheart
In the land of the Malay,—
Such a little yellow sweetheart!
Warm and peerless as the day
Of her own dear sunny island,
Keimah, in the far, far East,
Where the mango and banana
Made us many a merry feast.

Such a little copper sweetheart
  Was my Golu, plump and round,
With her hair all blue-black streaming
  O'er her to the very ground.
Soft and clear as dew-drop clinging
  To a grass blade was her eye;
For the heart below was purer
  Than the hill-stream whispering by.

Costly robes were not for Golu:
  No more raiment did she need
Than the milky budding breadfruit,
  Or the lily of the mead;
And she was my little sweetheart
  Many a sunny summer day,
When we ate the fragrant guavas,
  In the land of the Malay.

Life was laughing then. Ah! Golu,
  Do you think of that old time,
And of all the tales I told you
  Of my colder Western clime?
Do you think how happy were we
  When we sailed to strip the palm,
And we made a lateen arbor
  Of the boat-sail in the calm?

They may call you semi-savage,
  Golu! I cannot forget
How I poised my little sweetheart
  Like a copper statuette.
Now my path lies through the cities;
  But they cannot drive away
My sweet dreams of little Golu
  And the land of the Malay.

LOVE'S SECRET.

LOVE found them sitting in a woodland place,
His amorous hand amid her golden tresses;
And Love looked smiling on her glowing face
And moistened eyes upturned to his caresses.

"O sweet," she murmured, "life is utter bliss!"
"Dear heart," he said, "our golden cup runs over!"
"Drink, love," she cried, "and thank the gods for this!"
He drained the precious lips of cup and lover.

Love blessed the kiss; but, ere he wandered thence,
The mated bosoms heard this benediction:
"*Love lies within the brimming bowl of sense:*
Who keeps this full has joy—who drains, affliction."

They heard the rustle as he smiling fled:
She reached her hand to pull the roses blowing.
He stretched to take the purple grapes o'erhead;
Love whispered back, "*Nay, keep their beauties growing.*"

They paused, and understood: one flower alone
They took and kept, and Love flew smiling over.
Their roses bloomed, their cup went brimming on—
She looked for love within, and found her lover.

A PASSAGE.

THE world was made when a man was born;
He must taste for himself the forbidden springs,
He can never take warning from old-fashioned things;
He must fight as a boy, he must drink as a youth,
He must kiss, he must love, he must swear to the truth

Of the friend of his soul, he must laugh to scorn
The hint of deceit in a woman's eyes
That are clear as the wells of Paradise.
And so he goes on, till the world grows old,
Till his tongue has grown cautious, his heart has grown cold,
Till the smile leaves his mouth, and the ring leaves his laugh,
And he shirks the bright headache you ask him to quaff;
He grows formal with men, and with women polite,
And distrustful of both when they're out of his sight;
Then he eats for his palate, and drinks for his head,
And loves for his pleasure,—and 'tis time he was dead!

A LOST FRIEND.

MY friend he was; my friend from all the rest;
With childlike faith he oped to me his breast;
No door was locked on altar, grave or grief;
No weakness veiled, concealed no disbelief;
The hope, the sorrow and the wrong were bare,
And ah, the shadow only showed the fair!

I gave him love for love; but, deep within,
I magnified each frailty into sin;
Each hill-topped foible in the sunset glowed,
Obscuring vales where rivered virtues flowed.
Reproof became reproach, till common grew
The captious word at every fault I knew.
He smiled upon the censorship, and bore
With patient love the touch that wounded sore;
Until at length, so had my blindness grown,
He knew I judged him by his faults alone.

Alone, of all men, I who knew him best,
Refused the gold, to take the dross for test!

Cold strangers honored for the worth they saw;
His friend forgot the diamond in the flaw.

At last it came—the day he stood apart
When from my eyes he proudly veiled his heart;
When carping judgment and uncertain word
A stern resentment in his bosom stirred;
When in his face I read what I had been,
And with his vision saw what he had seen.

Too late! too late! Oh, could he then have known,
When his love died, that mine had perfect grown;
That when the veil was drawn, abased, chastised,
The censor stood, the lost one truly prized.

Too late we learn—a man must hold his friend
Unjudged, accepted, trusted to the end.

CONSTANCY.

"You gave me the key of your heart, my love;
Then why do you make me knock?"
"O, that was yesterday, Saints above!
And last night—I changed the lock!"

THE TEMPLE OF FRIENDSHIP.

IN the depths of the silent wood the temple of Friendship stood,
Like a dream of snow-white stone, or a vestal all alone,
Undraped beside a stream.

The pious from every clime came there to rest for a time,
With incense and gifts and prayer; and the stainless marble stair
Was worn by fervent knees.

And everywhere the fame of the beautiful temple came,
With its altar white and pure, and its worship to allure
From gods that bring unrest.

The goddess was there to assuage (for this was the Golden Age)
The trials of all who staid and trustingly tried and prayed
For the perfect grace.

Soldier and clerk and dame in couples and companies came;
There were few who rode alone, for none feared the other one,
So placid and safe the creed.

There came from afar one day, with a suite in rich array,
A lady of beauty rare, who bent to the plaintive air
A handsome minstrel sung.

Her face was as calm and cold as the stamp of a queen on gold,
And the song the poet sung to a restful theme was strung,
A tranquil air of peace.

But, as they happily rode to the holy and white abode,
They were watched from a cloud above by the mischievous god of Love,
Who envied Friendship's reign.

They dreamt not of danger near, and their hearts felt no shade of fear,
As they laid their rich offerings of flowers and precious things
At Friendship's lovely feet.

They lingered long near the shrine, in the air of its peace divine;
By the shadowed stream they strayed, where often the heavenly maid
Would smile upon their rest.

One day, with her white robe flown, she passed like a dream alone,
Where they sat in a converse sweet, with the silver stream at their feet
As still and as wise as they.

To the innermost temple's room, to the couch, and the sacred loom
Where she weaves her placid will, the goddess came, smiling still,
Unrobing for blissful rest.

O lily of perfect mold, the world had grown young, not old,
Had it bowed at thy milk-white feet with a love not of fire, but heat,—
Sweet lotus of soft repose!

Like the moon her body glows, like the sun-flushed Alpine snows;

Her arms 'neath her radiant head, she sleeps, and lo! o'er her bed
The wicked Cupid leans.

Even he cannot fly the feast which nor vestal nor hoary priest
Had ever enjoyed before. But, stealing her robe from the floor,
He dons it and is gone.

By the stream, in the silent shade, he walks where the two have made
Their resting-place for the noon: "'Tis Friendship!" they cry; and soon
Love's guile on their hearts is laid.

"O, the goddess is good!" she said, as she bent her golden head
And looked in the minstrel's face. "She stands by our resting-place
And blesses our peaceful love!"

As she spoke, a flame shot through her breast, and her eyes of blue
Grew moist with a subtle bliss. "Sweet friend!" she cried, and her kiss
Clung soft on the poet's lips.

"Ah, me!" he sighed, "if they knew, those feverish lovers who woo
For the passion of tears and blood, how soothing and pure and good
Is a friendly kiss—like this!"

"O, list!" she cried, "'tis a dove; he calls for his absent love;
They will sit all day and coo calm friendship, like mine for you,—
Dear friend, like mine for you."

Their hands were joined, and a thrill of desire and passionate will
Brought his eyes her eyes above in a marvelous look of love,
And Cupid smiled and drew near.

"O sweetest!" she whispered softly. "See! the goddess is leaning over me,
And smiling with eyes like yours! O Goddess! thy presence cures
The restful unrest of friends!"

And Cupid laughed in her eyes as he threw off the white disguise
And bent down to kiss her himself—but cuff! cuff! on the ears of the elf
From the goddess who sought her robe.

And the river flowed on through the wood, and the temple of Friendship stood
Like a dream of snow-white stone. But the minstrel returned alone
From his pilgrimage.

THE VALUE OF GOLD.

THERE may be standard weight for precious metal,
But deeper meaning it must ever hold;
Thank God, there are some things no law can settle,
And one of these—the real worth of gold.

The stamp of king or crown has common power
To hold the traffic-value in control;
Our coarser senses note this worth—the lower;
The higher comes from senses of the soul.

This truth we find not in mere warehouse learning—
The value varies with the hands that hold ;
The worth depends upon the mode of earning ;
And this man's copper equals that man's gold.

With empty heart, and forehead lined with scheming,
Men's sin and sorrow have been that man's gain ;
But this man's heart, with rich emotions teeming,
Makes fine the gold for which he coins his brain.

But richer still than gold from upright labor—
The only gold that should have standard price—
Is the poor earning of our humble neighbor,
Whose every coin is red with sacrifice.

Mere store of money is not wealth, but rather
The proof of poverty and need of bread.
Like men themselves is the bright gold they gather
It may be living, or it may be dead.

It may be filled with love and life and vigor,
To guide the wearer, and to cheer the way ;
It may be corpse-like in its weight and rigor,
Bending the bearer to his native clay.

There is no comfort but in outward showing
In all the servile homage paid to dross ;
Better to heart and soul the silent knowing
Our little store has not been gained by loss.

TO-DAY.

ONLY from day to day
The life of a wise man runs ;
What matter if seasons far away
Have gloom or have double suns ?

To climb the unreal path,
We stray from the roadway here;
We swim the rivers of wrath,
And tunnel the hills of fear.

Our feet on the torrent's brink,
Our eyes on the cloud afar,
We fear the things we think,
Instead of the things that are.

Like a tide our work should rise—
Each later wave the best;
To-day is a king in disguise,*
To-day is the special test.

Like a sawyer's work is life:
The present makes the flaw,
And the only field for strife
Is the inch before the saw.

A BUILDER'S LESSON.

"HOW shall I a habit break?"
As you did that habit make.
As you gathered, you must lose;
As you yielded, now refuse.
Thread by thread the strands we twist
Till they bind us neck and wrist;
Thread by thread the patient hand
Must untwine ere free we stand.
As we builded, stone by stone,
We must toil unhelped, alone,
Till the wall is overthrown.

* "The days are ever divine . . . . They come and go like muffled and veiled figures, sent from a distant friendly party; but they say nothing; and if we do not use the gifts they bring, they carry them as silently away."—*Emerson.*

But remember, as we try,
Lighter every test goes by;
Wading in, the stream grows deep
Toward the center's downward sweep;
Backward turn, each step ashore
Shallower is than that before.

Ah, the precious years we waste
Leveling what we raised in haste;
Doing what must be undone
Ere content or love be won!
First across the gulf we cast
Kite-borne threads, till lines are passed,
And habit builds the bridge at last!

THE KING'S EVIL.

THEY brought them up from their huts in the fens,
The woeful sufferers gaunt and grim;
They flocked from the city's noisome dens
To the Monarch's throne to be touched by him.
"For his touch," they whisper, "is sovereign balm,
The anointed King has a power to heal."
Oh, the piteous prayers as the royal palm
Is laid on their necks while they humbly kneel!

Blind hope! But the cruel and cold deceit
A rich reward to the palace brings;
A snare for the untaught People's feet,
And a courtier's lie for the good of Kings.
But the years are sands, and they slip away
Till the baseless wall in the sun lies bare;
The touch of the King has no balm to-day,
And the Right Divine is the People's share.

The word remains: but the Evil now
Is caused, not cured, by imperial hands,—

The lightless soul and the narrow brow,
The servile millions in armed bands;
The sweat-wrung gold from the peasant's toil
Flung merrily out by the gambling lord,
Who is reckless owner of serf and soil,
And master of church and law and sword.

But the night has receded: the dawn like a tide
Creeps slow round the world, till the feet of the throne
Are lapped by the waves that shall seethe and ride
Where the titles are gulfed and the shields overblown.
Our Kings are the same as the Kings of old,
But a Man stands up where there crouched a clown;
The Evil shall die when his hand grows bold,
And the touch of the People is laid on the Crown!

BONE AND SINEW AND BRAIN.

YE white-maned waves of the Western Sea,
That ride and roll to the strand,
Ye strong-winged birds, never forced a-lee
By the gales that sweep toward land,
Ye are symbols of death, and of hope that saves,
As ye swoop in your strength and grace,
As ye roll to the land like the billowed graves
Of a past and puerile race.

Cry, "Presto, change!" and the lout is lord,
With his vulgar blood turned blue;
Go dub your knight with a slap of a sword,
As the kings in Europe do;
Go grade the lines of your social mode
As you grade the palace wall,—
The people forever to bear the load,
And the gilded vanes o'er all.

But the human blocks will not lie as still
As the dull foundation stones,
But will rise, like a sea, with an awful will,
And ingulf the golden thrones;
For the days are gone when a special race
Took the place of the gilded vane;
And the merit that mounts to the highest place
Must have bone and sinew and brain.

Let the cant of "the march of mind" be heard,
Of the time to come, when man
Shall lose the mark of his brawn and beard
In the future's leveling plan:
'Tis the dream of a mind effeminate,
The whine for an easy crown;
There is no meed for the good and great
In the weakling's leveling down.

A nation's boast is a nation's bone,
As well as its might of mind;
And the culture of either of these alone
Is the doom of a nation signed.
But the cant of the ultra-suasion school
Unsinews the hand and thigh,
And preaches the creed of the weak to rule,
And the strong to struggle and die.

Our schools are spurred to the fatal race,
As if health were the nation's sin,
Till the head grows large, and the vampire face
Is gorged on the limbs so thin.
Our women have entered the abstract fields,
And avaunt with the child and home:
While the rind of science a pleasure yields
Shall they care for the lives to come?
And they ape the manners of manly times
In their sterile and worthless life,
Till the man of the future augments his crimes
With a raid for a Sabine wife.

Ho, white-maned waves of the Western Sea,
That ride and roll to the strand!
Ho, strong-winged birds, never blown a-lee
By the gales that sweep toward land!
Ye are symbols both of a hope that saves,
As ye swoop in your strength and grace,
As ye roll to the land like the billowed graves
Of a suicidal race.
Ye have hoarded your strength in equal parts;
For the men of the future reign
Must have faithful souls and kindly hearts,
And bone and sinew and brain.

THE CITY STREETS.

A CITY of Palaces! Yes, that's true: a city of palaces
built for trade;
Look down this street—what a splendid view of the temples
where fabulous gains are made.
Just glance at the wealth of a single pile, the marble pillars,
the miles of glass,
The carving and cornice in gaudy style, the massive show
of the polished brass;
And think of the acres of inner floors, where the wealth of
the world is spread for sale;
Why, the treasures inclosed by those ponderous doors are
richer than ever a fairy tale.
Pass on the next, it is still the same, another Aladdin the
scene repeats;
The silks are unrolled and the jewels flame for leagues and
leagues of the city streets!

Now turn away from the teeming town, and pass to the
homes of the merchant kings,
Wide squares where the stately porches frown, where the
flowers are bright and the fountain sings;

Look up at the lights in that brilliant room, with its chandelier of a hundred flames!
See the carpeted street where the ladies come whose husbands have millions or famous names;
For whom are the jewels and silks, behold: on those exquisite bosoms and throats they burn;
Art challenges Nature in color and gold and the gracious presence of every turn.
So the winters fly past in a joyous rout, and the summers bring marvelous cool retreats;
These are civilized wonders we're finding out as we walk through the beautiful city streets.

A City of Palaces!—Hush! not quite: a city where palaces are, is best;
No need to speak of what's out of sight: let us take what is pleasant, and leave the rest:
The men of the city who travel and write, whose fame and credit are known abroad,
The people who move in the ranks polite, the cultured women whom all applaud.
It is true, there are only ten thousand here, but the other half million are vulgar clod;
And a soul well-bred is eternally dear—it counts so much more on the books of God.
The others have use in their place, no doubt; but why speak of a class one never meets?
They are gloomy things to be talked about, those common lives of the city streets.

Well, then, if you will, let us look at both: let us weigh the pleasure against the pain,
The gentleman's smile with the bar-room oath, the luminous square with the tenement lane.
Look round you now; 'tis another sphere, of thin-clad women and grimy men;
There are over ten thousand huddled here, where a hundred would live of our upper ten.

Take care of that child: here, look at her face, a baby who carries a baby brother;
They are early helpers in this poor place, and the infant must often nurse the mother.

Come up those stairs where the little ones went: five flights they groped and climbed in the dark;
There are dozens of homes on the steep ascent, and homes that are filled with children—hark!
Did you hear that laugh, with its manly tones, and the joyous ring of the baby voice?
'Tis the father who gathers his little ones, the nurse and her brother, and all rejoice.
Yes, human nature is much the same when you come to the heart and count its beats;
The workman is proud of his home's dear name as the richest man on the city streets.

God pity them all! God pity the worst! for the worst are reckless, and need it most:
When we trace the causes why lives are curst with the criminal taint, let no man boast:
The race is not run with an equal chance: the poor man's son carries double weight;
Who have not, are tempted; inheritance is a blight or a blessing of man's estate.
No matter that poor men sometimes sweep the prize from the sons of the millionaire:
What is good to win must be good to keep, else the virtue dies on the topmost stair;

When the winners can keep their golden prize, still darker the day of the laboring poor:
The strong and the selfish are sure to rise, while the simple and generous die obscure.
And these are the virtues and social gifts by which Progress and Property rank over Man!
Look there, O woe! where a lost soul drifts on the stream where such virtues overran:

Stand close—let her pass! from a tenement room and a reeking workshop graduate:
If a man were to break the iron loom or the press she tended, he knows his fate;
But her life may be broken, she stands alone, her poverty stings, and her guideless feet,
Not long since kissed as a father's own, are dragged in the mire of the pitiless street.

Come back to the light, for my brain goes wrong when I see the sorrows that can't be cured.
If this is all righteous, then why prolong the pain for a thing that must be endured?
We can never have palaces built without slaves, nor luxuries served without ill-paid toil;
Society flourishes only on graves, the moral graves in the lowly soil.

The earth was not made for its people: that cry has been hounded down as a social crime;
The meaning of life is to barter and buy; and the strongest and shrewdest are masters of time.
God made the million to serve the few, and their questions of right are vain conceits;
To have one sweet home that is safe and true, ten garrets must reek in the darkened streets.
'Tis Civilization, so they say, and it cannot be changed for the weakness of men.
Take care! take care! 'tis a desperate way to goad the wolf to the end of his den.
Take heed of your Civilization, ye, on your pyramids built of quivering hearts;
There are stages, like Paris in '93, where the commonest men play most terrible parts.
Your statutes may crush but they cannot kill the patient sense of a natural right;
It may slowly move, but the People's will, like the ocean o'er Holland, is always in sight.

"It is not our fault!" say the rich ones. No; 'tis the fault of a system old and strong;
But men are the makers of systems: so, the cure will come if we own the wrong.
It will come in peace if the man-right lead; it will sweep in storm if it be denied:
The law to bring justice is always decreed; and on every hand are the warnings cried.
Take heed of your Progress! Its feet have trod on the souls it slew with its own pollutions;
Submission is good; but the order of God may flame the torch of the revolutions!
Beware with your Classes! Men are men, and a cry in the night is a fearful teacher;
When it reaches the hearts of the masses, then they need but a sword for a judge and preacher.
Take heed, for your Juggernaut pushes hard: God holds the doom that its day completes;
It will dawn like a fire when the track is barred by a barricade in the city streets.

THE INFINITE.

The Infinite always is silent:
  It is only the Finite speaks.
Our words are the idle wave-caps
  On the deep that never breaks.
We may question with wand of science,
  Explain, decide, and discuss;
But only in meditation
  The Mystery speaks to us.

FROM THE EARTH, A CRY.

"*The Years of Our Lord*" 1870 *to* 1880.—The Rulers of Prussia and France make War.—The Paris Commune.—War for Rome between the Pope and the King of Italy.—War between Russia and Turkey.—England devastates Abyssinia, Ashantee, and Zululand.—One English Viceroy in India murdered. Another shot at.—Socialists attempt to kill the Emperor of Germany.—Internationalists fire at the King of Italy.—Nihilists thrice attempt to destroy the Czar.—The Mines of Siberia filled with Political Prisoners.—The Farmers of Ireland Rebel in Despair against Rack-rents.—The Workmen of England Emigrating from Starvation.—The Land of England, Scotland, and Ireland held by Less than a Quarter of a Million of Men.—The Pittsburg Riots.—The American Strikes.—The End of the Decade.

CAN the earth have a voice? Can the clods have speech,
To murmur and rail at the demigods?
Trample them! Grind their vulgar faces in the clay!

The earth was made for lords and the makers of law;
For the conquerors and the social priest;
For traders who feed on and foster the complex life;
For the shrewd and the selfish who plan and keep;
For the heirs who squander the hoard that bears
The face of the king, and the blood of the serf,
And the curse of the darkened souls!

O Christ! and O Christ! In thy name the law!
In thy mouth the mandate! In thy loving hand the whip!
They have taken thee down from thy cross and sent thee to
scourge the people;
They have shod thy feet with spikes and jointed thy dead
knees with iron,
And pushed thee, hiding behind, to trample the poor dumb
faces!

The spheres make music in space. They swing
Like fiery cherubim on their paths, circling their suns,
Mysterious, weaving the irrevealable,

Full of the peace of unity—sphere and its life at one—
Humming their lives of love through the limitless waste of creation.

God! thou hast made man a test of Thyself!
Thou hast set in him a heart that bleeds at the cry of the helpless:
Through Thine infinite seas one world rolls silent,
Moaning at times with quivers and fissures of blood;
Divided, unhappy, accurséd; the lower life good,
But the higher life wasted and split, like grain with a cankered root.
Is there health in thy gift of life, Almighty?
Is there grief or compassion anywhere for the poor?
If these be, there is guerdon for those who hate the wrong
And leap naked on the spears, that blood may cry
For truth to come, and pity, and Thy peace.
The human sea is frozen like a swamp; and the kings
And the heirs and the owners ride on the ice and laugh.
Their war-forces, orders, and laws are the crusted field of a crater,
And they stamp on the fearful rind, deriding its flesh-like shudder.

Lightning! the air is split, the crater bursts, and the breathing
Of those below is the fume and fire of hatred.
The thrones are stayed with the courage of shotted guns. The warning dies.
But queens are dragged to the block, and the knife of the guillotine sinks
In the garbage of pampered flesh that gluts its bed and its hinges.

Silence again, and sunshine. The gaping lips are closed on the crater.

The dead are below, and the landless, and those who live
to labor
And grind forever in gloom that the privileged few may
live.

But the silence is sullen, not restful. It heaves like a sea,
and frets,
And beats at the roof till it finds another vent for its fury.
Again the valve is burst and the pitch-cloud rushes,—the
old seam rends anew—
Where the kings were killed before, their names are hewed
from the granite—
Paris, mad hope of the slave-shops, flames to the petroleuse!
Tiger that tasted blood—Paris that tasted freedom!
Never, while steel is cheap and sharp, shall thy kinglings
sleep without dreaming—
Never, while souls have flame, shall their palaces crush the
hovels.

Insects and vermin, ye, the starving and dangerous myriads,
List to the murmur that grows and growls! Come from
your mines and mills,
Pale-faced girls and women with ragged and hard-eyed
children,
Pour from your dens of toil and filth, out to the air of
heaven—
Breathe it deep, and hearken! A Cry from the cloud or
beyond it,
A Cry to the toilers to rise, to be high as the highest that
rules them,
To own the earth in their lifetime and hand it down to
their children!

Emperors, stand to the bar! Chancellors, halt at the
barracks!
Landlords and Lawlords and Tradelords, the specters you
conjured have risen—

Communists, Socialists, Nihilists, Rent-rebels, Strikers, behold!
They are fruit of the seed you have sown—God has prospered your planting. They come
From the earth, like the army of death. You have sowed the teeth of the dragon!
Hark to the bay of the leader! You shall hear the roar of the pack
As sure as the stream goes seaward. The crust on the crater beneath you
Shall crack and crumble and sink, with your laws and rules
That breed the million to toil for the luxury of the ten—
That grind the rent from the tiller's blood for drones to spend—
That hold the teeming planet as a garden plot for a thousand—
That draw the crowds to the cities from the healthful fields and woods—
That copulate with greed and beget disease and crime—
That join these two and their offspring, till the world is filled with fear,
And falsehood wins from truth, and the vile and cunning succeed,
And manhood and love are dwarfed, and virtue and friendship sick,
And the law of Christ is a cloak for the corpse that stands for Justice!
—As sure as the Spirit of God is Truth, this Truth shall reign,
And the trees and lowly brutes shall cease to be higher than men.
God purifies slowly by peace, but urgently by fire.

PROMETHEUS—CHRIST.

LASHED to the planet, glaring at the sky,
An eagle at his heart—the Pagan Christ!

Why is it, Mystery? O, dumb Darkness, why
Have always men, with loving hearts themselves,
Made devils of their gods?

The whirling globe
Bears round man's sweating agony of blood,
That Might may gloat above impotent Pain!

Man's soul is dual—he is half a fiend,
And from himself he typifies Almighty.
O, poison-doubt, the answer holds no peace:
Man did not make himself a fiend, but God.

Between them, what? Prometheus stares
Through ether to the lurid eyes of Jove—
Between them, Darkness!

But the gods are dead—
Ay, Zeus is dead, and all the gods but Doubt,
And Doubt is brother devil to Despair!
What, then, for us? Better Prometheus' fate,
Who dared the gods, than insect unbelief—
Better Doubt's fitful flame than abject nothingness!

O, world around us, glory of the spheres!
God speaks in ordered harmony—behold!
Between us and the Darkness, clad in light,—
Between us and the curtain of the Vast,—two Forms,
And each is crowned eternally—and One
Is crowned with flowers and tender leaves and grass,
And smiles benignly; and the other One,

With sadly pitying eyes, is crowned with thorns:
O Nature, and O Christ, for men to love
And seek and live by—Thine the dual reign—
The health and hope and happiness of men!

Behold our faith and fruit!—

What demon laughs?

Behold our books, our schools, our states,
Where Christ and Nature are the daily word;
Behold our dealings between man and man,
Our laws for home, our treaties for abroad;
Behold our honor, honesty, and freedom,
And, last, our brotherhood! For we are born
In Christian times and ruled by Christian rules!

Bah! God is mild, or he would strike the world
As men should smite a liar on the mouth.
Shame on the falsehood! Let us tell the truth—
Nor Christ nor Nature rules, but Greed and Creed
And Caste and Cant and Craft and Ignorance.
Down to the dust with every decent face,
And whisper there the lies we daily live.
O, God forgive us! Nature never can;
For one is merciful, the other just.

Let us confess: by Nations first—our lines
Are writ in blood and rapine and revenge;
Conquest and pride have motive been and law—
Christ walks with us to hourly crucifixion!

As Men? Would God the better tale were here:
Atom as whole, corruption, shrewdness, self.
Freedom? A juggle—hundreds slave for one,—
That one is free, and boasts, and lo! the shame,
The hundreds at the wheel go boasting too.

Justice? The selfish only can succeed;
Success means power—did Christ mean it so?—
And power must be guarded by the law,
And preachers preach that law must be obeyed,
Ay, even when Right is ironed in the dock,
And Rapine sits in ermine on the bench!
Mercy? Behold it in the reeking slums
That grow like cancers from the palace wall;
Go hear it from the conquered—how their blood
Is weighed in drops, and purchased, blood for gold;
Go ask the toiling tenant why he paid
The landlord's rent and let his children starve;
Go find the thief, whose father was a thief,
And ask what Christian leech has cured his sin?
Honesty? Our law of life is Gain—
We must get gold or be accounted fools;
The lovable, the generous, must be crushed
And substituted by the hard and shrewd.
What is it, Christ, this thing called Christian life,
Where Christ is not, where ninety slave for ten,
And never own a flower save when they steal it,
And never hear a bird save when they cage it?
Is this the freedom of Thy truth? Ah, woe
For those who see a higher, nobler law
Than his, the Crucified, if this be so!

O, man's blind hope—Prometheus, thine the gift—
That bids him live when reason bids him die!
We cling to this, as sailors to a spar—
We see that this is Truth: that men are one,
Nor king nor slave among them save by law;
We see that law is crime, save God's sweet code
That laps the world in freedom: trees and men
And every life around us, days and seasons,
All for their natural order on the planet,
To live their lives, an hour, a hundred years,
Equal, content, and free—nor curse their souls
With trade's malign unrest, with books that breed

Disparity, contempt for those who cannot read ;
With cities full of toil and sin and sorrow,
Climbing the devil-builded hill called Progress !
Prometheus, we reject thy gifts for Christ's !
Selfish and hard were thine ; but His are sweet—
"Sell what thou hast and give it to the poor!"
Him we must follow to the great Commune,
Reading his book of Nature, growing wise
As planet-men, who own the earth, and pass ;
Him we must follow till foul Cant and Caste
Die like disease, and Mankind, freed at last,
Tramples the complex life and laws and limits
That stand between all living things and Freedom !

UNSPOKEN WORDS.

THE kindly words that rise within the heart,
And thrill it with their sympathetic tone,
But die ere spoken, fail to play their part,
And claim a merit that is not their own.
The kindly word unspoken is a sin,—
A sin that wraps itself in purest guise,
And tells the heart that, doubting, looks within,
That not in speech, but thought, the virtue lies.

But 'tis not so : another heart may thirst
For that kind word, as Hagar in the wild—
Poor banished Hagar !—prayed a well might burst
From out the sand to save her parching child.
And loving eyes that cannot see the mind
Will watch the expected movement of the lip :
Ah ! can ye let its cutting silence wind
Around that heart, and scathe it like a whip ?

Unspoken words, like treasures in the mine,
Are valueless until we give them birth :

Like unfound gold their hidden beauties shine,
Which God has made to bless and gild the earth.
How sad 'twould be to see a master's hand
Strike glorious notes upon a voiceless lute!
But oh! what pain when, at God's own command,
A heart-string thrills with kindness, but is mute!

Then hide it not, the music of the soul,
Dear sympathy, expressed with kindly voice,
But let it like a shining river roll
To deserts dry,—to hearts that would rejoice.
Oh! let the symphony of kindly words
Sound for the poor, the friendless, and the weak;
And he will bless you,—he who struck these chords
Will strike another when in turn you seek.

STAR-GAZING.

LET be what is: why should we strive and wrestle
With awkward skill against a subtle doubt?
Or pin a mystery 'neath our puny pestle,
And vainly try to bray its secret out?

What boots it me to gaze at other planets,
And speculate on sensate beings there?
It comforts not that, since the moon began its
Well-ordered course, it knew no breath of air.

There may be men and women up in Venus,
Where science finds both summer-green and snow;
But are we happier asking, "Have they seen us?
And, like us earth-men, do they yearn to know?"

On greater globes than ours men may be greater,
For all things here in fair proportion run;

But will it make our poor cup any sweeter
To think a nobler Shakespeare thrills the sun?

Or, that our sun is but itself a minor,
Like this dark earth—a tenth-rate satellite,
That swings submissive round an orb diviner,
Whose day is lightning, with our day for night?

Or, past all suns, to find the awful center
Round which they meanly wind a servile road;
Ah, will it raise us or degrade, to enter
Where that world's Shakespeare towers almost to God?

No, no; far better, "lords of all creation"
To strut our ant-hill, and to take our ease;
To look aloft and say, "That constellation
Was lighted there our regal sight to please!"

We owe no thanks to so-called men of science,
Who demonstrate that earth, not sun, goes round;
'Twere better think the sun a mere appliance
To light man's villages and heat his ground.

There seems no good in asking or in humbling;
The mind incurious has the most of rest;
If we can live and laugh and pray, not grumbling,
'Tis all we can do here—and 'tis the best.

The throbbing brain will burst its tender raiment
With futile force, to see by finite light
How man's brief earning and eternal payment
Are weighed as equal in th' Infinite sight.

'Tis all in vain to struggle with abstraction—
The milky way that tempts our mental glass;
The study for mankind is earth-born action;
The highest wisdom, let the wondering pass.

The Lord knows best: He gave us thirst for learning;
And deepest knowledge of His work betrays
No thirst left waterless. Shall our soul-yearning,
Apart from all things, be a quenchless blaze?

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

HER hair was a waving bronze, and her eyes
Deep wells that might cover a brooding soul;
And who, till he weighed it, could ever surmise
That her heart was a cinder instead of a coal!

THE OLD SCHOOL CLOCK.

OLD memories rush o'er my mind just now
Of faces and friends of the past;
Of that happy time when life's dream was all bright,
E'er the clear sky of youth was o'ercast.
Very dear are those mem'ries,—they've clung round my heart,
And bravely withstood Time's rude shock;
But not one is more hallowed or dear to me now
Than the face of the old school clock.

'Twas a quaint old clock with a quaint old face,
And great iron weights and chain;
It stopped when it liked, and before it struck
It creaked as if 'twere in pain.
It had seen many years, and it seemed to say,
"I'm one of the real old stock,"
To the youthful fry, who with reverence looked
On the face of the old school clock.

How many a time have I labored to sketch
That yellow and time-honored face,
With its basket of flowers, its figures and hands,
And the weights and the chains in their place!
How oft have I gazed with admiring eye,
As I sat on the wooden block,
And pondered and guessed at the wonderful things
That were inside that old school clock!

What a terrible frown did the old clock wear
To the truant, who timidly cast
An anxious eye on those merciless hands,
That for him had been moving too fast!
But its frown soon changed; for it loved to smile
On the thoughtless, noisy flock,
And it creaked and whirred and struck with glee,—
Did that genial, good-humored old clock.

Well, years had passed, and my mind was filled
With the world, its cares and ways,
When again I stood in that little school
Where I passed my boyhood's days.
My old friend was gone! and there hung a thing
That my sorrow seemed to mock,
As I gazed with a tear and a softened heart
At a new-fashioned Yankee clock.

'Twas a gaudy thing with bright-painted sides,
And it looked with insolent stare
On the desks and the seats and on everything old
And I thought of the friendly air
Of the face that I missed, with its weights and chains,—
All gone to the auctioneer's block:
'Tis a thing of the past,—never more shall I see
But in mem'ry that old school clock.

'Tis the way of the world: old friends pass away,
And fresh faces arise in their stead;

But still 'mid the din and the bustle of life
We cherish fond thoughts of the dead.
Yes, dearly those memories cling round my heart,
And bravely withstand Time's rude shock;
But not one is more dear or more hallowed to me
Than the face of that old school clock.

WITHERED SNOWDROPS.

THEY came in the early spring-days,
With the first refreshing showers
And I watched the growing beauty
Of the little drooping flowers.

They had no bright hues to charm me,
No gay painting to allure;
But they made me think of angels,
They were all so white and pure.

In the early morns I saw them,
Dew-drops clinging to each bell,
And the first glad sunbeam hasting
Just to kiss them ere they fell.

Daily grew their spotless beauty;
But I feared when chill winds blew
They were all too frail and tender,—
And alas! my fears were true.

One glad morn I went to see them
While the bright drops gemmed their snow,
And one angel flower was withered,
Its fair petals drooping low.

Its white sister's tears fell on it,
And the sunbeam sadly shone;

For its innocence was withered,
And its purity was gone.

Still I left it there: I could not
Tear it rudely from its place;
It might rise again, and summer
Might restore its vanished grace.

But my hopes grew weaker, weaker,
And my heart with grief was pained
When I knew it must be severed
From the innocence it stained.

I must take it from the pure ones:
Henceforth they must live apart.
But I could not cut my flow'ret—
My lost angel—from my heart.

Oft I think of that dead snowdrop,
Think with sorrow, when I meet,
Day by day, the poor lost flowers,—
Sullied snowdrops of the street.

They were pure once, loved and loving,
And there still lives good within.
Ah! speak gently to them: harsh words
Will not lead them from their sin.

They are not like withered flowers
That can never bloom again:
They can rise, bright angel snowdrops,
Purified from every stain.

A SAVAGE.

DIXON, a Choctaw, twenty years of age,
Had killed a miner in a Leadville brawl;
Tried and condemned, the rough-beards curb their rage,
And watch him stride in freedom from the hall.

"*Return on Friday, to be shot to death!*"
So ran the sentence—it was Monday night.
The dead man's comrades drew a well-pleased breath;
Then all night long the gambling dens were bright.

The days sped slowly; but the Friday came,
And flocked the miners to the shooting-ground;
They chose six riflemen of deadly aim,
And with low voices sat and lounged around.

"He will not come." "He's not a fool." "The men
Who set the savage free must face the blame."
A Choctaw brave smiled bitterly, and then
Smiled proudly, with raised head, as Dixon came.

Silent and stern—a woman at his heels;
He motions to the brave, who stays her tread.
Next minute—flame the guns: the woman reels
And drops without a moan—Dixon is dead.

RULES OF THE ROAD.

WHAT man would be wise, let him drink of the river
That bears on its bosom the record of time:
A message to him every wave can deliver
To teach him to creep till he knows how to climb.
Who heeds not experience, trust him not; tell him
The scope of one mind can but trifles achieve:
The weakest who draws from the mine will excel him
The wealth of mankind is the wisdom they leave.

For peace do not hope—to be just you must break it;
Still work for the minute and not for the year;
When honor comes to you, be ready to take it;
But reach not to seize it before it is near.

Be silent and safe—silence never betrays you;
Be true to your word and your work and your friend;
Put least trust in him who is foremost to praise you,
Nor judge of a road till it draw to the end.

Stand erect in the vale, nor exult on the mountain;
Take gifts with a sigh—most men give to be paid;
"I had" is a heartache, "I have" is a fountain,—
You're worth what you saved, not the million you made.
Trust toil not intent, or your plans will miscarry;
Your wife keep a sweetheart, instead of a tease;
Rule children by reason, not rod; and, mind, marry
Your girl when you can—and your boy when you please.

Steer straight as the wind will allow; but be ready
To veer just a point to let travelers pass:
Each sees his own star—a stiff course is too steady
When this one to Meeting goes, that one to Mass.
Our stream's not so wide but two arches may span it—
Good neighbor and citizen; these for a code,
And this truth in sight,—every man on the planet
Has just as much right as yourself to the road.

LOVING IS DREAMING.

LIFE is a certainty,
Death is a doubt;
Men may be dead
While they're walking about.
Love is as needful
To being as breath;
Loving is dreaming,
And waking is death.

AMERICA.

READ BEFORE THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, IN DETROIT, 1881.

NOR War nor Peace, forever, old and young,
But Strength my theme, whose song is yet unsung,
The People's Strength, the deep alluring dream
Of truths that seethe below the truths that seem.

The buried ruins of dead empires seek,
Of Indian, Syrian, Persian, Roman, Greek:
From shattered capital and frieze upraise
The stately structures of their golden days:
Their laws occult, their priests and prophets ask,
Their altars search, their oracles unmask,
Their parable from birth to burial see,
The acorn germ, the growth, the dense-leafed tree,
A world of riant life; the sudden day
When like a new strange glory, shone decay,
A golden glow amid the green; the change
From branch to branch at life's receding range,
Till nothing stands of towering strength and pride
Save naked trunk and arms whose veins are dried;
And these, too, crumble till no signs remain
To mark its place upon the wind-swept plain.

Why died the empires? Like the forest trees
Did Nature doom them? or did slow disease
Assail their roots and poison all their springs?

The old-time story answers: nobles, kings,
Have made and been the State, their names alone
Its history holds; its wealth, its wars, their own.
Their wanton will could raise, enrich, condemn;
The toiling millions lived and died for them.
Their fortunes rose in conquest fell, in guilt;
The people never owned them, never built.

Those olden times! how many words are spent
In weak regret and shallow argument
To prove them wiser, happier than our own!
The oldest moment that the world has known
Is passing now. Those vaunted times were young;
Their wisdom from unlettered peasants sprung;
Their laws from nobles arrogant and rude;
Their justice force, their whole achievement crude.

With men the old are wise: why change the rule
When nations speak, and send the old to school?
Respect the past for all the good it knew:
Give noble lives and struggling truths their due;
But ask what freedom knew the common men
Who served and bled and won the victories then?
The leaders are immortal, but the hordes
They led to death were simply human swords,
Unknowing what they fought for, why they fell.

What change has come? Imperial Europe tell!
Death's warders cry from twenty centuries' peaks:
Platæa's field the word to Plevna speaks;
The martial draft still wastes the peasants' farms—
A dozen kings,—five million men in arms;
The earth mapped out estate-like, hedged with steel;
In neighboring schools the children bred to feel
Unnatural hate, disjoined in speech and creed;
The forges roaring for the armies' need;
The cities builded by the people lined
With scowling forts and roadways undermined;
At every bastioned frontier, every State,
Suspicion, sworded, standing by the gate!

But turn our eyes from these oppressive lands:
Behold! one country all defenseless stands,
One nation-continent, from East to West,
With riches heaped upon her bounteous breast;

Her mines, her marts, her skill of hand and brain,
That bring Aladdin's dreams to light again!

Where sleep the conquerors? Here is chance for spoil:
Such unwatched fields, such endless, priceless toil!
Vain dream of olden time! The robber strength
That swept its will is overmatched at length.
Here, not with swords but smiles the people greet
The foreign spy in harbor, granary, street;
Here towns unguarded lie, for here alone
Nor caste, nor king, nor privilege is known.
For home our farmer plows, our miner delves,
A land of toilers, toiling for themselves;
A land of cities, which no fortress shields,
Whose open streets reach out to fertile fields;
Whose roads are shaken by no armies' tread;
Whose only camps are cities of the dead!
Go stand at Arlington the graves among:
No ramparts, cannons there, no banners hung,
No threat above the Capitol, no blare
To warn the senators the guns are there.

But never yet was city fortified
Like that sad height above Potomac's tide;
There never yet was eloquence in speech
Like those ten thousand stones, a name on each;
No guards e'er pressed such claims on court or king
As these Prætorians to our Senate bring;
The Army of Potomac never lay
So full of strength as in its camp to-day!

On fatal Chæronea's field the Greeks
A lion raised—a sombre tomb that speaks
No word, no name,—an emblem of the pride
Of those that ruled the insect host that died.

But by her soldiers' graves Columbia proves
How fast toward morn the night of manhood moves.

Those low white lines at Gettysburg remain
The sacred record of her humblest slain,
Whose children's children in their time shall come
To view with pride their hero-father's tomb,
While down the ages runs the patriot line,
Till rich tradition makes each tomb a shrine.

Our standing army these, with specter glaives;
Our fortressed towns their battle-ordered graves.
Here sleep our valiant, sown like dragon's teeth;
Here new-born sons renew the pious wreath;
Here proud Columbia bends with tear-stirred mouth,
To kiss their blood-seal, binding North and South,
Two clasping hands upon the knot they tied
When Union lived and Human Slavery died!

Who doubt our strength, or measure it with those
Whose armed millions wait for coming foes,
They judge by royal standards, that depend
On hireling hands to threaten or defend,
That keep their war-dogs chained in time of peace,
And dread a foe scarce less than their release.
Who hunt wild beasts with cheetahs, fiercely tame,
Must watch their hounds as well as fear their game.

Around our veterans hung no dread nor doubt
When twice a million men were mustered out.
As scattered seed in new-plowed land, or flakes
Of spring-time snow descend in smiling lakes,
Our war-born soldiers sank into the sea
Of peaceful life and fruitful energy.
No sign remained of that vast army, save
In field and street new workmen, bronzed and grave;
Some whistling teamsters still in army vest;
Some quiet citizens with medaled breast.

So died the hatred of our brother feud;
The conflict o'er the triumph was subdued.

What victor King e'er spared the conquered foe?
How much of mercy did strong Prussia show
When anguished Paris at her feet lay prone?
The German trumpet rang above her moan,
The clink of Uhlan spurs her temples knew,
Her Arch of Triumph spanned their triumph, too.

Not thus, O South! when thy proud head was low,
Thy passionate heart laid open to the foe—
Not thus, Virginia, did thy victors meet
At Appomattox him who bore defeat:
No brutal show abased thine honored State:
Grant turned from Richmond at the very gate!
O Land magnanimous, republican!
The last for Nationhood, the first for Man!
Because thy lines by Freedom's hand were laid
Profound the sin to change or retrograde.
From base to cresting let thy work be new;
'Twas not by aping foreign ways it grew.
To struggling peoples give at least applause;
Let equities not precedent subtend your laws;
Like rays from that great Eye the altars show,
That fall triangular, free states should grow,
The soul above, the brain and hand below.
Believe that strength lies not in steel nor stone;
That perils wait the land whose heavy throne,
Though ringed by swords and rich with titled show,
Is based on fettered misery below;
That nations grow where every class unites
For common interests and common rights;
Where no caste barrier stays the poor man's son,
Till step by step the topmost height is won;
Where every hand subscribes to every rule,
And free as air are voice and vote and school!
A Nation's years are centuries. Let Art
Portray thy first, and Liberty will start
From every field in Europe at the sight.
"Why stand these thrones between us and the light?"

Strong men will ask: "Who built these frontier towers
To bar out men of kindred blood with ours?"

O, this thy work, Republic! this thy health,
To prove man's birthright to a commonwealth;
To teach the peoples to be strong and wise,
Till armies, nations, nobles, royalties,
Are laid at rest with all their fears and hates;
Till Europe's thirteen Monarchies are States,
Without a barrier and without a throne,
Of one grand Federation like our own!

THE POISON-FLOWER.

IN the evergreen shade of an Austral wood,
Where the long branches laced above,
Through which all day it seemed
The sweet sunbeams down-gleamed
Like the rays of a young mother's love,
When she hides her glad face with her hands and peeps
At the youngling that crows on her knee:
'Neath such ray-shivered shade,
In a banksia glade,
Was this flower first shown to me.

A rich pansy it was, with a small white lip
And a wonderful purple hood;
And your eye caught the sheen
Of its leaves, parrot-green,
Down the dim gothic aisles of the wood.
And its foliage rich on the moistureless sand
Made you long for its odorous breath;
But ah! 'twas to take
To your bosom a snake,
For its pestilent fragrance was death.

And I saw it again, in a far northern land,—
Not a pansy, not purple and white;
Yet in beauteous guise
Did this poison-plant rise,
Fair and fatal again to my sight.
And men longed for her kiss and her odorous breath
When no friend was beside them to tell
That to kiss was to die,
That her truth was a lie,
And her beauty a soul-killing spell.

PEACE AND PAIN.

THE day and night are symbols of creation,
And each has part in all that God has made;
There is no ill without its compensation,
And life and death are only light and shade.
There never beat a heart so base and sordid
But felt at times a sympathetic glow;
There never lived a virtue unrewarded,
Nor died a vice without its meed of woe.

In this brief life despair should never reach us;
The sea looks wide because the shores are dim;
The star that led the Magi still can teach us
The way to go if we but look to Him.
And as we wade, the darkness closing o'er us,
The hungry waters surging to the chin,
Our deeds will rise like stepping-stones before us—
The good and bad—for we may use the sin.

A sin of youth, atoned for and forgiven,
Takes on a virtue, if we choose to find:
When clouds across our onward path are driven,
We still may steer by its pale light behind.

A sin forgotten is in part to pay for,
A sin remembered is a constant gain:
Sorrow, next joy, is what we ought to pray for,
As next to peace we profit most from pain.

HIDDEN SINS.

FOR every sin that comes before the light,
And leaves an outward blemish on the soul,
How many, darker, cower out of sight,
And burrow, blind and silent, like the mole.
And like the mole, too, with its busy feet
That dig and dig a never-ending cave,
Our hidden sins gnaw through the soul, and meet
And feast upon each other in its grave.

A buried sin is like a covered sore
That spreads and festers 'neath a painted face;
And no man's art can heal it evermore,
But only His—the Surgeon's—promised grace.
Who hides a sin is like the hunter who
Once warmed a frozen adder with his breath,
And when he placed it near his heart it flew
With poisoned fangs and stung that heart to death.

A sculptor once a granite statue made,
One-sided only, just to fit its place:
The unseen side was monstrous; so men shade
Their evil acts behind a smiling face.
O blind! O foolish! thus our sins to hide,
And force our pleading hearts the gall to sip;
O cowards! who must eat the myrrh, that Pride
May smile like Virtue with a lying lip.

A sin admitted is nigh half atoned;
And while the fault is red and freshly done,

If we but drop our eyes and think,—'tis owned,—
'Tis half forgiven, half the crown is won.
But if we heedless let it reek and rot,
Then pile a mountain on its grave, and turn,
With smiles to all the world,—that tainted spot
Beneath the mound will never cease to burn.

THE LOSS OF THE EMIGRANTS.

THE STEAMER "ATLANTIC" WAS WRECKED NEAR HALIFAX, N. S., APRIL 1, 1873, AND 560 LIVES LOST.

FOR months and years, with penury and want
And heart-sore envy did they dare to cope;
And mite by mite was saved from earnings scant,
To buy, some future day, the God-sent hope.

They trod the crowded streets of hoary towns,
Or tilled from year to year the wearied fields,
And in the shadow of the golden crowns
They gasped for sunshine and the health it yields.

They turned from homes all cheerless, child and man,
With kindly feelings only for the soil,
And for the kindred faces, pinched and wan,
That prayed, and stayed, unwilling, at their toil.

They lifted up their faces to the Lord,
And read His answer in the westering sun
That called them ever as a shining word,
And beckoned seaward as the rivers run.

They looked their last, wet-eyed, on Swedish hills,
On German villages and English dales;
Like brooks that grow from many mountain rills
The peasant-stream flowed out from Irish vales.

Their grief at parting was not all a grief,
But blended sweetly with the joy to come,
When from full store they spared the rich relief
To gladden all the dear ones left at home.

"We thank thee, God!" they cried; "The cruel gate
That barred our lives has swung beneath Thy hand;
Behind our ship now frowns the cruel fate,
Before her smiles the teeming Promised Land!"

Alas! when shown in mercy or in wrath,
How weak we are to read God's awful lore!
His breath protected on the stormy path,
And dashed them lifeless on the promised shore!

His hand sustained them in the parting woe,
And gave bright vision to the heart of each
His waters bore them where they wished to go,
Then swept them seaward from the very beach!

Their home is reached, their fetters now are riven,
Their humble toil is o'er,—their rest has come;
A land was promised and a land is given,—
But, oh! God help the waiting ones at home!

TRUST.

A MAN will trust another man, and show
His secret thought and act, as if he must;
A woman—does she tell her sins? Ah, no!
She never knew a woman she could trust.

THE FISHERMEN OF WEXFORD.

THERE is an old tradition sacred held in Wexford town,
That says: "Upon St. Martin's Eve no net shall be let down;
No fishermen of Wexford shall, upon that holy day,
Set sail or cast a line within the scope of Wexford Bay."
The tongue that framed the order, or the time, no one could tell;
And no one ever questioned, but the people kept it well.
And never in man's memory was fisher known to leave
The little town of Wexford on the good St. Martin's Eve.

Alas! alas for Wexford! once upon that holy day
Came a wondrous shoal of herring to the waters of the Bay.
The fishers and their families stood out upon the beach,
And all day watched with wistful eyes the wealth they might not reach.
Such shoal was never seen before, and keen regrets went round—
Alas! alas for Wexford! Hark! what is that grating sound?
The boats' keels on the shingle! Mothers! wives! ye well may grieve,—
The fishermen of Wexford mean to sail on Martin s Eve!

"Oh, stay ye!" cried the women wild. "Stay!" cried the men white-haired;
"And dare ye not to do this thing your fathers never dared.
No man can thrive who tempts the Lord!" "Away!" they cried: "the Lord
Ne'er sent a shoal of fish but as a fisherman's reward."
And scoffingly they said, "To-night our net shall sweep the Bay,
And take the Saint who guards it, should he come across our way!"

The keels have touched the water, and the crews are in each boat;
And on St. Martin's Eve the Wexford fishers are afloat!

The moon is shining coldly on the sea and on the land,
On dark faces in the fishing-fleet and pale ones on the strand,
As seaward go the daring boats, and heavenward the cries
Of kneeling wives and mothers with uplifted hands and eyes.

"Oh Holy Virgin! be their guard!" the weeping women cried;
The old men, sad and silent, watched the boats cleave through the tide,
As past the farthest headland, past the lighthouse, in a line
The fishing-fleet went seaward through the phosphor-lighted brine.

Oh, pray, ye wives and mothers! All your prayers they sorely need
To save them from the wrath they've roused by their rebellious greed.
Oh! white-haired men and little babes, and weeping sweethearts, pray
To God to spare the fishermen to-night in Wexford Bay!

The boats have reached good offing, and, as out the nets are thrown,
The hearts ashore are chilled to hear the soughing sea-wind's moan:

Like to a human heart that loved, and hoped for some return,
To find at last but hatred, so the sea-wind seemed to mourn.
But ah! the Wexford fishermen! their nets did scarcely sink

One inch below the foam, when, lo! the daring boatmen shrink
With sudden awe and whitened lips and glaring eyes agape,
For breast-high, threatening, from the sea uprose a Human Shape!

Beyond them,—in the moonlight,—hand upraised and awful mien,
Waving back and pointing landward, breast-high in the sea 'twas seen.
Thrice it waved and thrice it pointed,—then, with clenchéd hand upraised,
The awful shape went down before the fishers as they gazed!
Gleaming whitely through the water, fathoms deep they saw its frown,—
They saw its white hand clenched above it,—sinking slowly down!
And then there was a rushing 'neath the boats, and every soul
Was thrilled with greed: they knew it was the seaward-going shoal!

Defying the dread warning, every face was sternly set,
And wildly did they ply the oar, and wildly haul the net.
But two boats' crews obeyed the sign,—God-fearing men were they,—
They cut their lines and left their nets, and homeward sped away;
But darkly rising sternward did God's wrath in tempest sweep,
And they, of all the fishermen, that night escaped the deep.
Oh, wives and mothers, sweethearts, sires! well might ye mourn next day;
For seventy fishers' corpses strewed the shores of Wexford Bay!

THE WELL'S SECRET.

I KNEW it all my boyhood : in a lonesome valley meadow,
Like a dryad's mirror hidden by the wood's dim arches near ;
Its eye flashed back the sunshine, and grew dark and sad with shadow ;
And I loved its truthful depths where every pebble lay so clear.

I scooped my hand and drank it, and watched the sensate quiver
Of the rippling rings of silver as the beads of crystal fell ;
I pressed the richer grasses from its little trickling river,
Till at last I knew, as friends know, every secret of the well.

But one day I stood beside it on a sudden, unexpected,
When the sun had crossed the valley and a shadow hid the place ;
And I looked in the dark water—saw my pallid cheek reflected—
And beside it, looking upward, met an evil reptile face:

Looking upward, furtive, startled at the silent, swift intrusion ;
Then it darted toward the grasses, and I saw not where it fled ;
But I knew its eyes were on me, and the old-time sweet illusion
Of the pure and perfect symbol I had cherished there was dead.

O, the pain to know the perjury of seeming truth that blesses !

My soul was seared like sin to see the falsehood of the place;
And the innocence that mocked me, while in dim unseen recesses
There were lurking fouler secrets than the furtive reptile face.

And since then,—O, why the burden?—when the joyous faces greet me,
With their eyes of limpid innocence, and words devoid of art,
I cannot trust their seeming, but must ask what eyes would meet me
Could I look in sudden silence at the secrets of the heart!

LIFE IS A CONFLUENCE.

HUNGER goes sleeplessly
Thinking of food;
Evil lies painfully
Yearning for good.
Life is a confluence:
Nature must move,
Like the heart of a poet,
Toward beauty and love.

THE PATRIOT'S GRAVE.

READ AT THE EMMET CENTENNIAL IN BOSTON, MARCH 4, 1878.

"I am going to my cold and silent grave—my lamp of life is nearly extinguished. I have parted with everything that was dear to me in this life for my country's cause—with the idol of my soul, the object of my affections: my race is run, the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom! I have but one request to make at my departure from this world—it is the charity of its silence! Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not ignorance nor prejudice asperse them. Let them rest in obscurity and peace! Let my memory be left in oblivion, and my tomb uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written."—*Speech of Robert Emmet in the Dock.*

I.

TEAR down the crape from the column! Let the shaft stand white and fair!
Be silent the wailing music—there is no death in the air!
We come not in plaint or sorrow—no tears may dim our sight:
We dare not weep o'er the epitaph we have not dared to write.
Come hither with glowing faces, the sire, the youth, and the child;
This grave is a shrine for reverent hearts and hands that are undefiled:
Its ashes are inspiration; it giveth us strength to bear,
And sweepeth away dissension, and nerveth the will to dare.

In the midst of the tombs a Gravestone—and written thereon no word!
And behold! at the head of the grave, a gibbet, a torch, and a sword!

And the people kneel by the gibbet, and pray by the nameless stone
For the torch to be lit, and the name to be writ, and the sword's red work to be done!

II.

With pride and not with grief
We lay this century leaf
Upon the tomb, with hearts that do not falter:
A few brief, toiling years
Since fell the nation's tears,
And lo, the patriot's gibbet is an altar!

The people that are blest
Have him they love the best
To mount the martyr's scaffold when they need him;
And vain the cords that bind
While the nation's steadfast mind,
Like the needle to the pole, is true to freedom!

III.

Three powers there are that dominate the world—
Fraud, Force, and Right—and two oppress the one:
The bolts of Fraud and Force like twins are hurled—
Against them ever standeth Right alone.

Cyclopian strokes the brutal allies give:
Their fetters massive and their dungeon walls;
Beneath their yoke, weak nations cease to live,
And valiant Right itself defenseless falls!

Defaced is law, and justice slain at birth;
Good men are broken—malefactors thrive;
But, when the tyrants tower o'er the earth,
Behind their wheels strong right is still alive!

Alive, like seed that God's own hand has sown—
Like seed that lieth in the lowly furrow,

But springs to life when wintry winds are blown:
To-day the earth is gray—'tis green to-morrow.

The roots strike deep despite the rulers' power,
The plant grows strong with summer sun and rain,
Till autumn bursts the deep red-hearted flower,
And freedom marches to the front again!

While slept the right, and reigned the dual wrong,
Unchanged, unchecked, for half a thousand years,
In tears of blood we cried, "O Lord, how long?"
And even God seemed deaf to Erin's tears.

But when she lay all weak and bruised and broken,
Her white limbs seared with cruel chain and thorn—
As bursts the cloud, the lightning word was spoken,
God's seed took root—His crop of men was born!

With one deep breath began the land's progression:
On every field the seeds of freedom fell:
Burke, Grattan, Flood, and Curran in the session—
Fitzgerald, Sheares, and Emmet in the cell!

Such teachers soon aroused the dormant nation—
Such sacrifice insured the endless fight:
The voice of Grattan smote wrong's domination—
The death of Emmet sealed the cause of right!

IV.

Richest of gifts to a nation! Death with the living crown!
Type of ideal manhood to the people's heart brought down!

Fount of the hopes we cherish—test of the things we do;
Gorgon's face for the traitor—talisman for the true!

Sweet is the love of a woman, and sweet is the kiss of a child;
Sweet is the tender strength, and the bravery of the mild;

But sweeter than all, for embracing all, is the young life's peerless price—
The young heart laid on the altar, as a nation's sacrifice.

How can the debt be canceled? Prayers and tears we may give—
But how recall the anguish of hearts that have ceased to live?

Flushed with the pride of genius—filled with the strength of life—
Thrilled with delicious passion for her who would be his wife—

This was the heart he offered—the upright life he gave—
This is the silent sermon of the patriot's nameless grave.

Shrine of a nation's honor—stone left blank for a name—
Light on the dark horizon to guide us clear from shame—

Chord struck deep with the keynote, telling us what can save—
"A nation among the nations," or forever a nameless grave.

Such is the will of the martyr—the burden we still must bear;
But even from death he reaches the legacy to share:

He teaches the secret of manhood—the watchword of those who aspire—
That men must follow freedom though it lead through blood and fire;

That sacrifice is the bitter draught which freemen still must quaff—
That every patriotic life is the patriot's epitaph.

THE FEAST OF THE GAEL.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

I.

WHAT a union of hearts is the love of a mother
When races of men in her name unite!
For love of Old Erin, and love of each other,
The boards of the Gael are full to-night!
Their millions of men have one toast and one topic—
Their feuds laid aside and their envies removed;
From the pines of the Pole to the palms of the Tropic,
They drink: "The dear Land we have prayed for and loved!"
They are One by the bond of a time-honored fashion;
Though strangers may see but the lights of their feast,
Beneath lies the symbol of faith and of passion
Alike of the Pagan and Christian priest!

II.

When native laws by native kings
At Tara were decreed,
The grand old Gheber worship
Was the form of Erin's creed.
The Sun, Life-giver, was God on high;
Men worshipped the Power they saw;
And they kept the faith as the ages rolled
By the solemn Beltane law.
Each year, on the Holy Day, was quenched
The household fires of the land;
And the Druid priest, at the midnight hour,
Brought forth the flaming brand,—
The living spark for the Nation's hearths,—
From the Monarch's hand it came,

Whose fire at Tara spread the sign—
And the people were One by the flame!
And Baal was God! till Patrick came,
By the Holy Name inspired;
On the Beltane night, in great Tara's sight,
His pile at Slane was fired.
And the deed that was death was the Nation's life,
And the doom of the Pagan bane;
For Erin still keeps Beltane night,
But lights her lamp at Slane!
Though fourteen centuries pile their dust
On the mound of the Druid's grave,
TO-NIGHT IS THE BELTANE! Bright the fire
That Holy Patrick gave!
TO-NIGHT IS THE BELTANE! Let him heed
Who studieth creed and race:
Old times and gods are dead, and we
Are far from the ancient place;
The waves of centuries, war, and waste,
Of famine, gallows, and goal,
Have swept our land; but the world to-night
Sees the Beltane Fire of the Gael!

III.

O land of sad fate! like a desolate queen,
Who remembers in sorrow the crown of her glory,
The love of thy children not strangely is seen—
For humanity weeps at thy heart-touching story.
Strong heart in affliction! that draweth thy foes
Till they love thee more dear than thine own generation:
Thy strength is increased as thy life-current flows,—
What were death to another is Ireland's salvation!
God scatters her sons like the seed on the lea,
And they root where they fall, be it mountain or furrow;
They come to remain and remember; and she
In their growth will rejoice in a blissful to-morrow!

They sing in strange lands the sweet songs of their home,
Their emerald Zion enthroned in the billows;
To work, not to weep by the rivers they come:
Their harps are not hanged in despair on the willows.
The hope of the mother beats youthful and strong,
Responsive and true to her children's pulsations,
No petrified heart has she saved from the wrong—
Our Niobe lives for her place 'mong the nations!

Then drink, all her sons—be they Keltic or Danish,
Or Norman or Saxon—one mantle was o'er us;
Let race lines, and creed lines, and every line, vanish—
We drink as the Gael: "To the Mother that bore us!"

MARY.

DEAR honored name, beloved for human ties,
But loved and honored first that One was given
In living proof to erring mortal eyes
That our poor earth is near akin to heaven.

Sweet word of dual meaning: one of grace,
And born of our kind advocate above;
And one by memory linked to that dear face
That blessed my childhood with its mother-love,

And taught me first the simple prayer, "To thee,
Poor banished sons of Eve, we send our cries."
Through mist of years, those words recall to me
A childish face upturned to loving eyes.

And yet to some the name of Mary bears
No special meaning and no gracious power;
In that dear word they seek for hidden snares,
As wasps find poison in the sweetest flower.

But faithful hearts can see, o'er doubts and fears,
The Virgin link that binds the Lord to earth;
Which to the upturned trusting face appears
A more than angel, though of human birth.

The sweet-faced moon reflects on cheerless night
The rays of hidden sun to rise to-morrow;
So unseen God still lets His promised light,
Through holy Mary, shine upon our sorrow.

THE WAIL OF TWO CITIES.

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 9, 1871.

GAUNT in the midst of the prairie,
She who was once so fair;
Charred and rent are her garments,
Heavy and dark like cerements;
Silent, but round her the air
Plaintively wails, "Miserere!"

Proud like a beautiful maiden,
Art-like from forehead to feet,
Was she till pressed like a leman
Close to the breast of the demon,
Lusting for one so sweet,
So were her shoulders laden.

Friends she had, rich in her treasures:
Shall the old taunt be true,—
Fallen, they turn their cold faces,
Seeking new wealth-gilded places,
Saying we never knew
Aught of her smiles or her pleasures?

Silent she stands on the prairie,
Wrapped in her fire-scathed sheet:

Around her, thank God! is the Nation,
Weeping for her desolation,
Pouring its gold at her feet,
Answering her "Miserere!"

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 9, 1872.

O broad-breasted Queen among Nations!
O Mother, so strong in thy youth!
Has the Lord looked upon thee in ire,
And willed thou be chastened by fire,
Without any ruth?

Has the Merciful tired of His mercy,
And turned from thy sinning in wrath,
That the world with raised hand sees and pities
Thy desolate daughters, thy cities,
Despoiled on their path?

One year since thy youngest was stricken:
Thy eldest lies stricken to-day.
Ah! God, was thy wrath without pity,
To tear the strong heart from our city,
And cast it away?

O Father! forgive us our doubting;
The stain from our weak souls efface;
Thou rebukest, we know, but to chasten;
Thy hand has but fallen to hasten
Return to thy grace.

Let us rise purified from our ashes
As sinners have risen who grieved;
Let us show that twice-sent desolation
On every true heart in the nation
Has conquest achieved.

MULEY MALEK, THE KING.

THUNDER of guns, and cries—banners and spears and blood!
Troops have died where they stood holding the vantage points—
They have raced like waves at a wall, and dashed themselves to death.

Dawn the fight begin, and noon was red with its noon.
The armies stretch afar—and the plain of Alcazar
Is drenched with Moorish blood.

On one side, Muley the King—Muley Malek the Strong.
He had seized the Moorish crown because it would fit his brows.
Hamet the Fair was king; but Muley pulled him down, because he was strong.

The fierce sun glares on the clouds of dust and battle-smoke,
The hoarsened soldiers choke in the blinding heat.
Muley the King is afield, but sick to the death.
Borne on a litter he lies, his blood on fire, his eyes
Flaming with fever light.
Hamah Tabah the Captain, stands by the curtained bed,
Telling him news of the fight—how the waves roll and rise, and clash and mingle and seethe.
And Hamah bends to the scene. He peers under archéd hand—
As an eagle he stoops to the field. One hand on the hilt
Is white at the knuckles, so fiercely gripped; while the hand
That had parted the curtains before now clutches the silk and wrings.

Hamet's squadrons are moving in mass—their lines are circling the plain!
The thousands of Muley stand, like bison dazed by an earthquake;

They are stunned by the thud of the fight, they are deer without a leader;
Their charge has died like the impulse of missiles freed from the sling;
Their spears waver like shaken barley,—they are dumb-struck and ready to fly!

Hamah Tabah the Captain, in words like the pouring of pitch, has painted
The terrible scene for the sick King, and terrible answer follows.
Up from the couch of pain, disdaining the bonds of weakness;
Flinging aside disease as a wrestler flings his tunic;
Strong with the smothered fire of fever, and fiercer far than its flaming,
Rises in mail from the litter Muley Malek the King!

Down on his plunging stallion, in the eyes of the shuddered troops,
His bent plume like a smoke, and his sword like a flame,
Smelting their souls with his courage, he rides before his soldiers!
They bend from his face like the sun—their eyes are blind with shame—
They thrill as a stricken tiger thrills, gathering his limbs from a blow;
They raise their faces, and watch him, sworded and mailed and strong;
They watch him, and shout his name fiercely—"*Muley, the King!*"

Grimly they close their ranks, drinking his face like wine;
Strength to the arm and wrath to the soul, and power—
Fuel and fire he was—and the battle roared like a crater!

Back to the litter, his face turned from the lines, and fixed
In a stare like the faces in granite, the King
Rode straight and strong, holding his sword
Soldierly, gripped on the thigh, grim as a king in iron!

Stiff in the saddle, stark, frowning—one hand is raised,
The mailéd finger is laid on the mouth:
"*Silence!*" the warning said to Hamah Tabah the Captain.

Help from his horse they give, moving him, still unbending,
Down to the bed, and lay him within the curtains.
Mutely they answer his frown, like ridges of bronze, and sternly
Again is the mailed hand raised and laid on the lips in warning:
"*Silence!*" it said, and the meaning smote through their blood like flame,
As the tremor passed through his armor and the grayness crept o'er his features—
Muley the King was dead!

Furious the struggle and long, the armies with teeth aclench
And dripping weapons shortened, like athletes whose blows have killed pain.
The soldiers of Hamet were flushed—but the spirit of Muley opposed them;
The weak of Muley grew strong when they looked at the curtained litter.
Their thought of the King was wine in the thirst of the fight;

They saw that Hamah was there, still bending over the bed;
Holding the curtains wide and taking the order that came
From the burning lips of the King, and sending it down to his soldiers;
They knew that Hamah the Captain was telling him of the onset,
How they swept like hail on the fields, and left them like sickled grain.
Back, as the waves in a tempest are flung from a cliff and scattered,
Burst and horribly broken and driven beneath with the impact,
Shivered, for once and forever, the conquered forces; King Hamet
Was slain by the sword, and the foreign monarch who helped him,
And the plain was swept by the besom of death:
There never was grander faith in a king!

Trophies and victors' crowns, bring them to bind his brow!
Circle his curtained bed—thousands and thousands, come!
It will cure him, and kill his pain—we must see him to-night again:
One glance of his love and pride for all the hosts that died—
To his bedside—come!

Rigid, with frowning brow, his finger laid on his lips,
They saw him—saw him and knew, and read the word that he spake,
Stronger than death, and they stood in their tears, and were silent,
Obeying the King!

HEART-HUNGER.

THERE is no truth in faces, save in children:
They laugh and frown and weep from nature's keys;
But we who meet the world give out false notes,
The true note dying muffled in the heart.

O, there be woeful prayers and piteous wailing,
That spirits hear, from lives that starve for love!
The body's food is bread; and wretches' cries
Are heard and answered: but the spirit's food
Is love; and hearts that starve may die in agony
And no physician mark the cause of death.

You cannot read the faces; they are masks—
Like yonder woman, smiling at the lips,
Silk-clad, bejeweled, lapped with luxury,
And beautiful and young—ay, smiling at the lips,
But never in the eyes from inner light:
A gracious temple hung with flowers without—
Within, a naked corpse upon the stones!

O, years and years ago the hunger came—
The desert-thirst for love—she prayed for love—
She cried out in the night-time of her soul for love!
The cup they gave was poison whipped to froth.
For years she drank it, knowing it for death;
She shrieked in soul against it, but must drink:
The skies were dumb—she dared not swoon or scream.
As Indian mothers see babes die for food,
She watched dry-eyed beside her starving heart,
And only sobbed in secret for its gasps,
And only raved one wild hour when it died!

O Pain, have pity! Numb her quivering sense;
O Fame, bring guerdon! Thrice a thousand years
Thy boy-thief with the fox beneath his cloak

Has let it gnaw his side unmoved, and held the world ;
And she, a slight woman, smiling at the lips,
With repartee and jest—a corpse-heart in her breast!

SILENCE, NOT DEATH.

I START! I have slept for a moment ;
I have dreamt, sitting here by her chair—
Oh, how lonely! What was it that touched me?
What presence, what heaven-sent air?

It was nothing, you say. But I tremble!
I heard her, I knew she was near—
Felt her breath, felt her cheek on my forehead—
Awake or asleep, she was here!

It was nothing—a dream? Strike that harp-string ;
Again—still again—till it cries
In its uttermost treble—still strike it—
Ha? vibrant but silent! It dies—

It dies, just as she died. Go, listen—
That highest vibration is dumb.
Your sense, friend, too soon finds a limit
And answer, when mysteries come.

Truth speaks in the senseless, the spirit ;
But here in this palpable part
We sound the low notes, but are silent
To music sublimed in the heart.

Too few and too gross our dull senses,
And clogged with the mire of the road,
Till we loathe their coarse bondage ; as seabirds
Encaged on a cliff, look abroad

On the ocean and limitless heaven,
Alight with the beautiful stars,
And hear what they say, not the creakings
That rise from our sensual bars.

O life, let me dream, let her presence
Be near me, her fragrance, her breath;
Let me sleep, if in slumber the seeking;
Sleep on, if the finding be death.

RESURGITE!—JUNE, 1877.

NOW, for the faith that is in ye,
Polander, Sclav, and Kelt!
Prove to the world what the lips have hurled
The hearts have grandly felt.

Rouse, ye races in shackles!
See in the East, the glare
Is red in the sky, and the warning cry
Is sounding—"Awake! Prepare!"

A voice from the spheres—a hand downreached
To hands that would be free,
To rend the gyves from the fettered lives
That strain toward Liberty!

Circassia! the cup is flowing
That holdeth perennial youth:
Who strikes succeeds, for when manhood bleeds
Each drop is a Cadmus' tooth.

Sclavonia! first from the sheathing
Thy knife to the cord that binds;
Thy one-tongued host shall renew the boast:
"The Scythians are the Winds!"

Greece! to the grasp of heroes,
Flashed with thine ancient pride,
Thy swords advance: in the passing chance
The great of heart are tried.

Poland! thy lance-heads brighten:
The Tartar has swept thy name
From the schoolman's chart, but the patriot's heart
Preserves its lines in flame.

Ireland! mother of dolors,
The trial on thee descends:
Who quaileth in fear when the test is near,
His bondage never ends.

Oppression, that kills the craven,
Defied, is the freeman's good:
No cause can be lost forever whose cost
Is coined from Freedom's blood!

Liberty's wine and altar
Are blood and human right;
Her weak shall be strong while the struggle with wrong
Is a sacrificial fight.

Earth for the people—their laws their own—
An equal race for all:
Though shattered and few who to this are true
Shall flourish the more they fall.

IRELAND—1882.

"ISLAND of Destiny! Innisfail!" they cried, when their weary eyes
First looked on thy beauteous bosom from the amorous ocean rise.

"Island of Destiny! Innisfail!" we cry, dear land, to thee,
As the sun of thy future rises and reddens the western sea!

Pregnant as earth with its gold and gems and its metals strong and fine,
Is thy soul with its ardors and fancies and sympathies divine.

Mustard seed of the nations! they scattered thy leaves to the air,
But the ravisher pales at the harvest that flourishes everywhere.
Queen in the right of thy courage! manacled, scourged, defamed,
Thy voice in the teeth of the bayonets the right of a race proclaimed.

"Bah!" they sneered from their battlements, "her people cannot unite;
They are sands of the sea, that break before the rush of our ordered might!"

And wherever the flag of the pirate flew, the English slur was heard,
And the shallow of soul re-echoed the boast of the taunting word.

But we—O sun, that of old was our god, we look in thy face to-day,
As our Druids who prayed in the ancient time, and with them we proudly say:

"We have wronged no race, we have robbed no land, we have never oppressed the weak!"
And this in the face of Heaven is the nobler thing to speak.
We can never unite—thank God for that! in such unity as yours,
That strangles the rights of others, and only itself endures

As the guard of a bloodstained spoil and the red-eyed watch
of the slave;
No need for such robber-union to a race free-souled and
brave.

The races that band for plunder are the mud of the human
stream,
The base and the coward and sordid, without an unselfish
gleam.

It is mud that unites; but the sand is free—ay, every grain
is free,
And the freedom of individual men is the highest of liberty.

It is mud that coheres; but the sand is free, till the light-
ning smite the shore,
And smelt the grains to a crystal mass, to return to sand no
more.
And so with the grains of our Irish sand, that flash clear-
eyed to the sun,
Till a noble Purpose smites them and melts them into one.

While the sands are free, O Tyrants! like the wind are
your steel and speech;
Your brute-force crushes a legion, but a soul it can never
reach.

Island of Destiny! Innisfail? for thy faith is the pay-
ment near:
The mine of the future is opened, and the golden veins
appear.

Thy hands are white and thy page unstained. Reach out
for the glorious years,
And take them from God as His recompense for thy forti-
tude and tears.

Thou canst stand by the way ascending, as thy tyrant goes
to the base:

The seeds of her death are in her and the signs in her cruel face.
On her darkened path lie the corpses of men, with whose blood her feet are red;
And the curses of ruined nations are a cloud above her head.

O Erin, fresh in the latest day, like a gem from a Syrian tomb,
The burial clay of the centuries has saved thy light in the gloom.

Thy hands may stretch to a kindred world: there is none that hates but one;
And she but hates as a pretext for the rapine she has done.

The night of thy grief is closing, and the sky in the East is red:
Thy children watch from the mountain-tops for the sun to kiss thy head.

O Mother of men that are fit to be free, for their test for freedom borne,
Thy vacant place in the Nations' race awaits but the coming morn!

THE EMPTY NICHE.

Read at the farewell reception given to Rev. Robert Fulton, S.J., at Boston College Hall, February 5, 1880.

A KING once made a gallery of art,
With portraits of dead friends and living graced;
And at the end, 'neath curtains drawn apart,
An empty marble pedestal was placed.

Here, every day, the king would come, and pace
With eyes well-pleased along the statued hall;
But, ere he left, he turned with saddened face,
And mused before the curtained pedestal.

And once a courtier asked him why he kept
The shadowed niche to fill his heart with dole;
"For absent friends," the monarch said, and wept;
"There still must be one absent to the soul."

And this is true of all the hearts that beat;
Though days be soft and summer pathways fair,
Be sure, while joyous glances round us meet,
The curtained crypt and vacant plinth are there.

To-day we stand before our draped recess:
There is none absent—all we love are here;
To-morrow's hands the opening curtains press,
And lo, the pallid pediment is bare!

The cold affection that plain duty breeds
May see its union severed, and approve;
But when our bond is touched, it throbs and bleeds—
We pay no meed of duty, but of love.

As creeping tendrils shudder from the stone,
The vines of love avoid the frigid heart;
The work men do is not their test alone,
The love they win is far the better chart.

They say the citron-tree will never thrive
Transplanted from the soil where it matured;
Ah, would 'twere so that men could only live
Through working on where they had love secured!

"The People of the Book," men called the Jews—
Our priests are truly "People of the Word;"
And he who serves the Master must not choose—
He renders feudal service to the Lord.

But we who love and lose will, like the king,
Still keep the alcove empty in the hall,
And hope, firm-hearted, that some day will bring
Our absent one to fill his pedestal.

MIDNIGHT—SEPTEMBER 19, 1881.

DEATH OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

ONCE in a lifetime, we may see the veil
Tremble and lift, that hides symbolic things;
The Spirit's vision, when the senses fail,
Sweeps the weird meaning that the outlook brings.

Deep in the midst of turmoil, it may be—
A crowded street, a forum, or a field,—
The soul inverts the telescope to see
To-day's event in future's years revealed.

Back from the present, let us look at Rome:
Behold, what Cato meant, what Brutus said.
Hark! the Athenians welcome Cimon home!
How clear they are those glimpses of the dead!

But we, hard toilers, we who plan and weave
Through common days the web of common life,
What word, alas! shall teach us to receive
The mystic meaning of our peace and strife?

Whence comes our symbol? Surely, God must speak—
No less than He can make us heed or pause:
Self-seekers we, too busy or too weak
To search beyond our daily lives and laws.

From things occult our earth-turned eyes rebel;
No sound of Destiny can reach our ears;

We have no time for dreaming—Hark! a knell—
A knell at midnight! All the nation hears!

A second grievous throb! The dreamers wake—
The merchant's soul forgets his goods and ships;
The weary workmen from their slumbers break;
The women raise their eyes with quivering lips;

The miner rests upon his pick to hear;
The printer's type stops midway from the case;
The solemn sound has reached the roysterer's ear,
And brought the shame and sorrow to his face.

Again it booms! O Mystic Veil, upraise!
—Behold, 'tis lifted? On the darkness drawn,
A picture lined with light! The people's gaze,
From sea to sea, beholds it till the dawn!

A death-bed scene—a sinking sufferer lies,
Their chosen ruler, crowned with love and pride;
Around, his counselors, with streaming eyes;
His wife, heart-broken, kneeling by his side:

Death's shadow holds her—it will pass too soon;
She weeps in silence—bitterest of tears;
He wanders softly—Nature's kindest boon;
And as he murmurs, all the country hears:

For him the pain is past, the struggle ends;
His cares and honors fade—his younger life
In peaceful Mentor comes, with dear old friends;
His mother's arms take home his dear young wife.

He stands among the students, tall and strong,
And teaches truths republican and grand;
He moves—ah, pitiful—he sweeps along
O'er fields of carnage leading his command!

He speaks to crowded faces—round him surge
Thousands and millions of excited men:

He hears them cheer—sees some vast light emerge—
  Is borne as on a tempest—then—ah, then,

The fancies fade, the fever's work is past;
  A deepened pang, then recollection's thrill;
He feels the faithful lips that kiss their last,
  His heart beats once in answer, and is still!

The curtain falls: but hushed, as if afraid,
  The people wait, tear-stained, with heaving breast;
'Twill rise again, they know, when he is laid
  With Freedom, in the Capitol, at rest.

THE TRIAL OF THE GODS.

"On a regular division of the [Roman] Senate, Jupiter was condemned and degraded by the sense of a very large majority."—*Gibbon's Decline and Fall.*

NEVER nobler was the Senate,
  Never grander the debate:
Rome's old gods are on their trial
  By the judges of the state!
Torn by warring creeds, the Fathers
  Urge to-day the question home—
"Whether Jupiter or Jesus
  Shall be God henceforth in Rome?"

Lo, the scene! In Jove's own temple,
  As of old, the Fathers meet;
Through the porch, to hear the speeches,
  Press the people from the street.
Pontiffs, rich with purple vesture,
  Pass from senate chair to chair;
Learnéd augurs, still as statues—
  Voiceless statues, too—are there;

Vestal virgins, white with terror,
Mutely asking—what has come?
What new light shall turn to darkness
Vesta's holy fire in Rome?

Answer, Quindecemvirs! Surely,
Of this wondrous Nazarene
Ye must know, who keep the secrets
Of the prophet Sibylline?
Nay, no word! Here stand the Flamens:
Have ye read the omens, priests?
Slain the victims, white and sable,
Scanned the entrails of the beast?

Priest of Pallas, see! the people
Ask for oracles to-day:
Silent! Priests of Mars and Venus?
Lo, they turn, dumb-lipped, away!
Priest of Jove? Flamen dialis!
Here in Jove's own temple meet
In debate the Roman Senate,
And Jove's priest with timid feet
Stands beyond the altar railing!
Gods, I feel ye frown above!
In the shadow of Jove's altar
Men defy the might of Jove!

Treason riots in the temple
At the sacrilege profound:
Virgins mocked, and augurs banished,
And divinities discrowned!
Hush! Old Rome herself appeareth,
Pleading for the ancient faith:
Urging all her by-gone glory—
That to change the old were death.
Rudely answer the patricians,
Scoffing at the time-worn snare:
Twice a thousand years of sacrifice
Have melted into air;

Twice a thousand years of worship
  Have bitterly sufficed
To prove there is no Jupiter!
  The Senate votes for Christ!

Not aimless is the story,
  The moral not remote:
For still the gods are questioned,
  And still the Senates vote.
Men sacrifice to Venus;
  To Mars are victims led;
And Mercury is honored still;
  And Bacchus is not dead;—
But these are minor deities
  That cling to human sight:
Our twilight they—but Right and Wrong
  Are clear as day and night.
We know the Truth: but falsehood
  With our lives is so inwove—
Our Senates vote down Jesus
  As old Rome degraded Jove!

DYING IN HARNESS

ONLY a fallen horse, stretched out there on the road,
  Stretched in the broken shafts, and crushed by the heavy load;
Only a fallen horse, and a circle of wondering eyes
Watching the 'frighted teamster goading the beast to rise.

Hold! for his toil is over—no more labor for him;
See the poor neck outstretched, and the patient eyes grow dim;
See on the friendly stones how peacefully rests the head—
Thinking, if dumb beasts think, how good it is to be dead;

After the weary journey, how restful it is to lie
With the broken shafts and the cruel load—waiting only to die.

Watchers, he died in harness—died in the shafts and straps—
Fell, and the burden killed him: one of the day's mishaps—
One of the passing wonders marking the city road—
A toiler dying in harness, heedless of call or goad.

Passers, crowding the pathway, staying your steps awhile,
What is the symbol? Only death—why should we cease to smile
At death for a beast of burden? On, through the busy street
That is ever and ever echoing the tread of the hurrying feet.

What was the sign? A symbol to touch the tireless will?
Does He who taught in parables speak in parables still?
The seed on the rock is wasted—on heedless hearts of men,
That gather and sow and grasp and lose—labor and sleep—and then—
Then for the prize!—A crowd in the street of ever-echoing tread—
The toiler, crushed by the heavy load, is there in his harness—dead!

DOLORES.

IS he well blessed who has no eyes to scan
The woeful things that shadow all our life:
The latent brute behind the eyes of man,
The place and power gained and stained by strife
The weakly victims driven to the wall,
The subtle cruelties that meet us all

Like eyes from darksome places? Blessed is he
Who such sad things is never doomed to see!

The crust of common life is worn by time,
And shines deception, as a thin veneer
The raw plank hides, or as the frozen mere
Holds drownéd men embedded in its slime;
The ninety eat their bread of death and crime,
And sin and sorrow that the ten may thrive.

O, moaning sea of life! the few who dive
Beneath thy waters, faint and short of breath,
Not Dante-like, who cannot swim in death
And view its secrets, but must swiftly rise,—
They meet the light with introverted eyes,
And hands that clutch a few dim mysteries!

Our life a harp is, with unnumbered strings,
And tones and symphonies; but our poor skill
Some shallow notes from its great music brings.
We know it there; but vainly wish and will.

O, things symbolic! Things that mock our sense—
Our five-fold, pitiable sense—and say
A thousand senses could not show one day
As sight infinite sees it; fruitful clay,
And budding bough, and nature great with child
And chill with doom and death—is all so dense
That our dull thought can never read thy words,
Or sweep with knowing hand thy hidden chords?

Have men not fallen from fair heights, once trod
By nobler minds, who saw the works of God,
The flowers and living things, still undefiled,
And spoke one language with them? And can we,
In countless generations, each more pure
Than that preceding, come at last to see
Thy symbols full of meaning, and be sure
That what we read is all they have to tell?

THE TREASURE OF ABRAM.

I.

IN the old Rabbinical stories,
So old they might well be true,—
The sacred tales of the Talmud,
That David and Solomon knew,—
There is one of the Father Abram,
The greatest of Heber's race,
The mustard-seed of Judea
That filled the holy place.
'Tis said that the fiery heaven
His eye was first to read,
Till planets were gods no longer,
But helps for the human need;
He taught his simple people
The scope of eternal law
That swayed at once the fleecy cloud
And the circling suns they saw.
But the rude Chaldean peasants
Uprose against the seer,
And drave him forth—else never came
This Talmud legend here.
With Sarah his wife, and his servants,
Whom he ruled with potent hand,
The Patriarch planted his vineyards
In the Canaanitish land;
With his wife—the sterile, but lovely,
The fame of whose beauty grew
Till there was no land in Asia
But tales of the treasure knew.
In his lore the sage lived—learning
High thought from the starlit skies;
But heedful, too, of the light at home,
And the danger of wistful eyes;

Till the famine fell on his corn-fields,
And sent him forth again,
To seek for a home in Egypt,—
The land of the amorous men.

II.

Long and rich is the caravan that halts at Egypt's gate,
While duty full the stranger pays on lowing herd and freight.
Full keen the scrutiny of those who note the heavy dues;
From weanling foal to cumbrous wain, no chance of gain they lose.

But fair the search—no wealth concealed; while rich the gifts they take
From Abram's hand, till care has ceased, and formal quest they make.
They pass the droves and laden teams, the weighted slaves are past,
And Abram doubles still the gifts; one wain—his own—is last—
It goes unsearched! Wise Abram smiles, though dearly stemmed the quest;

But haps will come from causes slight,
And hidden things upspring to light:
A breeze flings wide the canvas fold, and deep within the wain, behold
A brass-bound, massive chest!

"Press on!" shouts Abram. "Hold!" they cry; "what treasure hide ye here?"
The word is stern—the answer brief: "Treasure! 'tis household gear;
Plain linen cloth and flaxen thread." The scribes deceived are wroth;
"Then weigh the chest—its price shall be the dues on linen cloth!"

The face of Abram seemed to grieve, though joy was in his breast,
As carefully his servants took and weighed the mighty chest.
But one hath watched the secret smile; he cries—"This stranger old
Hath used deceit: no cloth is here—this chest is filled with gold!"
"Nay, nay," wise Abram says, and smiles, though now he hides dismay;
"But time is gold: let pass the chest—on gold the dues I pay!"
But he who read the subtle smile detects the secret fear:
"Detain the chest! nor cloth nor gold, but precious silk is here!"

Grave Father Abram stands like one who knoweth well the sword
When tyros baffle thrust and guard; slow comes the heedful word:
"I seek no lawless gain—behold! my trains are on their way,
Else would these bands my servants break, and show the simple goods I take,
That silk ye call; but, for time's sake, on silk the dues I pay!"

"He pays too much!" the watcher cries; "this man is full of guile;
From cloth to gold and gold to silk, to save a paltry mile!
This graybeard pay full silken dues on cloth for slave-bred girls!
Some prize is here—he shall not pass until he pay for pearls!"

Stern Abram turned a lurid eye, as he the man would slay;
An instant, rose the self-command; but thin the lip and quick the hand,

As one who makes a last demand: "On pearls the dues I pay!"

"He cannot pass!" the watcher screamed, as to the chest he clung;
"He shall not pass! Some priceless thing he hideth here.
Quick—workmen bring!
I seize this treasure for the King!"
Old Abram stood aghast; it seemed the knell of doom had rung.

III.

Red-eyed with greed and wonder,
The crowd excited stand;
The blows are rained like thunder
On brazen bolt and band;
They burst the massive hinges,
They raise the pondrous lid,
And lo! the peerless treasure
That Father Abram hid:

In pearls and silk and jewels rare,
Fit for a Pharaoh's strife;
In flashing eyes and golden hair—
Sat Abram's lovely wife!

THERE IS BLOOD ON THE EARTH.

THERE is blood on the face of the earth—
It reeks through the years, and is red:
Where Truth was slaughtered at birth,
And the veins of Liberty bled.

Lo! vain is the hand that tries
To cover the crimson stain:

It spreads like a plague, and cries
  Like a soul in writhing pain.

It wasteth the planet's flesh;
  It calleth on breasts of stone:
God holdeth His wrath in a leash
  Till the hearts of men atone.

Blind, like the creatures of time:
  Cursed, like all the race,
They answer: "The blood and crime
  Belong to a sect and place!"

What are these things to Heaven—
  Races or places of men?
The world through one Christ was forgiven—
  Nor question of races then.

The wrong of to-day shall be rued
  In a thousand coming years;
The debt must be paid in blood,
  The interest, in tears.

Shall none stand up for right
  Whom the evil passes by?
But God had the globe in sight,
  And hearkens the weak one's cry.

Wherever a principle dies—
  Nay, principles never die!
But wherever a ruler lies,
  And a people share the lie;

Where right is crushed by force,
  And manhood is stricken dead—
There dwelleth the ancient curse,
  And the blood on the earth is red!

LIVING.

TO toil all day and lie worn-out at night;
To rise for all the years to slave and sleep,
And breed new broods to do no other thing
In toiling, bearing, breeding—life is this
To myriad men, too base for man or brute.

To serve for common duty, while the brain
Is hot with high desire to be distinct;
To fill the sand-grain place among the stones
That build the social wall in million sameness,
Is life by leave, and death by insignificance.

To live the morbid years, with dripping blood
Of sacrificial labor for a Thought;
To take the dearest hope and lay it down
Beneath the crushing wheels for love of Freedom;
To bear the sordid jeers of cant and trade,
And go on hewing for a far ideal,—
This were a life worth giving to a cause,
If cause be found so worth a martyr life.

But highest life of man, nor work nor sacrifice,
But utter seeing of the things that be!
To pass amid the hurrying crowds, and watch
The hungry race for things of vulgar use;
To mark the growth of baser lines in men;
To note the bending to a servile rule;
To know the natural discord called disease
That rots like rust the blood and souls of men;
To test the wisdoms and philosophies by touch
Of that which is immutable, being clear,
The beam God opens to the poet's brain;
To see with eyes of pity laboring souls
Strive upward to the Freedom and the Truth,
And still be backward dragged by fear and ignorance;

To see the beauty of the world, and hear
The rising harmony of growth, whose shade
Of undertone is harmonized decay;
To know that love is life—that blood is one
And rushes to the union—that the heart
Is like a cup athirst for wine of love;
Who sees and feels this meaning utterly,
The wrong of law, the right of man, the natural truth.
Partaking not of selfish aims, withholding not
The word that strengthens and the hand that helps:
Who waits and sympathizes with the pettiest life,
And loves all things, and reaches up to God
With thanks and blessing—He alone is living.

MACARIUS THE MONK.

IN the old days, while yet the Church was young,
And men believed that praise of God was sung
In curbing self as well as singing psalms,
There lived a monk, Macarius by name,
A holy man, to whom the faithful came
With hungry hearts to hear the wondrous Word.
In sight of gushing springs and sheltering palms,
He dwelt within the desert: from the marsh
He drank the brackish water, and his food
Was dates and roots,—and all his rule was harsh,
For pampered flesh in those days warred with good.
From those who came in scores a few there were
Who feared the devil more than fast and prayer,
And these remained and took the hermit's vow.
A dozen saints there grew to be; and now
Macarius, happy, lived in larger care.
He taught his brethren all the lore he knew,
And as they learned, his pious rigors grew.
His whole intent was on the spirit's goal:
He taught them silence—words disturb the soul;

He warned of joys, and bade them pray for sorrow,
And be prepared to-day for death to-morrow ;
To know that human life alone was given
To prove the souls of those who merit heaven ;
He bade the twelve in all things be as brothers,
And die to self, to live and work for others.
"For so," he said, "we save our love and labors,
And each one gives his own and takes his neighbor's."

Thus long he taught, and while they silent heard,
He prayed for fruitful soil to hold the Word.
One day, beside the marsh they labored long,—
For worldly work makes sweeter sacred song,—
And when the cruel sun made hot the sand,
And Afric's gnats the sweltering face and hand
Tormenting stung, a passing traveler stood
And watched the workers by the reeking flood.
Macarius, nigh with heat and toil was faint ;
The traveler saw, and to the suffering saint
A bunch of luscious grapes in pity threw.
Most sweet and fresh and fair they were to view,
A generous cluster, bursting-rich with wine,
Macarius longed to taste. "The fruit is mine,"
He said, and sighed ; "but I, who daily teach,
Feel now the bond to practice as I preach."
He gave the cluster to the nearest one,
And with his heavy toil went patient on.

As one athirst will greet a flowing brim,
The tempting fruit made moist the mouth of him
Who took the gift ; but in the yearning eye
Rose brighter light : to one whose lip was dry
He gave the grapes, and bent him to his spade.
And he who took, unknown to any other,
The sweet refreshment handed to a brother.
And so, from each to each, till round was made
The circuit wholly—when the grapes at last,
Untouched and tempting, to Macarius passed.

"Now God be thanked!" he cried, and ceased his toil;
"The seed was good, but better was the soil.
My brothers, join with me to bless the day."
But, ere they knelt, he threw the grapes away.

THE UNHAPPY ONE.

"HE is false to the heart!" she said, stern-lipped;
"he is all untruth;
He promises fair as a tree in blossom, and then
The fruit is rotten ere ripe. Tears, prayers and youth,
All withered and wasted! and still—I love this falsest of men!"

Comfort? There is no comfort when the soul sees pain like a sun:
It is better to stare at the blinding truth: if it blind, one woe is done.
We cling to a coward hope, when hope has the seed of the pain:
If we tear out the roots of the grief, it will never torment again.
Ay, even if part of our life is lost, and the deep-laid nerves
That carry all joy to the heart are wounded or killed by the knife;
When a gangrene sinks to the bone, it is only half-death that serves;
And a life with a cureless pain is only half a life.

But why unhealed must the spirit endure? There are drugs for the body's dole;
Have we wholly lived for the lower life? Is there never a balm for the soul?
O Night, cry out for the healer of woe, for the priest-physician cry,
With the pouring oil for the bleeding grief, for the life that may not die!

"He is false to the heart!" she moaned; "and I love him
and cannot hate!"
Then bitterly, fiercely —"What have I done, my God, for
such a fate?"

"Poor heart!" said the Teacher; "for thee and thy sor-
row the daily parables speak.
Thy grief, that is dark, illumes for me a sign that was dim
and weak.
In the heart of my garden I planted a tree —I had chosen
the noblest shoot:
It was sheltered and tended, and hope reached out for the
future's precious fruit.
The years of its youth flew past, and I looked on a spread-
ing tree
All gloried with maiden blossoms, that smiled their prom-
ise to me.
I lingered to gaze on their color and shape—I knew I had
chosen well;
And I smiled at the death that was promise of life as the
beautiful petals fell.
But the joy was chilled, though the lip laughed on, by
the withered proof to the eye:
The blossoms had shielded no tender bud, but cradled a
barren lie.
Before me it lay, the mystery—the asking, the promise,
the stone;
The tree that should give good fruit was bare—the cause
unseen, unknown!

"But I said: 'Next year it shall bourgeon, my part shall
be faithfully done;
My love shall be doubled—I trust my tree for its beautiful
strength alone.'
But tenderness failed, and loving care, and the chalice of
faith was dried
When the next spring blossoms had spoken their promise—
smiled at the sun and lied;

The heart of the petals was withered to dust. Then, for
duty, I trusted again;
For who should stand if God were to frown on the twice-
told failures of men?
Unloving I tended, with care increased, but never a song
or smile;
For duty is love that is dead but is kept from the grave for
a while.

The third year came, with the sweet young leaves, and I
could not fear or doubt;
But the petals smiled at the sun and lied,—and the curse
in my blood leaped out!
'This corpse,' I cried, 'that has cumbered the earth, let
it hence to the waste be torn!'
That moment of wrath beheld its death—while to me was a
life-truth born:
The straight young trunk at my feet lay prone; and I
bent to scan the core,
And there read the pitiful secret the noble sapling bore.
Through the heart of the pith, in its softest youth, it had
bored its secret way,
A gnawing worm, a hideous grief,—and the life it had
tortured lay
Accursed and lost for the cruel devil that nestled its breast
within.
Ah, me, poor heart! had I known in time, I had cut out
the clinging sin,
And saved the life that was all as good and as noble as it
seemed!"

He ceased, and she rose, the unresigned, as one who had
slept and dreamed;
Her face was radiant with insight: "It is true! it is
true!" she said;
"And my love shall not die, like your beautiful tree, till
the hidden pain is dead!"

DESTINY.

SOLDIER, why do you shrink from the hiss of the hungry lead?
The bullet that whizzed is past; the approaching ball is dumb.
Stand straight! you cannot shrink from Fate: let it come!
A comrade in front may hear it whiz—when you are dead.

A SONG FOR THE SOLDIERS.

WHAT song is best for the soldiers?
Take no heed of the words, nor choose you the style of the story;
Let it burst out from the heart like a spring from the womb of a mountain,
Natural, clear, resistless, leaping its way to the levels;
Whether of love or hate or war or the pathos and pain of affliction;
Whether of manly pluck in the perilous hour, or that which is higher,
And highest of all, the slowly bleeding sacrifice,
The giving of life and its joys for the sake of men and freedom;—
Any song for the soldier that will harmonize with the life-throbs;
For he has laved in the mystical sea by which men are one;
His pulse has thrilled into blinding tune with the vaster anthems
Which God plays on the battle-fields when he sweeps the strings of nations,
And the song of the earth-planet bursts on the silent spheres,

Shot through like the cloud of Etna with flames of heroic devotion,
And shaded with quivering lines from the mourning of women and children!

Here is a song for the soldiers—a song of the Cheyenne Indians,
Of men with soldierly hearts who walked with Death as a comrade.
Hush! Let the present fade; let the distance die; let the last year stand:
We are far to the West, in Montana, on the desolate plains of Montana;
We ride with the cavalry troopers on the bloody trail of the Cheyennes,
Forty braves of the tribe who have leaped from the reservation
Down on the mining camps in their desecrated valleys,
Down to their fathers' graves and the hunting-ground of their people.

Chilled with the doom of Death they gaze on the white men's changes:
Ruthless the brutal force that has crushed their homes and their manhood,
And ruthless the hearts of the Cheyenne braves as they swoop on the camps of the miners!
Back to the hills they dash, with reeking trophies around them:
But swift on their trail the cavalry ride, and their trumpets
Break on the ears of the braves with a threat of oncoming vengeance.

At last they are bayed and barred—corraled in a straight-walled valley,—
The Indians back to the cliffs with the shattered rocks as a breastwork,
The soldiers in lined stockades across the mouth of the valley.

Hungrily hiss the bullets, not wasted in random firing,
But every shot for a mark,—thrice their number of soldiers
Raking the Cheyenne rocks with a pitiless rain of missiles,
One to three in the firing, but every Cheyenne bullet
Tumbled a reckless trooper behind his fence in the stockade.

"God! they are brave!" cried the captain. "Seven hours we've held them,
Three, ay, five to one, if you count their dead and their wounded:
Damn them! why don't they yield for the sake of their lives and their wounded?"

But never a sign but flame and the hiss of the leaden defiance
Comes from the Cheyenne braves, though their firing slackens in vigor
To grow in fatal precision—grim as the cliff above them
They fight their fight, and the valley is lined with death from their rifles.
Cried the captain, "Men, we must charge!" and he grieves for his boys and their foemen;
"But show them a sign of quarter;" and he swings them a flag to tell them
That his side is willing to parley: the Indians riddle the ensign,
And the captain groans in his heart as he gives the order for charging.
Terrible getting ready of men who prepare for a death-fight:—
Scabbards are thrown aside and belts unstrapped for the striking,
Ominous outward signs of the deadlier inner preparing
When the soul flings danger aside and the human heart its mercy.

Out from the fatal earthworks, their eyes like fire in a cavern,

With naked blades the troopers, and nerves wire-strung for the onset,
When suddenly, up from the rocks, a sign at last from the Cheyennes!

Two tall braves on the rocks—"Re-form!" brays the cavalry trumpet,
And grimly the soldiers return, reluctantly leaving the conflict.
Still on the rocks two forms of bronze, as if prepared for the stormers,
Then down to the field, and behold, they dash toward the wondering troopers!
The soldiers stare at the charge, but no man laughs at the foemen,
Instead of a sneer a tremor at many a mouth in sorrow.
On they come to their death, and, standing at fifty paces,
They fire in the face of the squadron, and dash with their knives to the death-grip!
Fifty rifles give flame, and the breasts of the heroes are shattered;
But falling, they plunge toward the fight, and their knives sink deep in the meadow!

"On to the rocks!" and the soldiers have done with their feelings of mercy—
But never a foe to meet them nor a shot from the deadly barrier.
First on the rocks the captain, with a cheer that died as he gave it,—
A cheer that was half a groan and a cry of admiration.
Awed stood the troopers who followed, and lowered their swords with their leader,
Homage of brave to the brave, saluting with souls and weapons;
There at their feet lay the foemen—every man dead on his rifle—
The two who had charged the troops were the last alive of the Cheyennes!

AN OLD VAGABOND.

HE was old and alone, and he sat on a stone to rest for awhile from the road;
His beard was white, and his eye was bright, and his wrinkles overflowed
With a mild content at the way life went; and I closed the book on my knee:
"I will venture a look in this living book," I thought, as he greeted me.

And I said: "My friend, have you time to spend to tell me what makes you glad?"
"Oh, ay, my lad," with a smile; "I'm glad that I'm old, yet am never sad!"

"But why?" said I; and his merry eye made answer as much as his tongue;
"Because," said he, "I am poor and free who was rich and a slave when young.
There is naught but age can allay the rage of the passions that rule men's lives;
And a man to be free must a poor man be, for unhappy is he who thrives:
He fears for his ventures, his rents and debentures, his crops, and his son, and his wife;
His dignity's slighted when he's not invited; he fears every day of his life.
But the man who is poor, and by age has grown sure that there are no surprises in years,
Who knows that to have is no joy, nor to save, and who opens his eyes and his ears
To the world as it is, and the part of it his, and who says: They are happy, these birds,
Yet they live day by day in improvident way—improvident? What were the words

Of the Teacher who taught that the field-lilies brought the lesson of life to a man?
Can we better the thing that is schoolless, or sing more of love than the nightingale can?
See that rabbit—what feature in that pretty creature needs science or culture or care?
Send this dog to a college and stuff him with knowledge, will it add to the warmth of his hair?
Why should mankind, apart, turn from Nature to Art, and declare the exchange better-planned?
I prefer to trust God for my living than plod for my bread at a master's hand,
A man's higher being is knowing and seeing, not having and toiling for more;
In the senses and soul is the joy of control, not in pride or luxurious store.
Yet my needs are the same as the kingling's whose name is a terror to thousands: some bread,
Some water and milk,—I can do without silk,—some wool, and a roof for my head.
What more is possest that will stand the grim test of death's verdict? What riches remain
To give joy at the last, all the vanities past?—Ay, ay, that's the word—they are vain
And vexatious of spirit to all who inherit belief in the world and its ways.
And so, old and alone, sitting here on a stone, I smile with the birds at the days."

And I thanked him, and went to my study, head bent, where I laid down my book on its shelf;
And that day all the page that I read was my age, and my wants, and my joys, and myself.

THE STATUES IN THE BLOCK.

"LOVE is the secret of the world," he said;
"The cup we drain and still desire to drink.
The loadstone hungers for the steel; the steel,
Inert amid a million stones, responds to this.
So yearn and answer hearts that truly love:
Once touch their life-spring, it vibrates to death;
And twain athrill as one are nature-wed."

But silent stood the three who heard, nor smiled
Nor looked agreement. Strangers these who stood
Within a Roman studio—still young,
But sobered each with that which follows joy
At life's fresh forenoon, and the eye of each
Held deep within a restless eager light,
As gleams a diamond in a darkened room
With radiance hoarded from the vanished sun.

"The meteor-stone is dense and dark in space,
But bursts in flame when through the air it rushes;
And our dull life is like an aerolite
That leaps to fire within the sphere of love."
Unchecked his mood ran on: "Sweet amorous hours
That lie in years as isles in tropic seas,
You spring to view as Art is born of Love,
And shape rich beauties in this marble block!"

Before them rose within the shaded light
A tall and shapely mass of Alp-white crystal
Fresh from the heart of a Carrara quarry.

"Opaque to you this marble; but to me,
Whose eyes the chrism of passion has anointed,
The stone is pregnant with a life of love.
Within this monolith there lives a form

Which I can see and would reveal to you,
Could hand and chisel swiftly follow sight.
From brow to foot her lissome form stands forth—
The ripe lips smiling reached; with nestling press,
As round the sailor frozen in the berg
The clear ice closes on the still dead face,
The marble, grown translucent, touches soft
Each comely feature—rippled hair, and chin,
And lily sweep of bust and hip and limb—
Ah, sweet mouth pouting for the lips that cling,
And white arms raised all quivering to the clasp—
Ah, rich throat made for burning lover's kiss,
And reckless bodice open to the swell,
And deep eyes soft with love's suffusion—Love!
O Love! still living, memory and hope,
Beyond all sweets thy bosom, breath, and lips—
My jewel and the jewel of the world!"

They stood in silence, each one rapt and still,
As if the lovely form were theirs as his,
Till one began—harsh voice and clouded face—
With other presence in his eye—and said:
"Opaque to me with such a glow-worm ray
As Love's torch flings—but, mark, the dense rock melts
When from my soul on fire the fiercer beam,
The mighty calcium-glare of hate leaps out
And eats the circumambient marble—See!
Laid bare as corpse to keen anatomist,
With every sinuous muscle picked with shadow,
And every feature tense with livid passion,
And all the frame aheave with sanguine throbs—
The ecstasy of agonized Revenge!
O stone, reveal it—how my parting kiss
Was wet upon her mouth when other lips
Drank deep the curséd fountain; how the coin
I hung with rapture 'tween her glowing breasts,
And fondly thought if I should die and she
Should live till age had blanched her hair and flesh,

This golden medal's touch would still have power
To light the love-fire in the faded eyes
And swell the shriveled breast to maiden roundness—
This thought I nursed—O Stygian abyss!—
Away thy picture of the rippled hair!
Her hair was rippled and her eyes were deep,
Her breasts and limbs were white and lily-curved,
But all the woman, soul and wondrous flesh,
Was poison-steeped and veined with vicious fire;
And I, blind fool who trusted, was but one
Who swooned with love beside her—But I drank
The wine she filled, and made her eat the dregs—
I drenched her honey with my sea of gall.
I see her in the marble where she shrinks
In shuddered fear, as if my face were fire—
Her cowering shadow making whiter still
The face of him that writhes beside her feet.
I see him breathe, the last deep breath, and turn
His eyes upon me horror-filled—his hand,
Still hot with wanton dalliance, clutched hard
Across the burning murder in his side—
And now he sinks still glaring—And my heart
Is there between them, petrified, O God!
And pierced by that red blow that struck their guilt.
O balm and torture! he must hate who loves,
And bleed who strikes to see thy face, Revenge!"

Grown deep the silence for the words that died,
And paler still the marble for its grief.

"Ah, myrrh and honey!" spake a third, whose eyes
Were deep with sorrow for the woe; "blind hands
That grope for flowers and pierce the flesh with thorns!
All love of woman still may turn to hate,
As wine to bitterness, as noon to night.
But sweeter far and deeper than the love
Of flesh for flesh, is the strong bond of hearts
For suffering Motherland—to make her free!
Love's joy is short, and Hate's black triumph bitter,

And loves and hates are selfish—save for thee,
O chained and weeping at thy pillar's foot,
Thy white flesh eaten by accurséd bands.
No love but thine can satisfy the heart,
For love of thee holds in it hate of wrong,
And shapes the hope that molds humanity!
Not mine your passions, yet I weigh them well—
Who loves a greater sinks all lesser love,
Who hates a tyrant loses lesser hate.
My Land! I see thee in the marble, bowed
Before thy tyrant, bound at foot and wrist—
Thy garments rent—thy wounded shoulder bare—
Thy chained hand raised to ward the cruel blow—
My poor love round thee scarf-like, weak to hide
And powerless to shield thee—but a boy
I wound it round thee, dearest, and a man
I drew it close and kissed thee—Mother, wife!
For thee the past and future days; for thee
The will to trample wrong and strike for slaves;
For thee the hope that ere mine arm be weak
And ere my heart be dry may close the strife
In which thy colors shall be borne through fire,
And all thy griefs washed out in manly blood—
And I shall see thee crowned and bound with love,
Thy strong sons round thee guarding thee. O star
That lightens desolation, o'er her beam,
Nor let the shadow of the pillar sink
Too deep within her, till the dawn is red
Of that white noon when men shall call her Queen!"

The deep voice quivering with affection ceased,
And silent each they saw within the stone
The captive nation and the mother's woe.
Yet while their hearts the fine emotion warmed,
Ere ebbed the deep-pulsed throb of brotherhood,
The last one spoke, and held the wave at full:—

"Yea, brothers, his the noblest for its grief;
Your love was loss—but his was sacrifice.

Your light was sunlight, for the shallow sense
That bends the eyes on earth and thinks it sees;
His love was nightlike, when we see the stars,
Forgetting petty things around our feet.
Yet here, too, find his weakness, for his hope
Is still for sunlight, and your shallow sense,
And golden crowns and queendom for his love.
I, too, within the stone behold a statue,
Far less than yours, but greater, for I know
My symbol a beginning, not an end.
O, Grief, with Hope! The marble fades—behold!
The little hands still crossed—a child in death.
My link with love—my dying gift from her
Whose last look smiled on both, when I was left
A loveless man, save this poor gift, alone.
My heart had wound its tendrils round one life,
But when my joy was deepest, she was stricken,
And I was powerless to save. My prayers
And piteous cries were flung against my face—
My life was blighted by the curse of Heaven!
But from the depths her love returned to soothe:
Her dear hand reached from death and placed her child
Where she had lived, within the riven tendrils,
And firmly these closed round their second treasure.
And she, my new love, in her infant hold
Took every heart-string as her mother's gift,
And touched such tender fine-strung chords, and played
Such music in my heart as filled my life
With trembling joy and fondness for the child.
I feared to be so blest—her baby cheek,
When laid on mine, was Heaven's sweetest touch;
And when she looked me in the eyes, I saw
Her mother look at me from deep within,
And bless me for the love I gave and won.
Yet, when I loved her most she, too, was doomed:
I saw it come upon her like a shadow,
And watched the change, appalled at first, but set
To ward the danger from my darling. She,

As day by day still failing, grew so tender
And crept so often to my heart, as if,
Though but a babe who could not speak a word,
She knew full well my life would soon be shattered.
But all my love was fruitless, and my prayers
To leave her with me beat the gates in vain.
I thought my love must hold her, till at last
I held the tiny body like a leaf
All day and night within my arms ; and so,
Close nestled to my yearning heart, Death passed,
As merciless as God, but left that look
Of two dead loves, as if Death's self knew pity.
And I was lost heart-withered in a night
That knew no star and held no ray of hope,
And heard no word but my despairing curse
With lifted hands, at life and Him who gave it!
My graves were all I had—the little mound
Where my hands laid her, with the sweet young grass—
The tiny hill that grew until the sun
Was hid behind it, and I sat below
And gnawed my heart in grief within its shadow.
So one day bowed in woe beside the grave
The weight grew deadly, and I called aloud
That God should witness to my life in ruin.
And God's word reached me through the little grave
Where in the grass my face was buried weeping—
His peace came through it like a pent-up breath
That rolled from some great world whose gates had oped,
And blew upon my wild and hardened heart,
And swept my woe before it like a leaf.
My dried heart drank the meaning of the peace :
True love shall trust, and selfish love must die,
For trust is peace, and self is full of pain ;
Arise, and heal thy brother's grief ; his tears
Shall wash thy love and it will live again.
O little grave, I thought 'twas love had died,
But in thy bosom only lies my sorrow.
I see my darling in the marble now—

My wasted leaf—her kind eyes smiling fondly,
And through her eyes I see the love beyond,
The biding light that moves not—and I know
That when God gives to us the clearest sight
He does not touch our eyes with Love, but Sorrow."

THE THREE QUEENS.

Read at the annual meeting of Phi Beta Kappa, Dartmouth College, 1882.

IN the far time of Earth's sweet maiden beauty,
When Morning hung with rapture on her breast;
When every sentient life paid love for duty,
And every law was Nature's own behest;
When reason ruled as subtle instinct taught her;
When joys were pure and sin and shame unseen;
Then God sent down His messenger and daughter,
His kiss upon her lips, to reign as Queen!

Her name was LIBERTY! Earth lay before her,
And throbbed unconscious fealty and truth;
Morning and night men hastened to adore her,
And from her eyes Peace drew perennial youth.
Her hair was golden as the stars of heaven;
Her face was radiant with the kiss of Jove;
Her form was lovelier than the sun at even;
Death paled before her: Life was one with Love.

O time traditioned! ere thy dismal sequel,
Men owned the world, and every man was free;
The lowest life was noble; all were equal
In needs and creeds,—their birthright Liberty.
Possession had no power of caste, nor learning;
He was not great who owned a shining stone;

No seer was needed for the truth's discerning,
Nor king nor code to teach the world its own.
Distinction lived, but gave no power o'er others,
As flowers have no dominion each o'er each;
What men could do they did among their brothers
By skill of hand or gift of song or speech.

Dear Golden Age! that like a deathless spirit
Fills our traditions with a light sublime;
Like wheat from Egypt's tombs our souls inherit
Sweet dreams of freedom from thy vanished time.

O Goddess Liberty! thy sun was cleaving
Its golden path across a perfect sky,
When lo! a cloud, from night below upheaving,
And underneath a shadow and a cry!

In lurid darkness spread the thing of error,
Swift ran the shudder and the fear beneath;
Till o'er the Queen's face passed the voiceless terror,
And Love grew pale to see the joy of Death.

Men stood benumbed to wait unknown disaster;
Full soon its sworded Messenger was seen;
"*Behold!*" he cried, "*the weak shall have a master!*
The Strong shall rule! There reigns another Queen!"
Then rushed the forces of the night-born Power,
And seized white Liberty, and cast her down;
Man's plundered birthright was the new Queen's dower,
The sorrow of the weak ones was her crown.

Her name was LAW! She sent her proclamation
Through every land and set her crimson seal
On every strangled right and revocation
Of aim and instinct of the common weal.
She saw the true Queen prisoned by her creatures;
Who dared to speak, was slain by her command.
Her face was lusterless. With smileless features
She took the throne—a weapon in her hand!

Her new code read: "The earth is for the able"
(And able meant the selfish, strong, and shrewd);
"Equality and freedom are a fable;
To take and keep the largest share is good."
Her teachers taught the justice of oppression,
That taxed the poor on all but air and sun;
Her preachers preached the gospel of possession,
That hoards had rights while human souls had none.

Then all things changed their object and relation;
Commerce instead of Nature—Progress instead of Men;
The world became a monstrous corporation,
Where ninety serfs ground luxury for ten.
The masters blessed, the toilers cursed the system
That classified and kept mankind apart;
But passing ages rained the dust of custom
Where broken Nature showed the weld of art.

But there were some who scorned to make alliance,
Who owned the true Queen even in the dust;
And these, through generations, flung defiance
From goal and gibbet for their sacred trust.
Then came the Christ, the Saviour and the Brother,
With truth and freedom once again the seed;
"Woe to the rich!" Do ye to one another
As each desires for self"—man's primal creed.
But, lo! they took the Saviour and they bound him,
And set him in their midst as he were free;
They made His tied hands seal their deeds around Him,
And His dumb lips condemn fair Liberty!

"Then woe!" cried those faint-hearted; "woe for dreaming,
For prayers and hopes and sufferings all in vain!"
O Souls despondent at the outward seeming,
Here at the cry, behold the light again!
Here at the cry, the answer and solution:
When strong as Death the cold usurper reigns,

When human right seems doomed to dissolution,
And Hope itself is wrung with mortal pains;
When Christ is harnessed to the landlord's burden;
His truth to make men free a thing of scorn;
God hears the cry, and sends the mystic guerdon,—
Earth thrills and throes—another Queen is born!
O weak she comes, a child and not a woman;
Needing our nursing and devotion long;
But in her eyes the flame divine and human,
To strengthen weak ones and restrain the strong.

Her name is LEARNING! Her domain unbounded;
Of all the fetters she commands the key;
Through her babe-mouth man's wrong shall be confounded,
And link by link her sister Queen set free.
Her hand shall hold the patriotic passes,
And check the wrong that zeal would do for right;
Her whispered secrets shall inflame the masses
To read their planet-charter by her light.
Round her to-day may press the base Queen's minions,
Seeking alliance and approval. Nay!
The day and night shall mingle their dominions
Ere Nature's rule and Mammon's join their sway.

Our new Queen comes a nursling, thus to teach us
The patience and the tenderness we need:
To raise our natures that the light may reach us
Of sacrifice and silence for a creed.

A nursling yet,—but every school and college
Is training minds to tend the heavenly maid;
And men are learning, grain by grain, the knowledge
That worlds exist for higher ends than trade.
Grander than Vulcan's are these mighty forges
Where souls are shaped and sharped like fiery swords,
To arm the multitude till Might disgorges,
And save the Saviour from the selfish hordes.

Around us here we count those Pharos stations,
  Where men are bred to do their Queen's behest:
To guard the deep republican foundations
  Of our majestic freedom of the West!
From our high place the broken view grows clearer,
  The bloodstained upward path the patriots trod;
Shall we not reach to bring the toilers nearer
  The law of Nature, Liberty, and God?

THE LAST OF THE NARWHALE.

THE STORY OF AN ARCTIC NIP.

AY, ay, I'll tell you, shipmates,
  If you care to hear the tale,
How myself and the royal yard alone
  Were left of the old Narwhale.

"A stouter ship was never launched
  Of all the Clyde-built whalers;
And forty years of a life at sea
  Haven't matched her crowd of sailors.
Picked men they were, all young and strong,
  And used to the wildest seas,
From Donegal and the Scottish coast,
  And the rugged Hebrides.
Such men as women cling to, mates,
  Like ivy round their lives:
And the day we sailed, the quays were lined
  With weeping mothers and wives.
They cried and prayed, and we gave 'em a cheer,
  In the thoughtless way of men;
God help them, shipmates—thirty years
  They've waited and prayed since then.

"We sailed to the North, and I mind it well,
The pity we felt, and pride
When we sighted the cliffs of Labrador
From the sea where Hudson died.
We talked of ships that never came back,
And when the great floes passed,
Like ghosts in the night, each moonlit peak
Like a great war frigate's mast,
'Twas said that a ship was frozen up
In the iceberg's awful breast,
The clear ice holding the sailor's face
As he lay in his mortal rest.
And I've thought since then, when the ships came home
That sailed for the Franklin band,
A mistake was made in the reckoning
That looked for the crews on land.
'They're floating still,' I've said to myself,
'And Sir John has found the goal;
The Erebus and the Terror, mates,
Are icebergs up at the Pole!'

"We sailed due North, to Baffin's Bay,
And cruised through weeks of light;
'Twas always day, and we slept by the bell,
And longed for the dear old night,
And the blessed darkness left behind,
Like a curtain round the bed;
But a month dragged on like an afternoon
With the wheeling sun o'erhead.
We found the whales were farther still,
The farther north we sailed;
Along the Greenland glacier coast,
The boldest might have quailed,
Such shapes did keep us company;
No sail in all that sea,
But thick as ships in Mersey's tide
The bergs moved awfully

Within the current's northward stream;
But, ere the long day's close,
We found the whales and filled the ship
Amid the friendly floes.

"Then came a rest: the day was blown
Like a cloud before the night;
In the South the sun went redly down—
In the North rose another light,
Neither sun nor moon, but a shooting dawn,
That silvered our lonely way;
It seemed we sailed in a belt of gloom,
Upon either side, a day.
The north wind smote the sea to death;
The pack-ice closed us round—
The Narwhale stood in the level fields
As fast as a ship aground.
A weary time it was to wait,
And to wish for spring to come,
With the pleasant breeze and the blessed sun,
To open the way toward home.

"Spring came at last, the ice-fields groaned
Like living things in pain;
They moaned and swayed, then rent amain,
And the Narwhale sailed again.
With joy the dripping sails were loosed
And round the vessel swung;
To cheer the crew, full south she drew,
The shattered floes among.
We had no books in those old days
To carry the friendly faces;
But I think the wives and lasses then
Were held in better places.
The face of sweetheart and wife to-day
Is locked in the sailor's chest:
But aloft on the yard, with the thought of home,
The face in the heart was best.

Well, well—God knows, mates, when and where
To take the things he gave ;
We steered for home—but the chart was his,
And the port ahead—the grave !

"We cleared the floes : through an open sea
The Narwhale south'ard sailed,
Till a day came round when the white fog rose,
And the wind astern had failed.
In front of the Greenland glacier line,
And close to its base were we ;
Through the misty pall we could see the wall
That beetled above the sea.
A fear like the fog crept over our hearts
As we heard the hollow roar
Of the deep sea thrashing the cliffs of ice
For leagues along the shore.

"The years have come and the years have gone,
But it never wears away—
The sense I have of the sights and sounds
That marked that woeful day.
Flung here and there at the ocean's will,
As it flung the broken floe—
What strength had we 'gainst the tiger sea
That sports with a sailor's woe ?
The lifeless berg and the lifeful ship
Were the same to the sullen wave,
As it swept them far from ridge to ridge,
Till at last the Narwhale drave
With a crashing rail on the glacier wall—
As sheer as the vessel's mast—
A crashing rail and a shivered yard ;
But the worst, we thought, was past.
The brave lads sprang to the fending work,
And the skipper's voice rang hard :
'Aloft there, one with a ready knife—
Cut loose that royal yard !'

I sprang to the rigging, young I was,
And proud to be first to dare:
The yard swung free, and I turned to gaze
Toward the open sea, o'er the field of haze,
And my heart grew cold, as if frozen through,
At the moving shape that met my view—
O Christ! what a sight was there!

"Above the fog, as I hugged the yard,
I saw that an iceberg lay—
A berg like a mountain, closing fast—
Not a cable's length away!
I could not see through the sheet of mist
That covered all below,
But I heard the cheery voices still,
And I screamed to let them know.
The cry went down, and the skipper hailed,
But before the word could come
It died in his throat—and I knew they saw
The shape of the closing doom!

"No sound but that—but the hail that died
Came up through the mist to me;
Thank God, it covered the ship like a veil,
And I was not forced to see—
But I heard it, mates: O, I heard the rush,
And the timbers rend and rive,
As the yard I clung to swayed and fell:—I lay on the ice, alive!
Alive! O God of mercy! ship and crew and sea were gone!
The hummocked ice and the broken yard,
And a kneeling man—alone!

"A kneeling man on a frozen hill,
The sounds of life in the air—
All death and ice—and a minute before
The sea and the ship were there!

I could not think they were dead and gone,
And I listened for sound or word:
But the deep sea roar on the desolate shore
Was the only sound I heard.
O mates, I had no heart to thank
The Lord for the life He gave;
I spread my arms on the ice and cried
Aloud on my shipmates' grave.
The brave strong lads, with their strength all vain,
I called them name by name;
And it seemed to me from the dying hearts
A message upward came—
Ay, mates, a message, up through the ice
From every sailor's breast:
'*Go tell our mothers and wives at home*
To pray for us here at rest.'

"Yes, that's what it means; 'tis a little word;
But, mates, the strongest ship
That ever was built is a baby's toy
When it copes with an Arctic Nip."

THE LURE.

"WHAT bait do you use," said a Saint to the Devil,
"When you fish where the souls of men abound?"
"Well, for special tastes," said the King of Evil,
"Gold and Fame are the best I've found."
"But for common use?" asked the Saint. "Ah, then,"
Said the Demon, "I angle for Man, not men,
And a thing I hate
Is to change my bait,
So I fish with a woman the whole year round."

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

LONG time ago, from Amsterdam a vessel sailed away,—
As fair a ship as ever flung aside the laughing spray.
Upon the shore were tearful eyes, and scarfs were in the air,
As to her, o'er the Zuyder Zee, went fond adieu and prayer;
And brave hearts, yearning shoreward from the outward-going ship,
Felt lingering kisses clinging still to tear-wet cheek and lip.
She steered for some far eastern clime, and, as she skimmed the seas,
Each taper mast was bending like a rod before the breeze.

Her captain was a stalwart man,—an iron heart had he,—
From childhood's days he sailed upon the rolling Zuyder Zee:
He nothing feared upon the earth, and scarcely heaven feared,
He would have dared and done whatever mortal man had dared!
He looked aloft, where high in air the pennant cut the blue,
And every rope and spar and sail was firm and strong and true.
He turned him from the swelling sail to gaze upon the shore,—
Ah! little thought the skipper then 'twould meet his eye no more:
He dreamt not that an awful doom was hanging o'er his ship,
That Vanderdecken's name would yet make pale the speaker's lip.
The vessel bounded on her way, and spire and dome went down,—
Ere darkness fell, beneath the wave had sunk the distant town.

No more, no more, ye hapless crew, shall Holland meet your eye.
In lingering hope and keen suspense, maid, wife, and child shall die!

Away, away the vessel speeds, till sea and sky alone
Are round her, as her course she steers across the torrid zone.
Away, until the North Star fades, the Southern Cross is high,
And myriad gems of brightest beam are sparkling in the sky.
The tropic winds are left behind; she nears the Cape of Storms,
Where awful Tempest ever sits enthroned in wild alarms;
Where Ocean in his anger shakes aloft his foamy crest,
Disdainful of the weakly toys that ride upon his breast.

Fierce swell the winds and waters round the Dutchman's gallant ship,
But, to their rage, defiance rings from Vanderdecken's lip:
Impotent they to make him swerve, their might he dares despise,
As straight he holds his onward course, and wind and wave defies.
For days and nights he struggles in the weird, unearthly fight.
His brow is bent, his eye is fierce, but looks of deep affright
Amongst the mariners go round, as hopelessly they steer:
They do not dare to murmur, but they whisper what they fear.
Their black-browed captain awes them: 'neath his darkened eye they quail,
And in a grim and sullen mood their bitter fate bewail.
As some fierce rider ruthless spurs a timid, wavering horse,
He drives his shapely vessel, and they watch the reckless course,

Till once again their skipper's laugh is flung upon the blast:
The placid ocean smiles beyond, the dreaded Cape is passed!

Away across the Indian main the vessel northward glides;
A thousand murmuring ripples break along her graceful sides:
The perfumed breezes fill her sails,—her destined port she nears,—
The captain's brow has lost its frown, the mariners their fears.
"Land ho!" at length the welcome sound the watchful sailor sings,
And soon within an Indian bay the ship at anchor swings.
Not idle then the busy crew: ere long the spacious hold
Is emptied of its western freight, and stored with silk and gold.

Again the ponderous anchor 's weighed; the shore is left behind,
The snowy sails are bosomed out before the favoring wind.
Across the warm blue Indian sea the vessel southward flies,
And once again the North Star fades and Austral beacons rise.
For home she steers! she seems to know and answer to the word,
And swifter skims the burnished deep, like some fair ocean-bird.
"For home! for home!" the merry crew with gladsome voices cry,
And dark-browed Vanderdecken has a mild light in his eye.

But once again the Cape draws near, and furious billows rise;
And still the daring Dutchman's laugh the hurricane defies.
But wildly shrieked the tempest ere the scornful sound had died,
A warning to the daring man to curb his impious pride.

A crested mountain struck the ship, and like a frighted bird
She trembled 'neath the awful shock. Then Vanderdecken heard
A pleading voice within the gale,—his better angel spoke,
But fled before his scowling look, as mast-high mountains broke
Around the trembling vessel, till the crew with terror paled ;
But Vanderdecken never flinched, nor 'neath the thunders quailed.
With folded arms and stern-pressed lips, dark anger in his eye,
He answered back the threatening frown that lowered o'er the sky.
With fierce defiance in his heart, and scornful look of flame,
He spoke, and thus with impious voice blasphemed God's holy name :
"Howl on, ye winds ! ye tempests, howl ! your rage is spent in vain :
Despite your strength, your frowns, your hate, I'll ride upon the main.
Defiance to your idle shrieks ! I'll sail upon my path :
I cringe not for thy Maker's smile,—I care not for His wrath ! "

He ceased. An awful silence fell ; the tempest and the sea
Were hushed in sudden stillness by the Ruler's dread decree.
The ship was riding motionless within the gathering gloom ;
The Dutchman stood upon the poop and heard his dreadful doom.
The hapless crew were on the deck in swooning terror prone,—
They, too, were bound in fearful fate. In angered thunder-tone
The judgment words swept o'er the sea : "Go, wretch, accurst, condemned !
Go sail for ever on the deep, by shrieking tempests hemmed !

No home, no port, no calm, no rest, no gentle fav'ring
breeze,
Shall ever greet thee. Go, accurst! and battle with the
seas!
Go, braggart! struggle with the storm, nor ever cease to
live,
But bear a million times the pangs that death and fear can
give!
Away! and hide thy guilty head, a curse to all thy
kind
Who ever see thee struggling, wretch, with ocean and with
wind!
Away, presumptuous worm of earth! Go teach thy fellow-
worms
The awful fate that waits on him who braves the King of
Storms!"

'Twas o'er. A lurid lightning flash lit up the sea and sky
Around and o'er the fated ship; then rose a wailing cry
From every heart within her, of keen anguish and despair;
But mercy was for them no more,—it died away in air.

Once more the lurid light gleamed out,—the ship was still
at rest,
The crew were standing at their posts; with arms across
his breast
Still stood the captain on the poop, but bent and crouch-
ing now
He bowed beneath that fiat dread, and o'er his swarthy
brow
Swept lines of anguish, as if he a thousand years of
pain
Had lived and suffered. Then across the heaving, angry
main
The tempest shrieked triumphant, and the angry waters
hissed
Their vengeful hate against the toy they oftentimes had
kissed.

And ever through the midnight storm that hapless crew must speed:
They try to round the stormy Cape, but never can succeed.
And oft when gales are wildest, and the lightning's vivid sheen
Flashes back the ocean's anger, still the Phantom Ship is seen
Ever sailing to the southward in the fierce tornado's swoop,
With her ghostly crew and canvas, and her captain on the poop,
Unrelenting, unforgiven! and 'tis said that every word
Of his blasphemous defiance still upon the gale is heard!
But Heaven help the ship near which the dismal sailor steers,—
The doom of those is sealed to whom that Phantom Ship appears:
They'll never reach their destined port,—they'll see their homes no more,—
They who see the Flying Dutchman—never, never reach the shore!

UNCLE NED'S TALE.

AN OLD DRAGOON'S STORY.

I OFTEN, musing, wander back to days long since gone by,
And far-off scenes and long-lost forms arise to fancy's eye.
A group familiar now I see, who all but one are fled,—
My mother, sister Jane, myself, and dear old Uncle Ned.
I'll tell you how I see them now. First, mother in her chair
Sits knitting by the parlor fire, with anxious matron air;
My sister Jane, just nine years old, is seated at her feet,
With look demure, as if she, too, were thinking how to meet
The butcher's or the baker's bill,—though not a thought has she
Of aught beside her girlish toys; and next to her I see
Myself, a sturdy lad of twelve,—neglectful of the book
That open lies upon my knee,—my fixed admiring look
At Uncle Ned, upon the left, whose upright, martial mien,
Whose empty sleeve and gray mustache, proclaim what he has been.
My mother I had always loved; my father then was dead;
But 'twas more than love—'twas worship—I felt for Uncle Ned.
Such tales he had of battle-fields,—the victory and the rout,
The ringing cheer, the dying shriek, the loud exulting shout!
And how, forgetting age and wounds, his eye would kindle bright,
When telling of some desperate ride or close and deadly fight!
But oft I noticed, in the midst of some wild martial tale,
To which I lent attentive ear, my mother's cheek grow pale:

She sighed to see my kindled look, and feared I might be led
To follow in the wayward steps of poor old Uncle Ned.
But with all the wondrous tales he told, 'twas strange I never heard
Of his last fight, for of that day he never spoke a word.
And yet 'twas there he lost his arm, and once he e'en confessed
'Twas there he won the glittering cross he wore upon his breast.
It hung the center of a group of Glory's emblems fair,
And royal hands, he told me once, had placed the bauble there.
Each day that passed I hungered more to hear about that fight,
And oftentimes I prayed in vain. At length, one winter's night,—
The very night I speak of now,—with more than usual care
I filled his pipe, then took my stand beside my uncle's chair:
I fixed my eyes upon the Cross,—he saw my youthful plan;
And, smiling, laid the pipe aside and thus the tale began:

"Well, boy, it was in summer time, and just at morning's light
We heard the 'Boot and Saddle!' sound: the foe was then in sight,
Just winding round a distant hill and opening on the plain.
Each trooper looked with careful eye to girth and curb and rein.
We snatched a hasty breakfast,—we were old campaigners then:
That morn, of all our splendid corps, we'd scarce one hundred men;

But they were soldiers, tried and true, who'd rather die than yield:
The rest were scattered far and wide o'er many a hard-fought field.
Our trumpet now rang sharply out, and at a swinging pace
We left the bivouac behind; and soon the eye could trace
The columns moving o'er the plain. Oh! 'twas a stirring sight
To see two mighty armies there preparing for the fight:
To watch the heavy masses, as, with practiced, steady wheel,
They opened out in slender lines of brightly flashing steel.
Our place was on the farther flank, behind some rising ground,
That hid the stirring scene from view; but soon a booming sound
Proclaimed the opening of the fight. Then war's loud thunder rolled,
And hurtling shells and whistling balls their deadly message told.
We hoped to have a gallant day; our hearts were all aglow;
We longed for one wild, sweeping charge, to chase the flying foe.
Our troopers marked the hours glide by, but still no orders came:
They clutched their swords, and muttered words 'twere better not to name.
For hours the loud artillery roared,—the sun was at its height,—
Still there we lay behind that hill, shut out from all the fight!
We heard the maddened charging yells, the ringing British cheers,
And all the din of glorious war kept sounding in our ears.
Our hearts with fierce impatience throbbed, we cursed the very hill
That hid the sight: the evening fell, and we were idle still.

The horses, too, were almost wild, and told with angry snort
And blazing eye their fierce desire to join the savage sport.
When lower still the sun had sunk, and with it all our hope,
A horseman, soiled with smoke and sweat, came dashing down the slope.
He bore the wished-for orders. 'At last!' our Colonel cried;
And as he read the brief dispatch his glance was filled with pride.
Then he who bore the orders, in a low, emphatic tone,
The stern, expressive sentence spoke,—'*He said it must be done!*'
'It *shall* be done!' our Colonel cried. 'Men, look to strap and girth,
We've work to do this day will prove what every man is worth;
Ay, work, my lads, will make amends for all our long delay,—
The General says on us depends the fortune of the day!'

"No order needed we to mount,—each man was in his place,
And stern and dangerous was the look on every veteran face.
We trotted sharply up the hill, and halted on the brow,
And then that glorious field appeared. Oh! lad, I see it now!
But little time had we to spare for idle gazing then:
Beneath us, in the valley, stood a dark-clad mass of men:
It cut the British line in two. Our Colonel shouted, 'There!
Behold your work! Our orders are *to charge and break that square!*'
Each trooper drew a heavy breath, then gathered up his reins,
And pressed the helmet o'er his brow; the horses tossed their manes

In protest fierce against the curb, and spurned the springy heath,
Impatient for the trumpet's sound to bid them rush to death.

"Well, boy, that moment seemed an hour: at last we heard the words,—
'Dragoons! I know you'll follow me. Ride steady, men! Draw swords!'
The trumpet sounded: off we dashed, at first with steady pace,
But growing swifter as we went. Oh! 'twas a gallant race!
Three-fourths the ground was left behind: the loud and thrilling 'Charge!'
Rang out; but, fairly frantic now, we needed not to urge
With voice or rein our gallant steeds, or touch their foaming flanks.
They seemed to fly. Now straight in front appeared the kneeling ranks.
Above them waved a standard broad: we saw their rifles raised,—
A moment more, with awful crash, the deadly volley blazed.
The bullets whistled through our ranks, and many a trooper fell;
But we were left. What cared we then? but onward rushing still!
Again the crash roared fiercely out; but on! still madly on!
We heard the shrieks of dying men, but recked not who was gone.
We gored the horses' foaming flanks, and on through smoke and glare
We wildly dashed, with clenchéd teeth. We had no thought, no care!

Then came a sudden, sweeping rush. Again with savage heel
I struck my horse: with awful bound he rose right o'er their steel!

"Well, boy, I cannot tell you how that dreadful leap was made,
But there I rode, inside the square, and grasped a reeking blade.
I cared not that I was alone, my eyes seemed filled with blood:
I never thought a man could feel in such a murderous mood.
I parried not, nor guarded thrusts; I felt not pain or wound,
But madly spurred the frantic horse, and swept my sword around.
I tried to reach the standard sheet; but there at last was foiled.
The gallant horse was jaded now, and from the steel recoiled.
They saw his fright, and pressed him then: his terror made him rear,
And falling back he crushed their ranks, and broke their guarded square!
My comrades saw the gap he made, and soon came dashing in;
They raised me up,—I felt no hurt, but mingled in the din.
I'd seen some fearful work before, but never was engaged
In such a wild and savage fight as now around me raged.
The foe had ceased their firing, and now plied the deadly steel:
Though all our men were wounded then, no pain they seemed to feel.
No groans escaped from those who fell, but horrid oaths instead,
And scowling looks of hate were on the features of the dead.

The fight was round the standard: though outnumbered ten to one,
We held our ground,—ay, more than that,—we still kept pushing on.
Our men now made a desperate rush to take the flag by storm.
I seized the pole, a blow came down and crushed my outstretched arm.
I felt a sudden thrill of pain, but that soon passed away;
And, with a devilish thirst for blood, again I joined the fray.
At last we rallied all our strength, and charged o'er heaps of slain:
Some fought to death; some wavered,—then fled across the plain.

"Well, boy, the rest is all confused: there was a fearful rout;
I saw our troopers chase the foe, and heard their maddened shout.
Then came a blank: my senses reeled, I know not how I fell;
I seemed to grapple with a foe, but that I cannot tell.
My mind was gone: when it came back I saw the moon on high;
Around me all was still as death. I gazed up at the sky,
And watched the glimmering stars above,—so quiet did they seem,—
And all that dreadful field appeared like some wild, fearful dream.
But memory soon came back again, and cleared my wandering brain,
And then from every joint and limb shot fiery darts of pain.
My throat was parched, the burning thirst increased with every breath;
I made no effort to arise, but wished and prayed for death.

My bridle arm was broken, and lay throbbing on the sward,
But something still my right hand grasped: I thought it was my sword.
I raised my hand to cast it off,—no reeking blade was there;
Then life and strength returned,—I held the Standard of the Square!
With bounding heart I gained my feet. Oh! then I wished to live,
'Twas strange the strength and love of life that standard seemed to give!
I gazed around: far down the vale I saw a camp-fire's glow.
With wandering step I ran that way,—I recked not friend or foe.
Though stumbling now o'er heaps of dead, now o'er a stiffened horse,
I heeded not, but watched the light, and held my onward course.
But soon that flash of strength had failed, and checked my feverish speed;
Again my throat was all ablaze, my wounds began to bleed.
I knew that if I fell again, my chance of life was gone,
So, leaning on the standard-pole, I still kept struggling on.
At length I neared the camp-fire: there were scarlet jackets round,
And swords and brazen helmets lay strewn upon the ground.
Some distance off, in order ranged, stood men,—about a score:
O God! 'twas all that now remained of my old gallant corps!
The muster-roll was being called: to every well-known name
I heard the solemn answer,—'Dead!' At length my own turn came.
I paused to hear,—a comrade answer, 'Dead! I saw him fall!'
I could not move another step, I tried in vain to call.

My life was flowing fast, and all around was gathering haze,
And o'er the heather tops I watched my comrades' cheerful blaze.
I thought such anguish as I felt was more than man could bear.
O God! it was an awful thing to die with help so near!
And death was stealing o'er me: with the strength of wild despair
I raised the standard o'er my head, and waved it through the air.
Then all grew dim: the fire, the men, all vanished from my sight,
My senses reeled; I know no more of that eventful night.
'Twas weeks before my mind came back: I knew not where I lay,
But kindly hands were round me, and old comrades came each day.
They told me how the waving flag that night had caught their eye,
And how they found me bleeding there, and thought that I must die;
They brought me all the cheering news,—the war was at an end.
No wonder 'twas, with all their care, I soon began to mend.
The General came to see me, too, with all his brilliant train,
But what he said, or how I felt, to tell you now 'twere vain.
Enough, I soon grew strong again: the wished-for route had come,
And all the gallant veteran troops set out with cheers for home.
We soon arrived; and then, my lad, 'twould thrill your heart to hear
How England welcomed home her sons with many a ringing cheer.

But tush! what boots it now to speak of what was said or done?
The victory was dearly bought, our bravest hearts were gone.
Ere long the King reviewed us. Ah! that memory is sweet!
They made me bear the foreign flag, and lay it at his feet.
I parted from my brave old corps: 'twere matter, lad, for tears,
To leave the kind old comrades I had ridden with for years.
I was no longer fit for war, my wanderings had to cease.
There, boy, I've told you all my tales. Now let me smoke in peace."

How vivid grows the picture now! how bright each scene appears!
I trace each loved and long-lost face with eyes bedimmed in tears.
How plain I hear thee, Uncle Ned, and see thy musing look,
Comparing all thy glory to the curling wreaths of smoke!
A truer, braver soldier ne'er for king and country bled.
His wanderings are forever o'er. God rest thee, Uncle Ned!

UNCLE NED'S TALES.

HOW THE FLAG WAS SAVED.*

'TWAS a dismal winter's evening, fast without came down the snow,
But within, the cheerful fire cast a ruddy, genial glow
O'er our pleasant little parlor, that was then my mother's pride.
There she sat beside the glowing grate, my sister by her side;

* An incident from the record of the Enniskillen Dragoons in Spain, under General Picton.

And beyond, within the shadow, in a cosy little nook
Uncle Ned and I were sitting, and in whispering tones we spoke.
I was asking for a story he had promised me to tell,—
Of his comrade, old Dick Hilton, how he fought and how he fell;
And with eager voice I pressed him, till a mighty final cloud
Blew he slowly, then upon his breast his grisly head he bowed,
And, musing, stroked his gray mustache ere he began to speak,
Then brushed a tear that stole along his bronzed and furrowed cheek.
"Ah, no! I will not speak to-night of that sad tale," he cried,
"Some other time I'll tell you, boy, about that splendid ride.
Your words have set me thinking of the many careless years
That comrade rode beside me, and have caused these bitter tears;
For I loved him, boy,—for twenty years we galloped rein to rein,—
In peace and war, through all that time, stanch comrades had we been.
As boys we rode together when our soldiering first began,
And in all those years I knew him for a true and trusty man.
One who never swerved from danger,—for he knew not how to fear,—
If grim Death arrayed his legions, Dick would charge him with a cheer.
He was happiest in a struggle or a wild and dangerous ride:
Every inch a trooper was he, and he cared for naught beside.

He was known for many a gallant deed: to-night I'll tell you one,
And no braver feat of arms was by a soldier ever done.
'Twas when we were young and fearless, for 'twas in our first campaign,
When we galloped through the orange groves and fields of sunny Spain.
Our wary old commander was retiring from the foe,
Who came pressing close upon us, with a proud, exulting show.
We could hear their taunting laughter, and within our very sight
Did they ride defiant round us,—ay, and dared us to the fight.
But brave old Picton heeded not, but held his backward track,
And smiling said the day would come to pay the Frenchmen back.
And come it did: one morning, long before the break of day,
We were standing to our arms, all ready for the coming fray.
Soon the sun poured down his glory on the hostile lines arrayed,
And his beams went flashing brightly back from many a burnished blade,
Soon to change its spotless luster for a reeking crimson stain,
In some heart, then throbbing proudly, that will never throb again
When that sun has reached his zenith, life and pride will then have fled,
And his beams will mock in splendor o'er the ghastly heaps of dead.
Oh, 'tis sad to think how many—but I wander, lad, I fear;
And, though the moral 's good, I guess the tale you'd rather hear.

Well, I said that we were ready, and the foe was ready, too ;
Soon the fight was raging fiercely,—thick and fast the bullets flew,
With a bitter hiss of malice, as if hungry for the life
To be torn from manly bosoms in the maddening heat of strife.
Distant batteries were thundering, pouring grape and shell like rain,
And the cruel missiles hurtled with their load of death and pain,
Which they carried, like fell demons, to the heart of some brigade,
Where the sudden, awful stillness told the havoc they had made.
Thus the struggle raged till noon, and neither side could vantage show ;
Then the tide of battle turned, and swept in favor of the foe!
Fiercer still the cannon thundered,—wilder screamed the grape and shell,—
Onward pressed the French battalions,—back the British masses fell!
Then, as on its prey devoted, fierce the hungered vulture swoops,
Swung the foeman's charging squadrons down upon our broken troops.
Victory hovered o'er their standard,—on they swept with maddened shout,
Spreading death and havoc round them, till retreat was changed to rout!
'Twas a saddening sight to witness ; and, when Picton saw them fly,
Grief and shame were mixed and burning in the old commander's eye.
We were riding in his escort, close behind him, on a height
Which the fatal field commanded ; thence we viewed the growing flight.

"But, my lad, I now must tell you something more about
that hill,
And I'll try to make you see the spot as I can see it still.
Right before us, o'er the battle-field, the fall was sheer and
steep;
On our left the ground fell sloping, in a pleasant, grassy
sweep,
Where the aides went dashing swiftly, bearing orders to
and fro,
For by that sloping side alone they reached the plain
below.
On our right—now pay attention, boy—a yawning fissure
lay,
As if an earthquake's shock had split the mountain's side
away.
And in the dismal gulf, far down, we heard the angry roar
Of a foaming mountain torrent, that, mayhap, the cleft had
wore,
As it rushed for countless ages through its black and secret
lair;
But no matter how 'twas formed, my lad, the yawning gulf
was there.
And from the farther side a stone projected o'er the
gorge,—
'Twas strange to see the massive rock just balanced on the
verge;
It seemed as if an eagle's weight the ponderous mass of
stone
Would topple from its giddy height, and send it crashing
down.
It stretched far o'er the dark abyss; but, though 'twere
footing good,
'Twas twenty feet or more from off the side on which we
stood.
Beyond the cleft a gentle slope went down and joined the
plain,—
Now, lad, back to where we halted, and again resume the
rein.

I said our troops were routed. Far and near they broke and fled,
The grape-shot tearing through them, leaving lanes of mangled dead.
All order lost, they left the fight,—they threw their arms away,
And joined in one wild panic rout,—ah! 'twas a bitter day!

"But did I say that *all* was lost? Nay, one brave corps stood fast,
Determined they would never fly, but fight it to the last.
They barred the Frenchman from his prey, and his whole fury braved,—
One brief hour could they hold their ground, the army might be saved.
Fresh troops were hurrying to our aid,—we saw their glittering head,—
Ah, God! how those brave hearts were raked by the death-shower of lead!
But stand they did: they never flinched nor took one backward stride,
They sent their bayonets home, and then with stubborn courage died.
But few were left of that brave band when the dread hour had passed,
Still, faint and few, they held their flag above them to the last.
But now a cloud of horsemen, like a shadowy avalanche,
Sweeps down: as Picton sees them, e'en his cheek is seen to blanch.
They were not awed, that little band, but rallied once again,
And sent us back a farewell cheer. Then burst from reckless men
The anguished cry, 'God help them!' as we saw the feeble flash
Of their last defiant volley, when upon them with a crash

Burst the gleaming lines of riders,—one by one they disappear,
And the chargers' hoofs are trampling on the last of that brave square!
On swept the squadrons! Then we looked where last the band was seen:
A scarlet heap was all that marked the place where they had been!
Still forward spurred the horsemen, eager to complete the rout;
But our lines had been reformed now, and five thousand guns belched out
A reception to the squadrons,—rank on rank was piled that day
Every bullet hissed out 'Vengeance!' as it whistled on its way.

"And now it was, with maddened hearts, we saw a galling sight:
A French hussar was riding close beneath us on the right,—
He held a British standard! With insulting shout he stood,
And waved the flag,—its heavy folds drooped down with shame and blood,—
The blood of hearts unconquered: 'twas the flag of the stanch corps
That had fought to death beneath it,—it was heavy with their gore.
The foreign dog! I see him as he holds the standard down,
And makes his charger trample on its colors and its crown!
But his life soon paid the forfeit: with a cry of rage and pain,
Hilton dashes from the escort, like a tiger from his chain.
Nought he sees but that insulter; and he strikes his frightened horse
With his clenchéd hand, and spurs him, with a bitter-spoken curse,

Straight as bullet from a rifle—but, great Lord! he has not seen,
In his angry thirst for vengeance, the black gulf that lies between!
All our warning shouts unheeded, starkly on he headlong rides,
And lifts his horse, with bloody spurs deep buried in his sides.

God's mercy! does he see the gulf? Ha! now his purpose dawns
Upon our minds, as nearer still the rocky fissure yawns:
Where from the farther side the stone leans o'er the stream beneath,
He means to take the awful leap! Cold horror checks our breath,
And still and mute we watch him now: he nears the fearful place;
We hear him shout to cheer the horse, and keep the headlong pace.
Then comes a rush,—short strides,—a blow!—the horse bounds wildly on,
Springs high in air o'er the abyss, and lands upon the stone!
It trembles, topples 'neath their weight! it sinks! ha! bravely done!
Another spring,—they gain the side,—the ponderous rock is gone
With crashing roar, a thousand feet, down to the flood below,
And Hilton, heedless of its noise, is riding at the foe!

"The Frenchman stared in wonder: he was brave, and would not run,
'Twould merit but a coward's brand to turn and fly from one.
But still he shuddered at the glance from 'neath that knitted brow:

He knew 'twould be a death fight, but there was no shrinking now.
He pressed his horse to meet the shock: straight at him Hilton made,
And as they closed the Frenchman's cut fell harmless on his blade;
But scarce a moment's time had passed ere, spurring from the field,
A troop of cuirassiers closed round and called on him to yield.
One glance of scorn he threw them,—all his answer in a frown,—
And riding at their leader with one sweep he cut him down;
Then aimed at him who held the flag a cut of crushing might,
And split him to the very chin!—a horrid, ghastly sight!
He seized the standard from his hand; but now the Frenchmen close,
And that stout soldier, all alone, fights with a hundred foes!
They cut and cursed,—a dozen swords were whistling round his head;
He could not guard on every side,—from fifty wounds he bled.
His saber crashed through helm and blade, as though it were a mace;
He cut their steel cuirasses and he slashed them o'er the face.
One tall dragoon closed on him, but he wheeled his horse around,
And cloven through the helmet went the trooper to the ground.
But his saber blade was broken by the fury of the blow,
And he hurled the useless, bloody hilt against the nearest foe;
Then furled the colors round the pole, and, like a leveled lance,
He charged with that red standard through the bravest troops of France!

His horse, as lion-hearted, scarcely needed to be urged,
And steed and rider bit the dust before him as he charged.
Straight on he rode, and down they went, till he had cleared the ranks,
Then once again he loosed the rein and struck his horse's flanks.
A cheer broke from the French dragoons,—a loud, admiring shout!—
As off he rode, and o'er him shook the tattered colors out.
Still might they ride him down: they scorned to fire or to pursue,—
Brave hearts! they cheered him to our lines,—their army cheering, too!
And we—what did we do? you ask. Well, boy, we did not cheer,
Nor not one sound of welcome reached our hero comrade's ear;
But, as he rode along the ranks, each soldier's head was bare,—
Our hearts were far too full for cheers,—we welcomed him with prayer.
Ah, boy, we loved that dear old flag!—ay, loved it so, we cried
Like children, as we saw it wave in all its tattered pride!
No, boy, no cheers to greet him, though he played a noble part,—
We only prayed 'God bless him!' but that prayer came from the heart.
He knew we loved him for it,—he could see it in our tears,—
And such silent earnest love as that is better, boy, than cheers.
Next day we fought the Frenchman, and we drove him back, of course,
Though we lost some goodly soldiers, and old Picton lost a horse.
But there I've said enough: your mother's warning finger shook,—
Mind, never be a soldier, boy!—now let me have a smoke."

HAUNTED BY TIGERS.

NATHAN BEANS and William Lambert were two wild New England boys,
Known from infancy to revel only in forbidden joys.
Many a mother of Nantucket bristled when she heard them come,
With a horrid skulking whistle, tempting her good lad from home.
But for all maternal bristling little did they seem to care,
And they loved each other dearly, did this good-for-nothing pair.

So they lived till eighteen summers found them in the same repute,—
They had well-developed muscles, and loose characters to boot.
Then they did what wild Nantucket boys have never failed to do,—
Went and filled two oily bunks among a whaler's oily crew.
And the mothers,—ah! they raised their hands and blessed the lucky day,
While Nantucket waved its handkerchief to see them sail away.

On a four years' cruise they started in the brave old "Patience Parr,"
And were soon initiated in the mysteries of tar.
There they found the truth that whalers' tales are unsubstantial wiles,—
They were sick and sore and sorry ere they passed the Western Isles;
And their captain, old-man Sculpin, gave their fancies little scope,
For he argued with a marlinspike and reasoned with a rope.

But they stuck together bravely, they were Ishmaels with the crew:
Nathan's voice was never raised but Bill's support was uttered too;
And whenever Beans was floored by Sculpin's cruel marlinspike,
Down beside him went poor Lambert, for his hand was clenched to strike.
So they passed two years in cruising, till one breathless burning day
The old "Patience Parr" in Sunda Straits* with flapping canvas lay.
On her starboard side Sumatra's woods were dark beneath the glare,
And on her port stretched Java, slumbering in the yellow air,—
Slumbering as the jaguar slumbers, as the tropic ocean sleeps,
Smooth and smiling on its surface with a devil in its deeps.
So swooned Java's moveless forest, but the jungle round its root
Knew the rustling anaconda and the tiger's padded foot.
There in Nature's rankest garden, Nature's worst alone is rife,
And a glorious land is wild-beast ruled for want of human life.
Scarce a harmless thing moved on it, not a living soul was near
From the frowning rocks of Java Head right northward to Anjier.
Crestless swells, like wind-raised canvas, made the whaler rise and dip,
Else she lay upon the water like a paralytic ship;

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* The Straits of Sunda, seven miles wide at the southern extremity, lie between Sumatra and Java.

And beneath a topsail awning lay the lazy, languid crew,
Drinking in the precious coolness of the shadow,—all save two:
Two poor Ishmaels,—they were absent, Heaven help them!—roughly tied
'Neath the blistering cruel sun-glare in the fore-chains, side by side.
Side by side as it was always, each one with a word of cheer
For the other, and for his sake bravely choking back the tear.
Side by side, their pain or pastime never yet seemed good for one;
But whenever pain came, each in secret wished the other gone.

You who stop at home and saunter o'er your flower scattered path,
With life's corners velvet cushioned, have you seen a tyrant's wrath?—
Wrath, the rude and reckless demon, not the drawing-room display
Of an anger led by social lightning-rods upon its way.
Ah! my friends, wrath's raw materials on the land may sometimes be,
But the manufactured article is only found at sea.

And the wrath of old-man Sculpin was of texture Number One:
Never absent,—when the man smiled it was hidden, but not gone.
Old church-members of Nantucket knew him for a shining lamp,
But his chronic Christian spirit was of pharisaic stamp.
When ashore, he prayed aloud of how he'd sinned and been forgiven,—
How his evil ways had brought him 'thin an ace of losing heaven;

Thank the Lord! his eyes were opened, and so on; but when the ship
Was just ready for a voyage, you could see old Sculpin's lip
Have a sort of nervous tremble, like a carter's long-leashed whip
Ere it cracks; and so the skipper's lip was trembling for an oath
At the watch on deck for idleness, the watch below for sloth,
For the leash of his anathemas was long enough for both.

Well, 'twas burning noon off Java: Beans and Lambert in the chains
Sank their heads, and all was silent but the voices of their pains.
Night came ere their bonds were loosened; then the boys sank down and slept,
And the dew in place of loved ones on their wounded bodies wept.

All was still within the whaler,—on the sea no fanning breeze,
And the moon alone was moving over Java's gloomy trees.
Midnight came,—one sleeper's waking glance went out the moon to meet:
Nathan rose, and turned from Lambert, who still slumbered at his feet.
Out toward Java went his vision, as if something in the air
Came with promises of kindness and of peace to be found there.
Then toward the davits moved he, where the lightest whale-boat hung;
And he worked with silent caution till upon the sea she swung,

When he paused, and looked at Lambert, and the spirit in him cried
Not to leave him, but to venture, as since childhood, side by side;
And the spirit's cry was answered, for he touched the sleeper's lip,
Who awoke and heard of Nathan's plan to leave th' accursed ship.

When 'twas told, they rose in silence, and looked outward to the land,
But they only saw Nantucket, with its homely, boat-lined strand;
But they saw it—oh! so plainly—through the glass of coming doom.
Then they crept into the whale-boat, and pulled toward the forest's gloom,—
All their suffering clear that moment, like the moonlight on their wake,
Now contracting, now expanding, like a phosphorescent snake.
Hours speed on: the dark horizon yet shows scarce a streak of gray
When old Sculpin comes on deck to walk his restlessness away.
All the scene is still and solemn, and mayhap the man's cold heart
Feels its teaching, for the wild-beast cries from shoreward make him start
As if they had warning in them, and he o'er its meaning pored,
Till at length one shriek from Java splits the darkness like a sword;
And he almost screams in answer, such the nearness of the cry,
As he clutches at the rigging with a horror in his eye,

And with faltering accents mutters, as against the mast he leans,
"*Darn the tigers! that one shouted with the voice of Nathan Beans!*"

When the boys were missed soon after, Sculpin never breathed a word
Of his terror in the morning at the fearful sound he'd heard;
But he entered in the log-book, and 'twas witnessed by the mates,
Just their names, and following after, "Ran away in Sunda Straits."

Two years after, Captain Sculpin saw again the Yankee shore,
With the comfortable feeling that he'd go to sea no more.
And 'twas strange the way he altered when he saw Nantucket light:
Holy lines spread o'er his face, and chased the old ones out of sight.
And for many a year thereafter did his zeal spread far and wide,
And with all his pious doings was the township edified;
For he led the sacred singing in an unctuous, nasal tone,
And he looked as if the sermon and the scriptures were his own.

But one day the white-haired preacher spoke of how God's justice fell
Soon or late with awful sureness on the man whose heart could tell
Of a wrong done to the widow or the orphan, and he said
That such wrongs were ever living, though the injured ones were dead.
And old Sculpin's heart was writhing, though his heavy eyes were closed,—
For, despite his solemn sanctity, at sermon times he dozed;

But his half-awakened senses heard the preacher speak of death
And of wrongs done unto orphans, and he dreamed with wheezing breath
That cold hands were tearing from his heart its pharisaic screens,
That the preacher was a tiger with the voice of Nathan Beans!
And he shrieked and jumped up wildly, and upon the seat stood he,
As if standing on the whaler looking outward on the sea;
And he clutched as at the rigging with a horror in his eye,
For he saw the woods of Java and he heard that human cry,
As he crouched and cowered earthward. And the simple folk around
Stood with looks of kindly sympathy: they raised him from the ground,
And they brought him half unconscious to the humble chapel door,
Whence he fled as from a scourging, and he entered it no more;
For the sight of that old preacher brought the horror to his face,
And he dare not meet his neighbors' honest eyes within the place,
For his conscience like a mirror rose and showed the dismal scenes,
Where the tiger yelled forever with the voice of Nathan Beans.

THE WORD AND THE DEED.

THE Word was first, says the revelation:
Justice is older than error or strife;
The Word preceded the Incarnation
As symbol and type of law and life.

And always so are the mighty changes:
The word must be sown in the heart like seed;
Men's hands must tend it, their lives defend it,
Till it burst into flower as a deathless Deed.

The primal truth neither dies nor slumbers,
But lives as the test of the common right,
That the laws proclaimed by the sworded numbers
May stand arraigned in the people's sight.
The Word is great, and no Deed is greater,
When both are of God, to follow or lead;
But, alas, for the truth when the Word comes later,
With questioned steps, to sustain the Deed.

Not the noblest acts can be true solutions;
The soul must be sated before the eye,
Else the passionate glory of revolutions
Shall pass like the flames that flash and die.
But forever the gain when the heart's convictions,
Rooted in nature the masses lead;
The cries of rebellion are benedictions
When the Word has flowered in a perfect Deed.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

Nation of sun and sin,
Thy flowers and crimes are red,
And thy heart is sore within
While the glory crowns thy head.
Land of the songless birds,
What was thine ancient crime,
Burning through lapse of time
Like a prophet's cursing words?

Aloes and myrrh and tears
Mix in thy bitter wine:
Drink, while the cup is thine,
Drink, for the draught is sign
Of thy reign in the coming years.

PROLOGUE.

Nor gold nor silver are the words set here,
Nor rich-wrought chasing on design of art;
But rugged relics of an unknown sphere
Where fortune chanced I played one time a part.
Unthought of here the critic blame or praise,
These recollections all their faults atone;
To hold the scenes, I've writ of men and ways
Uncouth and rough as Austral ironstone.

It may be, I have left the higher gleams
Of skies and flowers unheeded or forgot;
It may be so,—but, looking back, it seems
When I was with them I beheld them not.
I was no rambling poet, but a man
Hard prèssed to dig and delve, with naught of ease
The hot day through, save when the evening's fan
Of sea-winds rustled through the kindly trees.

It may be so; but when I think I smile
At my poor hand and brain to paint the charms
Of God's first-blazoned canvas! here the aisle
Moonlit and deep of reaching gothic arms
From towering gum, mahogany, and palm,
And odorous jam and sandal; there the growth
Of arm-long velvet leaves grown hoar in calm,—
In calm unbroken since their luscious youth.

How can I show you all the silent birds
With strange metallic glintings on the wing?

Or how tell half their sadness in cold words,—
The poor dumb lutes, the birds that never sing?
Of wondrous parrot-greens and iris hue
Of sensuous flower and of gleaming snake,—
Ah! what I see I long that so might you,
But of these things what picture can I make?

Sometime, maybe, a man will wander there,—
A mind God-gifted, and not dull and weak;
And he will come and paint that land so fair,
And show the beauties of which I but speak.
But in the hard, sad days that there I spent,
My mind absorbed rude pictures: these I show
As best I may, and just with this intent,—
To tell some things that all folk may not know.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

O BEAUTEOUS Southland! land of yellow air,
That hangeth o'er thee slumbering, and doth hold
The moveless foliage of thy valleys fair
And wooded hills, like aureole of gold.

O thou, discovered ere the fitting time,
Ere Nature in completion turned thee forth!
Ere aught was finished but thy peerless clime,
Thy virgin breath allured the amorous North.

O land, God made thee wondrous to the eye!
But His sweet singers thou hast never heard;
He left thee, meaning to come by-and-by,
And give rich voice to every bright-winged bird.

He painted with fresh hues thy myriad flowers,
But left them scentless: ah! their woeful dole,
Like sad reproach of their Creator's powers,—
To make so sweet fair bodies, void of soul.

He gave thee trees of odorous precious wood;
But, 'midst them all, bloomed not one tree of fruit.
He looked, but said not that His work was good,
When leaving thee all perfumeless and mute.

He blessed thy flowers with honey: every bell
Looks earthward, sunward, with a yearning wist;
But no bee-lover ever notes the swell
Of hearts, like lips, a-hungering to be kist.

O strange land, thou art virgin! thou art more
Than fig-tree barren! Would that I could paint

For others' eyes the glory of the shore
Where last I saw thee; but the senses faint

In soft delicious dreaming when they drain
Thy wine of color. Virgin fair thou art,
All sweetly fruitful, waiting with soft pain
The spouse who comes to wake thy sleeping heart.

THE DUKITE SNAKE.

A WEST AUSTRALIAN BUSHMAN'S STORY.

WELL, mate, you've asked me about a fellow
You met to-day, in a black-and-yellow
Chain-gang suit, with a peddler's pack,
Or with some such burden, strapped to his back.
Did you meet him square? No, passed you by?
Well, if you had, and had looked in his eye,
You'd have felt for your irons then and there;
For the light in his eye is a madman's glare.
Ay, mad, poor fellow! I know him well,
And if you're not sleepy just yet, I'll tell
His story,—a strange one as ever you heard
Or read; but I'll vouch for it, every word.

You just wait a minute, mate: I must see
How that damper's doing, and make some tea.
You smoke? That's good; for there's plenty of weed
In that wallaby skin. Does your horse feed
In the hobbles? Well, he's got good feed here,
And my own old bush mare wont interfere.
Done with that meat? Throw it there to the dogs,
And fling on a couple of banksia logs.

And now for the story. That man who goes
Through the bush with the pack and the convict's clothes

Has been mad for years; but he does no harm,
And our lonely settlers feel no alarm
When they see or meet him. Poor Dave Sloane
Was a settler once, and a friend of my own.
Some eight years back, in the spring of the year,
Dave came from Scotland, and settled here.
A splendid young fellow he was just then,
And one of the bravest and truest men
That I ever met: he was kind as a woman
To all who needed a friend, and no man—
Not even a convict—met with his scorn,
For David Sloane was a gentleman born.
Ay, friend, a gentleman, though it sounds queer:
There's plenty of blue blood flowing out here,
And some younger sons of your "upper ten"
Can be met with here, first-rate bushmen.
Why, friend, *I*—Bah! curse that dog! you see
This talking so much has affected me.

Well, Sloane came here with an ax and a gun;
He bought four miles of a sandal-wood run.
This bush at that time was a lonesome place,
So lonesome the sight of a white man's face
Was a blessing, unless it came at night,
And peered in your hut, with the cunning fright
Of a runaway convict; and even they
Were welcome, for talk's sake, while they could stay.
Dave lived with me here for a while, and learned
The tricks of the bush,—how the snare was laid
In the wallaby track, how traps were made,
How 'possums and kangaroo rats were killed,
And when that was learned, I helped him to build
From mahogany slabs a good bush hut,
And showed him how sandal-wood logs were cut.
I lived up there with him days and days,
For I loved the lad for his honest ways.
I had only one fault to find: at first
Dave worked too hard; for a lad who was nursed,

As he was, in idleness, it was strange
How he cleared that sandal-wood off his range.
From the morning light till the light expired
He was always working, he never tired;
Till at length I began to think his will
Was too much settled on wealth, and still
When I looked at the lad's brown face, and eye
Clear open, my heart gave such thought the lie.
But one day—for he read my mind—he laid
His hand on my shoulder: "Don't be afraid,"
Said he, "that I'm seeking alone for pelf.
I work hard, friend; but 'tis not for myself."

And he told me then, in his quiet tone,
Of a girl in Scotland, who was his own,—
His wife,—'twas for her: 'twas all he could say,
And his clear eye brimmed as he turned away.
After that he told me the simple tale:
They had married for love, and she was to sail
For Australia when he wrote home and told
The oft-watched-for story of finding gold.

In a year he wrote, and his news was good:
He had bought some cattle and sold his wood.
He said, "Darling, I've only a hut,—but come."
Friend, a husband's heart is a true wife's home;
And he knew she'd come. Then he turned his hand
To make neat the house, and prepare the land
For his crops and vines; and he made that place
Put on such a smiling and homelike face,
That when she came, and he showed her round
His sandal-wood and his crops in the ground,
And spoke of the future, they cried for joy,
The husband's arm clasping his wife and boy.

Well, friend, if a little of heaven's best bliss
Ever comes from the upper world to this,

It came into that manly bushman's life,
And circled him round with the arms of his wife.
God bless that bright memory! Even to me,
A rough, lonely man, did she seem to be,
While living, an angel of God's pure love,
And now I could pray to her face above.
And David he loved her as only a man
With a heart as large as was his heart can.
I wondered how they could have lived apart,
For he was her idol, and she his heart.

Friend, there isn't much more of the tale to tell:
I was talking of angels awhile since. Well,
Now I'll change to a devil,—ay, to a devil!
You needn't start: if a spirit of evil
Ever came to this world its hate to slake
On mankind, it came as a Dukite Snake.

Like? Like the pictures you've seen of Sin,
A long red snake,—as if what was within
Was fire that gleamed through his glistening skin.
And his eyes!—if you could go down to hell
And come back to your fellows here and tell
What the fire was like, you could find no thing,
Here below on the earth, or up in the sky,
To compare it to but a Dukite's eye!

Now, mark you, these Dukites don't go alone:
There's another near when you see but one;
And beware you of killing that one you see
Without finding the other; for you may be
More than twenty miles from the spot that night,
When camped, but you're tracked by the lone Dukite,
That will follow your trail like Death or Fate,
And kill you as sure as you killed its mate!

Well, poor Dave Sloane had his young wife here
Three months,—'twas just this time of the year.

He had teamed some sandal-wood to the Vasse,
And was homeward bound, when he saw in the grass
A long red snake: he had never been told
Of the Dukite's ways,—he jumped to the road,
And smashed its flat head with the bullock-goad!

He was proud of the red skin, so he tied
Its tail to the cart, and the snake's blood dyed
The bush on the path he followed that night.

He was early home, and the dead Dukite
Was flung at the door to be skinned next day.
At sunrise next morning he started away
To hunt up his cattle. A three hours' ride
Brought him back: he gazed on his home with pride
And joy in his heart; he jumped from his horse
And entered—to look on his young wife's corse,
And his dead child clutching its mother's clothes
As in fright; and there, as he gazed, arose
From her breast, where 'twas resting, the gleaming head
Of the terrible Dukite, as if it said,
"*I've had vengeance, my foe: you took all I had.*"

And so had the snake—David Sloane was mad!
I rode to his hut just by chance that night,
And there on the threshold the clear moonlight
Showed the two snakes dead. I pushed in the door
With an awful feeling of coming woe:
The dead was stretched on the moonlit floor,
The man held the hand of his wife,—his pride,
His poor life's treasure,—and crouched by her side.
O God! I sank with the weight of the blow.
I touched and called him: he heeded me not,
So I dug her grave in a quiet spot,
And lifted them both,—her boy on her breast,—
And laid them down in the shade to rest.
Then I tried to take my poor friend away,
But he cried so woefully, "Let me stay

Till she comes again!" that I had no heart
To try to persuade him then to part
From all that was left to him here,—her grave;
So I stayed by his side that night, and, save
One heart-cutting cry, he uttered no sound,—
O God! that wail—like the wail of a hound!

'Tis six long years since I heard that cry,
But 'twill ring in my ears till the day I die.
Since that fearful night no one has heard
Poor David Sloane utter sound or word.
You have seen to-day how he always goes:
He's been given that suit of convict's clothes
By some prison officer. On his back
You noticed a load like a peddler's pack?
Well, that's what he lives for: when reason went,
Still memory lived, for his days are spent
In searching for Dukites; and year by year
That bundle of skins is growing. 'Tis clear
That the Lord out of evil some good still takes;
For he's clearing this bush of the Dukite snakes.

THE MONSTER DIAMOND.

A TALE OF THE PENAL COLONY OF WEST AUSTRALIA.

"I'LL have it, I tell you! Curse you!—there!"
The long knife glittered, was sheathed, and was bare.
The sawyer staggered and tripped and fell,
And falling he uttered a frightened yell:
His face to the sky, he shuddered and gasped,
And tried to put from him the man he had grasped
A moment before in the terrible strife.
"I'll have it, I tell you, or have your life!

Where is it?" The sawyer grew weak, but still
His brown face gleamed with a desperate will.
"Where is it?" he heard, and the red knife's drip
In his slayer's hand fell down on his lip.
"Will you give it?" "Never!" A curse, the knife
Was raised and buried.

Thus closed the life
Of Samuel Jones, known as "Number Ten"
On his Ticket-of-Leave; and of all the men
In the Western Colony, bond or free,
None had manlier heart or hand than he.

In digging a sawpit, while all alone,—
For his mate was sleeping,—Sam struck a stone
With the edge of the spade, and it gleamed like fire,
And looked at Sam from its bed in the mire,
Till he dropped the spade and stooped and raised
The wonderful stone that glittered and blazed
As if it were mad at the spade's rude blow;
But its blaze set the sawyer's heart aglow
As he looked and trembled, then turned him round,
And crept from the pit, and lay on the ground,
Looking over the mold-heap at the camp
Where his mate still slept. Then down to the swamp
He ran with the stone, and washed it bright,
And felt like a drunken man at the sight
Of a diamond pure as spring-water and sun,
And larger than ever man's eyes looked on!

Then down sat Sam with the stone on his knees,
And fancies came to him, like swarms of bees
To a sugar-creamed hive; and he dreamed awake
Of the carriage and four in which he'd take
His pals from the Dials to Drury Lane,
The silks and the satins for Susan Jane,
The countless bottles of brandy and beer
He'd call for and pay for, and every year

The dinner he'd give to the Brummagem lads,—
He'd be king among cracksmen and chief among pads,
And he'd sport a—
Over him stooped his mate,
A pick in his hand, and his face all hate.
Sam saw the shadow, and guessed the pick,
And closed his dream with a spring so quick
The purpose was baffled of Aaron Mace,
And the sawyer mates stood face to face.
Sam folded his arms across his chest,
Having thrust the stone in his loose shirt-breast,
While he tried to think where he dropped the spade.
But Aaron Mace wore a long, keen blade
In his belt,—he drew it,—sprang on his man:
What happened, you read when the tale began.

Then he looked—the murderer, Aaron Mace—
At the gray-blue lines in the dead man's face;
And he turned away, for he feared its frown
More in death than life. Then he knelt him down,—
Not to pray,—but he shrank from the staring eyes,
And felt in the breast for the fatal prize.
And this was the man, and this was the way
That he took the stone on its natal day;
And for this he was cursed for evermore
By the West Australian Koh-i-nor.

In the half-dug pit the corpse was thrown,
And the murderer stood in the camp alone.
Alone? No, no! never more was he
To part from the terrible company
Of that gray-blue face and the bleeding breast
And the staring eyes in their awful rest.
The evening closed on the homicide,
And the blood of the buried sawyer cried
Through the night to God, and the shadows dark
That crossed the camp had the stiff and stark
And horrible look of a murdered man!

Then he piled the fire, and crept within
The ring of its light, that closed him in
Like tender mercy, and drove away
For a time the specters that stood at bay,
And waited to clutch him as demons wait,
Shut out from the sinner by Faith's bright gate.
But the fire burnt low, and the slayer slept,
And the key of his sleep was always kept
By the leaden hand of him he had slain,
That oped the door but to drench the brain
With agony cruel. The night wind crept
Like a snake on the shuddering form that slept
And dreamt, and woke and shrieked; for there,
With its gray-blue lines and its ghastly stare,
Cutting into the vitals of Aaron Mace,
In the flickering light was the sawyer's face!
Evermore 'twas with him, that dismal sight,—
The white face set in the frame of night.

He wandered away from the spot, but found
No inch of the West Australian ground
Where he could hide from the bleeding breast,
Or sink his head in a dreamless rest.

And always with him he bore the prize
In a pouch of leather: the staring eyes
Might burn his soul, but the diamond's gleam
Was solace and joy for the haunted dream.

So the years rolled on, while the murderer's mind
Was bent on a futile quest,—to find
A way of escape from the blood-stained soil
And the terrible wear of the penal toil.

But this was a part of the diamond's curse,—
The toil that was heavy before grew worse,
Till the panting wretch in his fierce unrest
Would clutch the pouch as it lay on his breast,

And waking cower, with sob and moan,
Or shriek wild curses against the stone
That was only a stone ; for he could not sell,
And he dare not break, and he feared to tell
Of his wealth: so he bore it through hopes and fears—
His God and his devil—for years and years.

And thus did he draw near the end of his race,
With a form bent double and horror-lined face,
And a piteous look, as if asking for grace
Or for kindness from some one; but no kind word
Was flung to his misery: shunned, abhorred,
E'en by wretches themselves, till his life was a curse,
And he thought that e'en death could bring nothing worse
Than the phantoms that stirred at the diamond's weight,—
His own life's ghost and the ghost of his mate.
So he turned one day from the haunts of men,
And their friendless faces: an old man then,
In a convict's garb, with white flowing hair,
And a brow deep seared with the word, "Despair."
He gazed not back as his way he took
To the untrod forest; and oh! the look,
The piteous look in his sunken eyes,
Told that life was the bitterest sacrifice.

But little was heard of his later days:
'Twas deemed in the West that in change of ways
He tried with his tears to wash out the sin.
'Twas told by some natives who once came in
From the Kojunup Hills, that lonely there
They had seen a figure with long white hair ;
They encamped close by where his hut was made,
And were scared at night when they saw he prayed
To the white man's God ; and on one wild night
They had heard his voice till the morning light.

Years passed, and a sandal wood-cutter stood
At a ruined hut in a Kojunup wood :

The rank weeds covered the desolate floor,
And an ant-hill stood on the fallen door;
The cupboard within to the snakes was loot,
And the hearth was the home of the bandicoot.
But neither at hut nor snake nor rat
Was the woodcutter staring intent, but at
A human skeleton clad in gray,
The hands clasped over the breast, as they
Had fallen in peace when he ceased to pray.

As the bushman looked on the form, he saw
In the breast a paper: he stooped to draw
What might tell him the story, but at his touch
From under the hands rolled a leathern pouch,
And he raised it too,—on the paper's face
He read "Ticket-of-Leave of Aaron Mace."
Then he opened the pouch, and in dazed surprise
At its contents strange he unblessed his eyes:
'*Twas a lump of quartz*,—a pound weight in full,—
And it fell from his hand on the skeleton's skull!

THE DOG GUARD: AN AUSTRALIAN STORY.

THERE are lonesome places upon the earth
That have never re-echoed a sound of mirth,
Where the spirits abide that feast and quaff
On the shuddering soul of a murdered laugh,
And take grim delight in the fearful start,
As their unseen fingers clutch the heart,
And the blood flies out from the griping pain,
To carry the chill through every vein;
And the staring eyes and the whitened faces
Are a joy to these ghosts of the lonesome places.

But of all the spots on this earthly sphere
Where these dismal spirits are strong and near,

There is one more dreary than all the rest,—
'Tis the barren island of Rottenest.
On Australia's western coast, you may—
On a seaman's chart of Fremantle Bay—
Find a tiny speck, some ten miles from shore:
If the chart be good, there is something more,—
For a shoal runs in on the landward side,
With five fathoms marked for the highest tide.
You have nought but my word for all the rest,
But that speck is the island of Rottenest.

'Tis a white sand-heap, about two miles long,
And say half as wide; but the deeds of wrong
Between man and his brother that there took place
Are sufficient to sully a continent's face.
Ah, cruel tales! were they told as a whole,
They would scare your polished humanity's soul;
They would blanch the cheeks in your carpeted room,
With a terrible thought of the merited doom
For the crimes committed, still unredrest,
On that white sand-heap called Rottenest.

Of late years the island is not so bare
As it was when I saw it first; for there
On the outer headland some buildings stand,
And a flag, red-crossed, says the patch of sand
Is a recognized part of the wide domain
That is blessed with the peace of Victoria's reign.
But behind the lighthouse the land's the same,
And it bears grim proof of the white man's shame;
For the miniature vales that the island owns
Have a horrible harvest of human bones!

And how did they come there? that's the word;
And I'll answer it now with a tale I heard
From the lips of a man who was there, and saw
The bad end of man's greed and of colony law.

Many years ago, when the white man first
Set his foot on the coast, and was hated and cursed
By the native, who had not yet learned to fear
The dark wrath of the stranger, but drove his spear
With a freeman's force and a bushman's yell
At the white invader, it then befell
That so many were killed and cooked and eaten,
There was risk of the whites in the end being beaten;
So a plan was proposed,—'twas deemed safest and best
To imprison the natives in Rottenest.

And so every time there was white blood spilled,
There were black men captured; and those not killed
In the rage of vengeance were sent away
To this bleak sand isle in Fremantle Bay;
And it soon came round that a thousand men
Were together there, like wild beasts in a pen.
There was not a shrub or grass-blade in the sand,
Nor a piece of timber as large as your hand;
But a government boat went out each day
To fling meat ashore—and then sailed away.

For a year or so was this course pursued,
Till 'twas noticed that fewer came down for food
When the boat appeared; then a guard lay round
The island one night, and the white men found
That the savages swam at the lowest tide
To the shoal that lay on the landward side,—
'Twas a mile from the beach,—and then waded ashore;
So the settlers met in grave council once more.

That a guard was needed was plain to all;
But nobody answered the Governor's call
For a volunteer watch. They were only a few,
And their wild young farms gave plenty to do;
And the council of settlers was breaking up,
With a dread of the sorrow they'd have to sup
When the savage, unawed, and for vengeance wild
Lay await in the wood for the mother and child.

And with doleful countenance each to his neighbor
Told a dreary tale of the world of labor
He had, and said, "Let him watch who can,
I can't;" when there stepped to the front a man
With a hard brown face and a burglar's brow,
Who had learned the secret he uttered now
When he served in the chain-gang in New South Wales.
And he said to them: "Friends, as all else fails,
These 'ere natives are safe as if locked and barred,
If you'll line that shoal with a mastiff guard!"

And the settlers looked at each other awhile,
Till the wonder toned to a well-pleased smile
When the brown ex-burglar said he knew,
And would show the whole of 'em what to do.

Some three weeks after, the guard was set;
And a native who swam to the shoal was met
By two half-starved dogs, when a mile from shore,—
And, somehow, that native was never seen more.
All the settlers were pleased with the capital plan,
And they voted their thanks to the hard-faced man.

For a year, each day did the government boat
Take the meat to the isle and its guard afloat.
In a line, on the face of the shoal, the dogs
Had a dry house each, on some anchored logs;
And the neck-chain from each stretched just half way
To the next dog's house; right across the Bay
Ran a line that was hideous with horrid sounds
From the hungry throats of two hundred hounds.

So one more year passed, and the brutes on the logs
Had grown more like devils than common dogs.
There was such a hell-chorus by day and night
That the settlers ashore were chilled with fright
When they thought—if that legion should break away,
And come in with the tide some fatal day!

But they 'scaped that chance; for a man came in
From the Bush, one day, with a 'possum's skin
To the throat filled up with large pearls he'd found
To the north, on the shore of the Shark's Bay Sound.
And the settlement blazed with a wild commotion
At sight of the gems from the wealthy ocean.

Then the settlers all began to pack
Their tools and tents, and to ask the track
That the bushman followed to strike the spot,—
While the dogs and natives were all forgot.
In two days, from that camp on the River Swan,
To the Shark's Bay Sound had the settlers gone;
And no merciful feeling did one retard
For the helpless men and their terrible guard.

It were vain to try, in my quiet room,
To write down the truth of the awful doom
That befell those savages prisoned there,
When the pangs of hunger and wild despair
Had nigh made them mad as the fiends outside:
'Tis enough that one night, through the low ebb tide,
Swam nine hundred savages, armed with stones
And with weapons made from their dead friends' bones.
Without ripple or sound, when the moon was gone,
Through the inky water they glided on;
Swimming deep, and scarce daring to draw a breath,
While the guards, if they saw, were as dumb as death.
'Twas a terrible picture! O God! that the night
Were so black as to cover the horrid sight
From the eyes of the Angel that notes man's ways
In the book that will ope on the Day of Days!

There were screams when they met,—shrill screams of
pain!
For each animal swam at the length of his chain,
And with parching throat and in furious mood
Lay awaiting, not men,-but his coming food.

There were short, sharp cries, and a line of fleck
As the long fangs sank in the swimmer's neck;
There were gurgling growls mixed with human groans,
For the savages drave the sharpened bones
Through their enemies' ribs, and the bodies sank,
Each dog holding fast with a bone through his flank.

Then those of the natives who 'scaped swam back;
But too late! for scores of the savage pack,
Driven mad by the yells and the sounds of fight,
Had broke loose and followed. On that dread night
Let the curtain fall: when the red sun rose
From the placid ocean, the joys and woes
Of a thousand men he had last eve seen
Were as things or thoughts that had never been.

When the settlers returned,—in a month or two,—
They bethought of the dogs and the prisoned crew.
And a boat went out on a tardy quest
Of whatever was living on Rottenest.
They searched all the isle, and sailed back again
With some specimen bones of the dogs and men.

Though it lash the shallows that line the beach,
Afar from the great sea deeps,
There is never a storm whose might can reach
Where the vast leviathan sleeps.
Like a mighty thought in a quiet mind,
In the clear, cold depths he swims;
Whilst above him the pettiest form of his kind
With a dash o'er the surface skims.

There is peace in power: the men who speak
With the loudest tongues do least;
And the surest sign of a mind that is weak
Is its want of the power to rest.
It is only the lighter water that flies
From the sea on a windy day;
And the deep blue ocean never replies
To the sibilant voice of the spray.

THE AMBER WHALE: A HARPOONEER'S STORY.

Whalemen have a strange belief as to the formation of amber. They say that it is a petrifaction of some internal part of a whale; and they tell weird stories of enormous whales seen in the warm latitudes, that were almost entirely transformed into the precious substance.

WE were down in the Indian Ocean, after sperm, and three years out;
The last six months in the tropics, and looking in vain for a spout,—
Five men up on the royal yards, weary of straining their sight;
And every day like its brother,—just morning and noon and night—
Nothing to break the sameness: water and wind and sun
Motionless, gentle, and blazing,—never a change in one.
Every day like its brother: when the noonday eight-bells came,
'Twas like yesterday; and we seemed to know that to-morrow would be the same.
The foremast hands had a lazy time: there was never a thing to do;
The ship was painted, tarred down, and scraped; and the mates had nothing new.
We'd worked at sinnet and ratline till there wasn't a yarn to use,
And all we could do was watch and pray for a sperm whale's spout—or news.
It was whaler's luck of the vilest sort; and, though many a volunteer
Spent his watch below on the look-out, never a whale came near,—

At least of the kind we wanted: there were lots of whales of a sort,—
Killers and finbacks, and such like, as if they enjoyed the sport
Of seeing a whale-ship idle; but we never lowered a boat
For less than a blackfish,—there's no oil in a killer's or finback's coat.
There was rich reward for the look-out men,—tobacco for even a sail,
And a barrel of oil for the lucky dog who'd be first to "raise" a whale.
The crew was a mixture from every land, and many a tongue they spoke;
And when they sat in the fo'castle, enjoying an evening smoke,
There were tales told, youngster, would make you stare,—stories of countless shoals
Of devil-fish in the Pacific and right-whales away at the Poles.
There was one of these fo'castle yarns that we always loved to hear,—
Kanaka and Maori and Yankee; all lent an eager ear
To that strange old tale that was always new,—the wonderful treasure-tale
Of an old Down-Eastern harpooneer who had struck an Amber Whale!
Ay, that was a tale worth hearing, lad: if 'twas true we couldn't say,
Or if 'twas a yarn old Mat had spun to while the time away.

"It's just fifteen years ago," said Mat, "since I shipped as harpooneer
On board a bark in New Bedford, and came cruising somewhere near
To this whaling-ground we're cruising now; but whales were plenty then,
And not like now, when we scarce get oil to pay for the ship and men.

There were none of these oil wells running then,—at least, what shore folk term
An oil well in Pennsylvania,—but sulphur-bottom and sperm
Were plenty as frogs in a mud-hole, and all of 'em big whales, too;
One hundred barrels for sperm-whales; and for sulphur-bottom, two.
You couldn't pick out a small one: the littlest calf or cow
Had a sight more oil than the big bull whales we think so much of now.
We were more to the east, off Java Straits, a little below the mouth,—
A hundred and five to the east'ard and nine degrees to the south;
And that was as good a whaling-ground for middling-sized, handy whales
As any in all the ocean; and 'twas always white with sails
From Scotland and Hull and New England,—for the whales were thick as frogs,
And 'twas little trouble to kill 'em then, for they lay as quiet as logs.
And every night we'd go visiting the other whale-ships 'round,
Or p'r'aps we'd strike on a Dutchman, calmed off the Straits, and bound
To Singapore or Batavia, with plenty of schnapps to sell
For a few whale's teeth or a gallon of oil, and the latest news to tell.
And in every ship of that whaling fleet was one wonderful story told,—
How an Amber Whale had been seen that year that was worth a mint of gold.
And one man—mate of a Scotchman—said he'd seen, away to the west,
A big school of sperm, and one whale's spout was twice as high as the rest;

And we knew that that was the Amber Whale, for we'd often heard before
That his spout was twice as thick as the rest, and a hundred feet high or more.
And often, when the look-out cried, 'He blows!' the very hail
Thrilled every heart with the greed of gold,—for we thought of the Amber Whale.

"But never a sight of his spout we saw till the season there went round,
And the ships ran down to the south'ard to another whaling-ground.
We stayed to the last off Java, and then we ran to the west,
To get our recruits at Mauritius, and give the crew a rest.
Five days we ran in the trade winds, and the boys were beginning to talk
Of their time ashore, and whether they'd have a donkey-ride or a walk,
And whether they'd spend their money in wine, bananas, or pearls,
Or drive to the sugar plantations to dance with the Creole girls.
But they soon got something to talk about. Five days we ran west-sou'-west,
But the sixth day's log-book entry was a change from all the rest;
For that was the day the mast-head men made every face turn pale,
With the cry that we all had dreamt about,—'He Blows! the Amber Whale!'
"And every man was motionless, and every speaker's lip
Just stopped as it was, with the word half-said: there wasn't a sound in the ship
Till the Captain hailed the masthead, 'Whereaway is the whale you see?'
And the cry came down again, 'He blows! about four points on our lee,

And three miles off, sir,—there he blows! he's going to leeward fast!'
And then we sprang to the rigging, and saw the great whale at last!

"Ah! shipmates, that was a sight to see: the water was smooth as a lake,
And there was the monster rolling, with a school of whales in his wake.
They looked like pilot-fish round a shark, as if they were keeping guard;
And, shipmates, the spout of that Amber Whale was high as a sky-sail yard.
There was never a ship's crew worked so quick as our whalemen worked that day,—
When the captain shouted, 'Swing the boats, and be ready to lower away!'
Then, 'A pull on the weather-braces, men! let her head fall off three points!'
And off she swung, with a quarter-breeze straining the old ship's joints.
The men came down from the mastheads; and the boat's crews stood on the rail,
Stowing the lines and irons, and fixing paddles and sail.
And when all was ready we leant on the boats and looked at the Amber's spout,
That went up like a monster fountain, with a sort of a rumbling shout,
Like a thousand railroad engines puffing away their smoke.
He was just like a frigate's hull capsized, and the swaying water broke
Against the sides of the great stiff whale: he was steering south-by-west,—
For the Cape, no doubt, for a whale can shape a course as well as the best.
We soon got close as was right to go; for the school might hear a hail,
Or see the bark, and that was the last of our Bank-of-England Whale.

'Let her luff,' said the Old Man, gently. 'Now, lower away, my boys,
And pull for a mile, then paddle,—and mind that you make no noise.'

"A minute more, and the boats were down; and out from the hull of the bark
They shot with a nervous sweep of the oars, like dolphins away from a shark.
Each officer stood in the stern, and watched, as he held the steering oar,
And the crews bent down to their pulling as they never pulled before.

"Our Mate was as thorough a whaleman as I ever met afloat;
And I was his harpooneer that day, and sat in the bow of the boat.
His eyes were set on the whales ahead, and he spoke in a low, deep tone,
And told the men to be steady and cool, and the whale was all our own.
And steady and cool they proved to be: you could read it in every face,
And in every straining muscle, that they meant to win that race.
'Bend to it, boys, for a few strokes more,—bend to it steady and long!
Now, in with your oars, and paddles out,—all together, and strong!'
Then we turned and sat on the gunwale, with our faces to the bow;
And the whales were right ahead,—no more than four ships' lengths off now.
There were five of 'em, hundred-barrelers, like guards round the Amber Whale.
And to strike him we'd have to risk being stove by crossing a sweeping tail;

But the prize and the risk were equal. 'Mat,' now whispers the Mate,
'Are your irons ready?' 'Ay, ay, sir.' 'Stand up, then, steady, and wait
Till I give the word, then let 'em fly, and hit him below the fin
As he rolls to wind'ard. Start her, boys! now's the time to slide her in!
Hurrah! that fluke just missed us. Mind, as soon as the iron's fast,
Be ready to back your paddles,—now in for it, boys, at last.
Heave! Again!'

"And two irons flew: the first one sank in the joint,
'Tween the head and hump,—in the muscle; but the second had its point
Turned off by striking the amber case, coming out again like a bow,
And the monster carcass quivered, and rolled with pain from the first deep blow.
Then he lashed the sea with his terrible flukes, and showed us many a sign
That his rage was roused. 'Lay off,' roared the Mate, 'and all keep clear of the line!'
And that was a timely warning, for the whale made an awful breach
Right out of the sea; and 'twas well for us that the boat was beyond the reach
Of his sweeping flukes, as he milled around, and made for the Captain's boat,
That was right astern. And, shipmates, then my heart swelled up in my throat
At the sight I saw: the Amber Whale was lashing the sea with rage,
And two of his hundred-barrel guards were ready now to engage

In a bloody fight, and with open jaws they came to their
master's aid.
Then we knew the Captain's boat was doomed; but the
crew were no whit afraid,—
They were brave New England whalemen,—and we saw
the harpooneer
Stand up to send in his irons, as soon as the whales came
near.
Then we heard the Captain's order, 'Heave!' and saw the
harpoon fly,
As the whales closed in with their open jaws: a shock, and
a stifled cry
Was all that we heard; then we looked to see if the crew
were still afloat,—
But nothing was there save a dull red patch, and the
boards of the shattered boat!

"But that was no time for mourning words: the other two
boats came in,
And one got fast on the quarter, and one aft the starboard
fin
Of the Amber Whale. For a minute he paused, as if he
were in doubt
As to whether 'twas best to run or fight. 'Lay on!' the
Mate roared out,
'And I'll give him a lance!' The boat shot in; and the
Mate, when he saw his chance
Of sending it home to the vitals, four times he buried his
lance.
A minute more, and a cheer went up, when we saw that his
aim was good;
For the lance had struck in a life-spot, and the whale was
spouting blood!
But now came the time of danger, for the school of whales
around
Had aired their flukes, and the cry was raised, 'Look out!
they're going to sound!'

And down they went with a sudden plunge, the Amber Whale the last,
While the lines ran smoking out of the tubs, he went to the deep so fast.
Before you could count your fingers, a hundred fathoms were out;
And then he stopped, for a wounded whale must come to the top and spout.
We hauled slack line as we felt him rise; and when he came up alone,
And spouted thick blood, we cheered again, for we knew he was all our own.
He was frightened now, and his fight was gone,—right round and round he spun,
As if he was trying to sight the boats, or find the best side to run.
But that was the minute for us to work: the boats hauled in their slack,
And bent on the drag-tubs over the stern to tire and hold him back.
The bark was five miles to wind'ard, and the mate gave a troubled glance
At the sinking sun, and muttered, 'Boys, we must give him another lance,
Or he'll run till night; and, if he should head to wind'ard in the dark,
We'll be forced to cut loose and leave him, or else lose run of the bark.'
So we hauled in close, two boats at once, but only frightened the whale;
And, like a hound that was badly whipped, he turned and showed his tail,
With his head right dead to wind'ard; then as straight and as swift he sped
As a hungry shark for a swimming prey; and, bending over his head,
Like a mighty plume, went his bloody spout. Ah, shipmates, that was a sight

Worth a life at sea to witness! In his wake the sea was white
As you've seen it after a steamer's screw, churning up like foaming yeast;
And the boats went hissing along at the rate of twenty knots at least.
With the water flush with the gunwhale, and the oars were all apeak,
While the crews sat silent and quiet, watching the long, white streak
That was traced by the line of our passage. We hailed the bark as we passed,
And told them to keep a sharp look-out from the head of every mast;
'And if we're not back by sundown,' cried the Mate, 'you keep a light
At the royal cross-trees. If he dies, we may stick to the whale all night.'

"And past we swept with our oars apeak, and waved our hands to the hail
Of the wondering men on the taffrail, who were watching our Amber Whale
As he surged ahead, just as if he thought he could tire his enemies out;
I was almost sorrowful, shipmates, to see after each red spout
That the great whale's strength was failing: the sweep of his flukes grew slow,
Till at sundown he made about four knots, and his spout was weak and low.
Then said the Mate to his boat's crew: 'Boys, the vessel is out of sight
To the leeward: now, shall we cut the line, or stick to the whale all night?'
'We'll stick to the whale!' cried every man. 'Let the other boats go back
To the vessel and beat to wind'ard, as well as they can, in our track.'

It was done as they said: the lines were cut, and the crews
cried out, 'Good speed!'
As we swept along in the darkness, in the wake of our
monster steed,
That went plunging on, with the dogged hope that he'd
tire his enemies still,—
But even the strength of an Amber Whale must break
before human will.
By little and little his power had failed as he spouted his
blood away,
Till at midnight the rising moon shone down on the great
fish as he lay
Just moving his flukes; but at length he stopped, and
raising his square, black head
As high as the topmast cross-trees, swung round and fell
over—dead!

"And then rose a shout of triumph,—a shout that was
more like a curse
Than an honest cheer; but, shipmates, the thought in our
hearts was worse,
And 'twas punished with bitter suffering. We claimed the
whale as our own,
And said that the crew should have no share of the wealth
that was ours alone.
We said to each other: We want their help till we get the
whale aboard,
So we'll let 'em think that they'll have a share till we get
the Amber stored,
And then we'll pay them their wages, and send them
ashore—*or afloat*,
If they show their temper. Ah! shipmates, no wonder
'twas that boat
And its selfish crew were cursed that night. Next day we
saw no sail,
But the wind and sea were rising. Still, we held to the
drifting whale,—

And a dead whale drifts to windward,—going farther away
from the ship,
Without water, or bread, or courage to pray with heart or lip
That had planned and spoken the treachery. The wind
blew into a gale,
And it screamed like mocking laughter round our boat and
the Amber Whale.

"That night fell dark on the starving crew, and a hurri-
cane blew next day;
Then we cut the line, and we cursed the prize as it drifted
fast away,
As if some power under the waves were towing it out of
sight;
And there we were, without help or hope, dreading the
coming night.
Three days that hurricane lasted. When it passed, two
men were dead;
And the strongest one of the living had not strength to
raise his head,
When his dreaming swoon was broken by the sound of a
cheery hail,
And he saw a shadow fall on the boat,—it fell from the old
bark's sail!
And when he heard their kindly words, you'd think he
should have smiled
With joy at his deliverance; but he cried like a little child,
And hid his face in his poor weak hands,—for he thought
of the selfish plan,—
And he prayed to God to forgive them all. And, ship-
mates, I am the man!—
The only one of the sinful crew that ever beheld his home;
For before the cruise was over, all the rest were under the
foam.
It's just fifteen years gone, shipmates," said old Mat, end-
ing his tale;
"And I often pray that I'll never see another Amber
Whale."

THE MUTINY OF THE CHAINS.

PENAL COLONY OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA, 1857.

THE sun rose o'er dark Fremantle,
And the Sentry stood on the wall;
Above him, with white lines swinging,
The flag-staff, bare and tall:
The flag at its foot—the Mutiny Flag—
Was always fast to the line,—
For its sanguine field was a cry of fear,
And the Colony counted an hour a year
In the need of the blood-red sign.

The staff and the line, with its ruddy flash,
Like a threat or an evil-bode,
Were a monstrous whip with a crimson lash,
Fit sign for the penal code.

The Sentry leant on his rifle, and stood
By the mast, with a deep-drawn breath;
A stern-browed man, but there heaved a sigh
For the sight that greeted his downward eye
In the prison-square beneath.

In yellow garb, in soldier lines,
One hundred men in chains;
While the watchful warders, sword in hand,
With eyes suspicious keenly scanned
The links of the living lanes.

There, wary eyes met stony eyes,

And stony face met stone.
There was never a gleam of trust or truce;
In the covert thought of an iron loose,
Grim warder and ward were one.

Why was it so, that there they stood,—
Stern driver and branded slave?
Why rusted the gyve in the bondman's blood,
No hope for him but the grave?
Out of thousands there why was it so
That one hundred hearts must feel
The bitterest pang of the penal woe,
And the grind of a nation's heel?

Why, but for choice—the bondman's choice?
They balanced the gains and pains;
They took their chance of the chains.
There spake in their hearts a hidden voice
Of the blinding joy of a freeman's burst
Through the great dim woods. Then the toil accurst;
The scorching days and the nights in tears
The riveted rings for years and years;
They weighed them all—they looked before
At the one and other, and spoke them o'er,
And they saw what the heart of man must see,
That the uttermost blessing is Liberty!
Ah, pity them, God! they must always choose,
For the life to gain and the death to lose.
They dream of the woods and the mountain spring,
And they grasp the flower, to clutch the sting.

Even so: they are better than those who bend
Like beasts to the lash, and go on to the end
As a beast will go, with to-day for a life,
And to-morrow a blank. Offer peace and strife
To a man enslaved—let him vote for ease
And coward labor, and be content;
Or let him go out in the front, as these,
With their eyes on the doom and the danger, went.

And take your choice—the man who remains
A self-willed serf, or the one who stains
His sudden hand with a drive for light
Through a bristling rank and a gloomy night.
This man for me—for his heart he'll share
With a friend: with a foe, he'll fight him fair.
And such as he are in every rank
Of the column that moves with a dismal clank
And a dead-march step toward the rock-bound place
Where the chain-gangs toil—o'er the beetling face
Of the cliff that roots in the Swan's deep tide:
Steep walls of granite on either side,
At the precipice' foot the river wide;
Behind them in ranks the warders fall;
And above them, the Sentry paces the wall.

Year in, year out, has the Sentry stood
On the wall at the foot of the mast.
He has turned from the toilers to watch the flood
Like his own slow life go past.
He has noted the Chains grow fat and lean;
He has sighed for their empty spaces,
And thought of the cells where their end had been,
Where they lay with their poor dead faces,
With never a kiss, or prayer, or knell—
They were better at rest in the river;
He thinks of the shadow that o'er them fell
From the mast with its whip-like quiver;
He has seen it tipped with its crimson lash
When the mutiny-flood had risen
And swept like a sea with an awful swash
Through the squares and the vaulted prison.
His thoughts are afar with the woeful day,
With the ranged dead men and the dying,
And slowly he treads till they pass away—
Then a pause, and a start, and a scuffling sound,
And a glance beneath, at a battle-ground,
Where the lines are drawn, and the Chains are found

Their arméd guards defying!
A hush of death—and the Sentry stands
By the mast, with the halyards tight in his hands,
And the Mutiny Flag is flying!

Woe to the weak, to the mutineers!
The bolt of their death is driven;
A mercy waits on all other tears,
But the Chains are never forgiven.
Woe to the rebels!—their hands are bare,
Their manacled bodies helpless there;
Their faces lit with a strange wild light,
As if they had fought and had won the fight!

No cry is uttered—upraised no hand;
All stilled to a muscle's quiver;
One line on the brink of the cliff they stand,
Their shadows flung down on the river.
The quarry wall is on either side,
The blood-red flag high o'er them;
But the lurid light in their eyes defied
The gathering guards before them.
No parley is held when the Chains revolt:
Grimly silent they stand secure
On the outward lip of the embrasure;
Waiting fierce-eyed for the fatal bolt.
A voice from the guard, in a monotone;
A voice that was cold and hard as stone:—
"Make ready! Fire!"
O Christ, the cry
From the manacled men! not fear to die,
Or whine for mercy; rebelled they stood,
Well knowing the price of revolt was blood;
Well knowing—but each one knew that he
Would sell his blood for his liberty!

Unwarned by a word, uncalled, unshriven,
They dare by a look—and the doom is given.

They raise their brows in the wild revolt,
And God's wrath flames in the fierce death-bolt;
God's wrath?—nay, man's; God never smote
A rebel dead whose swelling throat
Was full with protest. Hear, then smite;
God's justice weighs not shrieks the right.

"Make ready! Fire!"
Again outburst
The horror and shame for the deed accurst!
O, cry of the weak, as the hot blood calls
From the burning wound, and the stricken falls
With his face in the dust; and the strong one stands,
With scornful lips and ensanguined hands;
O, blood of the weak, unbought, unpriced,
Thy smoke is a piteous prayer to Christ!

They stand on the brink of the cliff—they bend
To the dead in their chains; then rise, and send
To the murdering muzzles defiant eyes.

"Make ready! Fire!"
The smoke-clouds rise:
They are still on the face of the cliff—they bend
Once more to the dead—they whisper a word
To the hearts in the dust—then, undeterred,
They raise their faces, so grimly set,
Till the eyes of slayer and doomed have met.
O merciful God, let thy pity rain
Ere the hideous lightning leaps again!
They have sinned—they have erred—let the living stand—
They have dared and rued—let thy loving hand
Be laid on those brows that bravely face
The death that shall wash them of all disgrace!
Be swift with pity—O, late, too late!
The tubes are leveled—the marksmen wait

For the word of doom—the spring is pressed
By the nervous finger—the sight is straight—
"Make ready!"—
Why falters the dread command?
Why stare as affrighted the armèd band?
Why lower the rifles from shoulder to hip,
Why dies the word on the leader's lip,
While the voice that was hard grows husky deep
And the face is a-tremble as if to weep?

The Chains on the brink of the cliff are lined;
The living are bowed o'er the dead—they rise
And they face the rifles with burning eyes;
Then they bend again, and with one set mind
They raise the dead and the wounded raise
In their loving arms with words of praise
And tender grief for the torturing wounds.
One backward step with a burdened tread—
They bear toward the precipice wounded and dead—
Then they turned on the cliff to front the guard
With faces like men that have died in fight;
Their brows were raised as if proud reward
Were theirs, and their eyes had a victor's light.

They spoke not a word, but stood sublime
In their somber strength, and the watchers saw
That they smiled as they looked, and their words were heard
As they spoke to the dying a loving word.

They were Men at last—they knew naught of crime;
They were masters and makers of life and law.
They turned from the guard that quailed and shrank
From the gleaming eyes of the burdened rank;
They turned on the cliff, and a sob was heard
As they looked far down on the darkened river;
They raised their eyes to the sky—they grasped
The dead to their breasts, while the wounded clasped

The necks of the brothers who bore their weight—
Then they sprang from the cliff, as a horse will spring
For his life from a precipice—sprang to death
In silence and sternness—one deep breath,
As they plunged, of liberty, thrilled their souls,
And then—the Chains were at rest forever!

From that fair land and drear land in the South,
Of which through years I do not cease to think,
I brought a tale, learned not by word of mouth,
But formed by finding here one golden link
And there another; and with hands unskilled
For such fine work, but patient of all pain
For love of it, I sought therefrom to build
What might have been at first the goodly chain.

It is not golden now: my craft knows more
Of working baser metal than of fine;
But to those fate-wrought rings of precious ore
I add these rugged iron links of mine.

THE KING OF THE VASSE.

A LEGEND OF THE BUSH.

MY tale which I have brought is of a time
Ere that fair Southern land was stained with crime,
Brought thitherward in reeking ships and cast
Like blight upon the coast, or like a blast
From angry levin on a fair young tree,
That stands thenceforth a piteous sight to see.
So lives this land to-day beneath the sun,—
A weltering plague-spot, where the hot tears run,
And hearts to ashes turn, and souls are dried
Like empty kilns where hopes have parched and died.
Woe's cloak is round her,—she the fairest shore
In all the Southern Ocean o'er and o'er.
Poor Cinderella! she must bide her woe,
Because an elder sister wills it so.
Ah! could that sister see the future day
When her own wealth and strength are shorn away,
And she, lone mother then, puts forth her hand
To rest on kindred blood in that far land;
Could she but see that kin deny her claim
Because of nothing owing her but shame,—
Then might she learn 'tis building but to fall,
If carted rubble be the basement-wall.

But this my tale, if tale it be, begins
Before the young land saw the old land's sins
Sail up the orient ocean, like a cloud
Far-blown, and widening as it neared,—a shroud
Fate-sent to wrap the bier of all things pure,
And mark the leper-land while stains endure.

In the far days, the few who sought the West
Were men all guileless, in adventurous quest
Of lands to feed their flocks and raise their grain,
And help them live their lives with less of pain
Than crowded Europe lets her children know.
From their old homesteads did they seaward go,
As if in Nature's order men must flee
As flow the streams,—from inlands to the sea.

In that far time, from out a Northern land,
With home-ties severed, went a numerous band
Of men and wives and children, white-haired folk:
Whose humble hope of rest at home had broke,
As year was piled on year, and still their toil
Had wrung poor fee from Sweden's rugged soil.
One day there gathered from the neighboring steads,
In Jacob Eibsen's, five strong household heads,—
Five men large-limbed and sinewed, Jacob's sons,
Though he was hale, as one whose current runs
In stony channels, that the streamlet rend,
But keep it clear and full unto the end.
Eight sons had Jacob Eibsen,—three still boys,
And these five men, who owned of griefs and joys
The common lot; and three tall girls beside,
Of whom the eldest was a blushing bride
One year before. Old-fashioned times and men,
And wives and maidens, were in Sweden then.
These five came there for counsel: they were tired
Of hoping on for all the heart desired;
And Jacob, old but mighty-thewed as youth,
In all their words did sadly own the truth,
And said unto them, "Wealth cannot be found
In Sweden now by men who till the ground.
I've thought at times of leaving this bare place,
And holding seaward with a seeking face
For those new lands they speak of, where men thrive.
Alone I've thought of this; but now you five—
Five brother men of Eibsen blood—shall say

If our old stock from here must wend their way,
And seek a home where anxious sires can give
To every child enough whereon to live."

Then each took thought in silence. Jacob gazed
Across them at the pastures worn and grazed
By ill-fed herds; his glance to corn-fields passed,
Where stunted oats, worse each year than the last,
And blighted barley, grew amongst the stones,
That showed ungainly, like earth's fleshless bones.
He sighed, and turned away. "Sons, let me know
What think you?"

Each one answered firm, "We go."
And then they said, "We want no northern wind
To chill us more, or driving hail to blind.
But let us sail where south winds fan the sea,
And happier we and all our race shall be."
And so in time there started for the coast,
With farm and household gear, this Eibsen host;
And there, with others, to a good ship passed,
Which soon of Sweden's hills beheld the last.

I know not of their voyage, nor how they
Did wonder-stricken sit, as day by day,
'Neath tropic rays, they saw the smooth sea swell
And heave; while night by night the north-star fell,
Till last they watched him burning on the sea;
Nor how they saw, and wondered it could be,
Strange beacons rise before them as they gazed:
Nor how their hearts grew light when southward blazed
Five stars in blessed shape,—the Cross! whose flame
Seemed shining welcome as the wanderers came.

My story presses from this star-born hope
To where on young New Holland's western slope
These Northern farming folk found homes at last,
And all their thankless toil seemed now long past.

Nine fruitful years chased over, and nigh all
Of life was sweet. But one dark drop of gall
Had come when first they landed, like a sign
Of some black woe; and deep in Eibsen's wine
Of life it hid, till in the sweetest cup
The old man saw its shape come shuddering up.
And first it came in this wise: when their ship
Had made the promised land, and every lip
Was pouring praise for what the eye did meet,—
For all the air was yellow as with heat
Above the peaceful sea and dazzling sand
That wooed each other round the beauteous land,
Where inward stretched the slumbering forest's green,—
When first these sights from off the deck were seen,
There rose a wailing sternwards, and the men
Who dreamt of heaven turned to earth agen,
And heard the direful cause with bated breath,—
The land's first gleam had brought the blight of death!

The wife of Eibsen held her six-years' son,
Her youngest, and in secret best-loved one,
Close to her lifeless: his had been the cry
That first horizonwards bent every eye;
And from that opening sight of sand and tree
Like one deep spell-bound did he seem to be,
And moved by some strange phantasy; his eyes
Were wide distended as in glad surprise
At something there he saw; his arms reached o'er
The vessel's side as if to greet the shore,
And sounds came from his lips like sobs of joy.

A brief time so; and then the blue-eyed boy
Sank down convulsed, as if to him appeared
Strange sights that they saw not; and all afeard
Grew the late joyous people with vague dread;
And loud the mother wailed above her dead.

The ship steered in and found a bay, and then
The anchor plunged aweary-like: the men
Breathed breaths of rest at treading land agen.

Upon the beach by Christian men untrod
The wanderers kneeling offered up to God
The land's first-fruits; and nigh the kneeling band
The burdened mother sat upon the sand,
And still she wailed, not praying.

'Neath the wood
That lined the beach a crowd of watchers stood:
Tall men spear-armed, with skins like dusky night,
And aspect blended of deep awe and fright.
The ship that morn they saw, like some vast bird,
Come sailing toward their country; and they heard
The voices now of those strange men whose eyes
Were turned aloft, who spake unto the skies!

They heard and feared, not knowing, that first prayer,
But feared not when the wail arose, for there
Was some familiar thing did not appall,—
Grief, common heritage and lot of all.
They moved and breathed more freely at the cry,
And slowly from the wood, and timorously,
They one by one emerged upon the beach.
The white men saw, and like to friends did reach
Their hands unarmed; and soon the dusky crowd
Drew nigh and stood where wailed the mother loud.
They claimed her kindred, they could understand
That woe was hers and theirs; whereas the band
Of white-skinned men did not as brethren seem.

But now, behold! a man, whom one would deem
From eye and mien, wherever met, a King,
Did stand beside the woman. No youth's spring
Was in the foot that naked pressed the sand;
No warrior's might was in the long dark hand

That waved his people backward; no bright gold
Of lace or armor glittered; gaunt and old,—
A belt, half apron, made of emu-down,
Upon his loins; upon his head no crown
Save only that which eighty years did trace
In whitened hair above his furrowed face.
Nigh nude he was: a short fur boka hung
In toga-folds upon his back, but flung
From his right arm and shoulder,—ever there
The spear-arm of the warrior is bare.

So stood he nigh the woman, gaunt and wild
But king-like, spearless, looking on the child
That lay with livid face upon her knees.
Thus long and fixed he gazed, as one who sees
A symbol hidden in a simple thing,
And trembles at its meaning: so the King
Fell trembling there, and from his breast there broke
A cry, part joy, part fear; then to his folk
With upraised hands he spoke one guttural word,
And said it over thrice; and when they heard,
They, too, were stricken with strange fear and joy.

The white-haired King then to the breathless boy
Drew closer still, while all the dusky crowd
In weird abasement to the earth were bowed.
Across his breast the aged ruler wore
A leathern thong or belt; whate'er it bore
Was hidden 'neath the boka. As he drew
Anigh the mother, from his side he threw
Far back the skin that made his rich-furred robe,
And showed upon the belt a small red globe
Of carven wood, bright-polished, as with years:
When this they saw, deep grew his people's fears,
And to the white sand were their foreheads pressed.

The King then raised his arms, as if he blest
The youth who lay there seeming dead and cold;

Then took the globe and oped it, and behold!
Within it, bedded in the carven case,
There lay a precious thing for that rude race
To hold, though it as God they seemed to prize,—
A Pearl of purest hue and wondrous size!

And as the sunbeams kissed it, from the dead
The dusk King looked, and o'er his snowy head
With both long hands he raised the enthroned gem,
And turned him toward the strangers: e'en on them
Before the lovely Thing, an awe did fall
To see that worship deep and mystical,
That King with upraised god, like rev'rent priest
With elevated Host at Christian feast.

Then to the mother turning slow, the King
Took out the Pearl, and laid the beauteous Thing
Upon the dead boy's mouth and brow and breast,
And as it touched him, lo! the awful rest
Of death was broken, and the youth uprose!

* * * * * *

Nine years passed over since on that fair shore
The wanderers knelt,—but wanderers they no more.
With hopeful hearts they bore the promise-pain
Of early labor, and soon bending grain
And herds and homesteads and a teeming soil
A thousand-fold repaid their patient toil.

Nine times the sun's high glory glared above,
As if his might set naught on human love,
But yearned to scorn and scorch the things that grew
On man's poor home, till all the forest's hue
Of blessed green was burned to dusty brown;
And still the ruthless rays rained fiercely down,
Till insects, reptiles, shriveled as they lay,
And piteous cracks, like lips, in parching clay
Sent silent pleadings skyward,—as if she,
The fruitful, generous mother, plaintively

Did wail for water. Lo! her cry is heard,
And swift, obedient to the Ruler's word,
From Southern iceland sweeps the cool sea breeze,
To fan the earth and bless the suffering trees,
And bear dense clouds with bursting weight of rain
To soothe with moisture all the parching pain.

Oh, Mercy's sweetest symbol! only they
Who see the earth agape in burning day,
Who watch its living things thirst-stricken lie,
And turn from brazen heaven as they die,—
Their hearts alone, the shadowy cloud can prize
That veils the sun,—as to poor earth-dimmed eyes
The sorrow comes to veil our joy's dear face,
All rich in mercy and in God's sweet grace!

Thrice welcome, clouds from seaward, settling down
O'er thirsting nature! Now the trees' dull brown
Is washed away, and leaflet buds appear,
And youngling undergrowth, and far and near
The bush is whispering in her pent-up glee,
As myriad roots bestir them to be free,
And drink the soaking moisture; while bright heaven
Shows clear, as inland are the spent clouds driven;
And oh! that arch, that sky's intensate hue!
That deep, God-painted, unimagined blue
Through which the golden sun now smiling sails,
And sends his love to fructify the vales
That late he seemed to curse! Earth throbs and heaves
With pregnant prescience of life and leaves;
The shadows darken 'neath the tall trees' screen,
While round their stems the rank and velvet green
Of undergrowth is deeper still; and there,
Within the double shade and steaming air,
The scarlet palm has fixed its noxious root,
And hangs the glorious poison of its fruit;
And there, 'mid shaded green and shaded light,
The steel-blue silent birds take rapid flight

From earth to tree and tree to earth ; and there
The crimson-plumaged parrot cleaves the air
Like flying fire, and huge brown owls awake
To watch, far down, the stealing carpet snake,
Fresh-skinned and glowing in his changing dyes,
With evil wisdom in the cruel eyes
That glint like gems as o'er his head flits by
The blue-black armor of the emperor-fly ;
And all the humid earth displays its powers
Of prayer, with incense from the hearts of flowers
That load the air with beauty and with wine
Of mingled color, as with one design
Of making there a carpet to be trod,
In woven splendor, by the feet of God !

And high o'erhead is color : round and round
The towering gums and tuads, closely wound
Like cables, creep the climbers to the sun,
And over all the reaching branches run
And hang, and still send shoots that climb and wind
Till every arm and spray and leaf is twined,
And miles of trees, like brethren joined in love,
Are drawn and laced ; while round them and above,
When all is knit, the creeper rests for days
As gathering might, and then one blinding blaze
Of very glory sends, in wealth and strength,
Of scarlet flowers o'er the forest's length !

Such scenes as these have subtile power to trace
Their clear-lined impress on the mind and face ;
And these strange simple folk, not knowing why,
Grew more and more to silence ; and the eye,
The quiet eye of Swedish gray, grew deep
With listening to the solemn rustling sweep
From wings of Silence, and the earth's great psalm
Intoned forever by the forest's calm.

But most of all was younger Jacob changed :
From morn till night, alone, the woods he ranged,

To kindred, pastime, sympathy estranged.
Since that first day of landing from the ship
When with the Pearl on brow and breast and lip
The aged King had touched him and he rose,
His former life had left him, and he chose
The woods as home, the wild, uncultured men
As friends and comrades. It were better then,
His brethren said, the boy had truly died
Than they should live to be by him denied,
As now they were. He lived in somber mood,
He spoke no word to them, he broke no food
That they did eat: his former life was dead,—
The soul brought back was not the soul that fled!
'Twas Jacob's form and feature, but the light
Within his eyes was strange unto their sight.

His mother's grief was piteous to see;
Unloving was he to the rest, but she
Held undespairing hope that deep within
Her son's changed heart was love that she might win
By patient tenderness; and so she strove
For nine long years, but won no look of love!

At last his brethren gazed on him with awe,
And knew untold that from the form they saw
Their brother's gentle mind was sure dispelled,
And now a gloomy savage soul it held.
From that first day, close intercourse he had
With those who raised him up,—fierce men, unclad,
Spear-armed and wild, in all their ways uncouth,
And strange to every habit of his youth.
His food they brought, his will they seemed to crave,
The wildest bushman tended like a slave;
He worked their charms, their hideous chants he sung;
Though dumb to all his own, their guttural tongue
He often spoke in tones of curt command,
And kinged it proudly o'er the dusky band.

And once each year there gathered from afar
A swarming host, as if a sudden war

Had called them forth, and with them did they bring
In solemn, savage pomp the white-haired King,
Who year by year more withered was and weak ;
And he would lead the youth apart and speak
Some occult words, and from the carven case
Would take the Pearl and touch the young man's face,
And hold it o'er him blessing ; while the crowd,
As on the shore, in dumb abasement bowed.
And when the King had closed the formal rite,
The rest held savage revelry by night,
Round blazing fires, with dance and orgies base,
That roused the sleeping echoes of the place,
Which down the forest vistas moaned the din,
Like spirits pure beholding impious sin.

Nine times they gathered thus ; but on the last
The old king's waning life seemed well-nigh past.
His feeble strength had failed : he walked no more,
But on a woven spear-wood couch they bore
With careful tread the form that barely gasped,
As if the door of death now hung unhasped,
Awaiting but a breath to swing, and show
The dim eternal plain that stretched below.

The tenth year waned : the cloistered bush was stilled,
The earth lay sleeping, while the clouds distilled
In ghostly veil their blessing. Thin and white,
Through opening trees the moonbeams cleft the night,
And showed the somber arches, taller far
Than grandest aisles of built cathedrals are.
And up those dim-lit aisles in silence streamed
Tall men with trailing spears, until it seemed,
So many lines converged of endless length,
A nation there was gathered in its strength.

Around one spot was kept a spacious ring,
Where lay the body of the white-haired King,
Which all the spearmen gathered to behold
Upon its spear-wood litter, stiff and cold.

All naked, there the dusky corse was laid
Beneath a royal tuad's mourning shade;
Upon the breast was placed the carven case
That held the symbol of their ancient race,
And eyes awe-stricken saw the mystic Thing
That soon would clothe another as their King!
The midnight moon was high and white o'erhead,
And threw a ghastly pallor round the dead
That heightened still the savage pomp and state
In which they stood expectant, as for Fate
To move and mark with undisputed hand
The one amongst them to the high command.
And long they stood unanswered; each on each
Had looked in vain for motion or for speech:
Unmoved as ebon statues, grand and tall,
They ringed the shadowy circle, silent all.

Then came a creeping tremor, as a breeze
With cooling rustle moves the summer trees
Before the thunder crashes on the ear;
The dense ranks turn expectant, as they hear
A sound, at first afar, but nearing fast;
The outer crowd divides, as waves are cast
On either side a tall ship's cleaving bow,
Or mold is parted by the fearless plow
That leaves behind a passage clear and broad:
So through the murmuring multitude a road
Was cleft with power, up which in haughty swing
A figure stalking broke the sacred ring,
And stood beside the body of the King!

'Twas Jacob Eibsen, sad and gloomy-browed,
Who bared his neck and breast, one moment bowed
Above the corse, and then stood proud and tall,
And held the carven case before them all!
A breath went upward like a smothered fright
From every heart, to see that face, so white,
So foreign to their own, but marked with might

From source unquestioned, and to them divine;
Whilst he, the master of the mystic sign,
Then oped the case and took the Pearl and raised,
As erst the King had done, and upward gazed,
As swearing fealty to God on high!

But ere the oath took form, there thrilled a cry
Of shivering horror through the hush of night;
And there before him, blinded by the sight
Of all his impious purpose, brave with love,
His mother stood, and stretched her arms above
To tear the idol from her darling's hand;
But one fierce look, and rang a harsh command
In Jacob's voice, that smote her like a sword.
A thousand men sprang forward at the word,
To tear the mother from the form of stone,
And cast her forth; but, as he stood alone,
The keen, heart-broken wail that cut the air
Went two-edged through him, half reproach, half prayer.

But all unheeding, he nor marked her cry
By sign or look within the gloomy eye;
But round his body bound the carven case,
And swore the fealty with marble face.

As fades a dream before slow-waking sense,
The shadowy host, that late stood fixed and dense,
Began to melt; and as they came erewhile,
The streams flowed backward through each moonlit aisle;
And soon he stood alone within the place,
Their new-made king,—their king with pallid face,
Their king with strange foreboding and unrest,
And half-formed thoughts, like dreams, within his breast.
Like Moses' rod, that mother's cry of woe
Had struck for water; but the fitful flow
That weakly welled and streamed did seem to mock
Before it died forever on the rock.

The sun rose o'er the forest, and his light
Made still more dreamlike all the evil night.

Day streamed his glory down the aisles' dim arch,
All hushed and shadowy like a pillared church;
And through the lonely bush no living thing
Was seen, save now and then a garish wing
Of bird low-flying on its silent way.

But woeful searchers spent the weary day
In anxious dread, and found not what they sought,—
Their mother and their brother: evening brought
A son and father to the lonesome place
That saw the last night's scene; and there, her face
Laid earthward, speaking dumbly to her heart,
They found her, as the hands that tore apart
The son and mother flung her from their chief,
And with one cry her heart had spent its grief.

They bore the cold earth that so late did move
In household happiness and works of love,
Unto their rude home, lonely now; and he
Who laid her there, from present misery
Did turn away, half-blinded by his tears,
To see with inward eye the far-off years
When Swedish toil was light and hedgerows sweet;
Where, when the toil was o'er, he used to meet
A simple gray-eyed girl, with sun-browned face,
Whose love had won his heart, and whose sweet grace
Had blessed for threescore years his humble life.
So Jacob Eibsen mourned his faithful wife,
And found the world no home when she was gone.
The days that seemed of old to hurry on
Now dragged their course, and marred the wish that grew,
When first he saw her grave, to sleep there too.
But though to him, whose yearning hope outran
The steady motion of the seasons' plan,
The years were slow in coming, still their pace
With awful sureness left a solemn trace,
Like dust that settles on an open page,
On Jacob Eibsen's head, bent down with age;

And ere twice more the soothing rains had come,
The old man had his wish, and to his home,
Beneath the strange trees' shadow where she lay,
They bore the rude-made bier ; and from that day,
When round the parent graves the brethren stood,
Their new-made homesteads were no longer good,
But marked they seemed by some o'erhanging dread
That linked the living with the dreamless dead.
Grown silent with the woods the men were all,
But words were needed not to note the pall
That each one knew hung o'er them. Duties now,
With straying herds or swinging scythe, or plow,
Were cheerless tasks: like men they were who wrought
A weary toil that no repayment brought.
And when the seasons came and went, and still
The pall was hanging o'er them, with one will
They yoked their oxen teams and piled the loads
Of gear selected for the aimless roads
That nature opens through the bush ; and when
The train was ready, women-folk and men
Went over to the graves and wept and prayed,
Then rose and turned away, but still delayed
Ere leaving there forever those poor mounds.

The next bright sunrise heard the teamsters' sounds
Of voice and whip a long day's march away ;
And wider still the space grew day by day
From their old resting-place : the trackless wood
Still led them on with promises of good,
As when the mirage leads a thirsty band
With palm-tree visions o'er the arid sand.

I know not where they settled down at last :
Their lives and homes from out my tale have passed,
And left me naught, or seeming naught, to trace
But cheerless record of the empty place,
Where long unseen the palm thatched cabins stood,
And made more lonely still the lonesome wood.

Long lives of men passed over; but the years
That line men's faces with hard cares and tears,
Pass lightly o'er a forest, leaving there
No wreck of young disease or old despair;
For trees are mightier than men, and Time,
When left by cunning Sin and dark-browed Crime
To work alone, hath ever gentle mood.
Unchanged the pillars and the arches stood,
But shadowed taller vistas; and the earth,
That takes and gives the ceaseless death and birth,
Was blooming still, as once it bloomed before
When sea-tired eyes beheld the beauteous shore.

But man's best work is weak, nor stands nor grows
Like Nature's simplest. Every breeze that blows,
Health-bearing to the forest, plays its part
In hasting graveward all his humble art.

Beneath the trees the cabins still remained,
By all the changing seasons seared and stained;
Grown old and weirdlike, as the folk might grow
In such a place, who left them long ago.

Men came, and wondering found the work of men
Where they had deemed them first. The savage then
Heard through the wood the axe's deathwatch stroke
For him and all his people: odorous smoke
Of burning sandal rose where white men dwelt,
Around the huts; but they had shuddering felt
The weird, forbidden aspect of the spot,
And left the place untouched to mold and rot.
The woods grew blithe with labor: all around,
From point to point, was heard the hollow sound,
The solemn, far-off clicking on the ear
That marks the presence of the pioneer.
And children came like flowers to bless the toil
That reaped rich fruitage from the virgin soil;
And through the woods they wandered fresh and fair,

To feast on all the beauties blooming there.
But always did they shun the spot where grew,
From earth once tilled, the flowers of rarest hue.
There wheat grown wild in rank luxuriance spread,
And fruits grown native; but a sudden tread
Or bramble's fall would foul goanos wake,
Or start the chilling rustle of the snake;
And diamond eyes of these and thousand more
Gleamed out from ruined roof and wall and floor.
The new-come people, they whose axes rung
Throughout the forest, spoke the English tongue,
And never knew that men of other race
From Europe's fields had settled in the place;
But deemed these huts were built some long-past day
By lonely seamen who were cast away
And thrown upon the coast, who there had built
Their homes, and lived until some woe or guilt
Was bred among them, and they fled the sight
Of scenes that held a horror to the light.

But while they thought such things, the spell that hung,
And cast its shadow o'er the place, was strung
To utmost tension that a breath would break,
And show between the rifts the deep blue lake
Of blessed peace,—as next to sorrow lies
A stretch of rest, rewarding hopeful eyes.
And while such things bethought this new-come folk,
That breath was breathed, the olden spell was broke:
From far away within the unknown land,
O'er belts of forest and o'er wastes of sand,
A cry came thrilling, like a cry of pain
From suffering heart and half-awakened brain;
As one thought dead who wakes within the tomb,
And, reaching, cries for sunshine in the gloom.

In that strange country's heart, whence comes the breath
Of hot disease and pestilential death,
Lie leagues of wooded swamp, that from the hills

Seem stretching meadows; but the flood that fills
Those valley-basins has the hue of ink,
And dismal doorways open on the brink,
Beneath the gnarléd arms of trees that grow
All leafless to the top, from roots below
The Lethe flood; and he who enters there
Beneath their screen sees rising, ghastly-bare,
Like mammoth bones within a charnel dark,
The white and ragged stems of paper-bark,
That drip down moisture with a ceaseless drip,
From lines that run like cordage of a ship;
For myriad creepers struggle to the light,
And twine and mat o'erhead in murderous fight
For life and sunshine, like another race
That wars on brethren for the highest place.
Between the water and the matted screen,
The baldhead vultures, two and two, are seen
In dismal grandeur, with revolting face
Of foul grotesque, like spirits of the place;
And now and then a spear-shaped wave goes by,
Its apex glittering with an evil eye
That sets above its enemy and prey,
As from the wave in treacherous, slimy way
The black snake winds, and strikes the bestial bird,
Whose shriek-like wailing on the hills is heard.

Beyond this circling swamp, a circling waste
Of baked and barren desert land is placed,—
A land of awful grayness, wild and stark,
Where man will never leave a deeper mark,
On leagues of fissured clay and scorching stones,
Than may be printed there by bleaching bones.
Within this belt, that keeps a savage guard,
As round a treasure sleeps a dragon ward,
A forest stretches far of precious trees;
Whence came, one day, an odor-laden breeze
Of jam-wood bruised, and sandal sweet in smoke.
For there long dwelt a numerous native folk

In that heart-garden of the continent,—
There human lives with aims and fears were spent,
And marked by love and hate and peace and pain,
And hearts well-filled and hearts athirst for gain,
And lips that clung, and faces bowed in shame;
For, wild or polished, man is still the same,
And loves and hates and envies in the wood,
With spear and boka and with manners rude,
As loves and hates his brother shorn and sleek,
Who learns by lifelong practice how to speak
With oily tongue, while in his heart below
Lies rankling poison that he dare not show.

Afar from all new ways this people dwelt,
And knew no books, and to no God had knelt,
And had no codes to rule them writ in blood;
But savage, selfish, nomad-lived and rude,
With human passions fierce from unrestraint,
And free as their loose limbs; with every taint
That earth can give to that which God has given;
Their nearest glimpse of Him, o'er-arching heaven,
Where dwelt the giver and preserver,—Light,
Who daily slew and still was slain by Night.

A savage people they, and prone to strife;
Yet men grown weak with years had spent a life
Of peace unbroken, and their sires, long dead,
Had equal lives of peace unbroken led.
It was no statute's bond or coward fear
Of retribution kept the shivering spear
In all those years from fratricidal sheath;
But one it was who ruled them,—one whom Death
Had passed as if he saw not,—one whose word
Through all that lovely central land was heard
And bowed to, as of yore the people bent,
In desert wanderings, to a leader sent
To guide and guard them to a promised land.
O'er all the Austral tribes he held command,—

A man unlike them and not of their race,
A man of flowing hair and pallid face,
A man who strove by no deft juggler's art
To keep his kingdom in the people's heart,
Nor held his place by feats of brutal might
Or showy skill, to please the savage sight;
But one who ruled them as a King of kings,
A man above, not of them,—one who brings,
To prove his kingship to the low and high,
The inborn power of the regal eye!

Like him of Sinai with the stones of law,
Whose people almost worshiped when they saw
The veiléd face whereon God's glory burned;
But yet who, mutable as water, turned
From that veiled ruler who had talked with God,
To make themselves an idol from a clod:
So turned one day this savage Austral race
Against their monarch with the pallid face.
The young men knew him not, the old had heard
In far-off days, from men grown old, a word
That dimly lighted up the mystic choice
Of this their alien King,—how once a voice
Was heard by their own monarch calling clear,
And leading onward, where as on a bier
A dead child lay upon a woman's knees;
Whom when the old King saw, like one who sees
Far through the mist of common life, he spoke
And touched him with the Pearl, and he awoke,
And from that day the people owned his right
To wear the Pearl and rule them, when the light
Had left their old King's eyes. But now, they said,
The men who owned that right were too long dead;
And they were young and strong and held their spears
In idle resting through this white King's fears,
Who still would live to rule them till they changed
Their men to puling women, and estranged
To Austral hands the spear and coila grew.

And so they rose against him, and they slew
The white-haired men who raised their hands to warn,
And true to ancient trust in warning fell,
While o'er them rang the fierce revolters' yell.
Then midst the dead uprose the King in scorn,
Like some strong, hunted thing that stands at bay
To win a brief but desperate delay.
A moment thus, and those within the ring
'Gan backward press from their unarméd King,
Who swept his hand as though he bade them fly,
And brave no more the anger of his eye.
The heaving crowd grew still before that face,
And watched him take the ancient carven case,
And ope it there, and take the Pearl and stand
As once before he stood, with upraised hand
And upturned eyes of inward worshiping.

Awe-struck and dumb, once more they owned him King,
And humbly crouched before him; when a sound,
A whirring sound that thrilled them, passed o'erhead,
And with a spring they rose. a spear had sped
With aim unerring and with deathful might,
And split the awful center of their sight,—
The upraised Pearl! A moment there it shone
Before the spear-point,—then forever gone!

* * * * * *

The spell that long the ruined huts did shroud
Was rent and scattered, as a hanging cloud
In moveless air is torn and blown away
By sudden gust uprising; and one day
When evening's lengthened shadows came to hush
The children's voices, and the awful bush
Was lapt in somber stillness, and on high
Above the arches stretched the frescoed sky,—
When all the scene such chilling aspect wore
As marked one other night long years before,
When through the reaching trees the moonlight shone

Upon a prostrate form, and o'er it one
With kingly gesture. Now the light is shed
No more on youthful brow and daring head,
But on a man grown weirdly old, whose face
Keeps turning ever to some new-found place
That rises up before him like a dream ;
And not unlike a dreamer does he seem,
Who might have slept, unheeding time's sure flow,
And woke to find a world he does not know.
His long white hair flows o'er a form low bowed
By wondrous weight of years : he speaks aloud
In garbled Swedish words, with piteous wist,
As long-lost objects rise through memory's mist.
Again and once again his pace he stays,
As crowding images of other days
Loom up before him dimly, and he sees
A vague, forgotten friendship in the trees
That reach their arms in welcome; but agen
These olden glimpses vanish, and dark men
Are round him, dumb and crouching, and he stands
With guttural sentences and upraised hands,
That hold a carven case,—but empty now,
Which makes more pitiful the aged brow
Full-turned to those tall tuads that did hear
A son's fierce mandate and a mother's prayer.

Ah, God ! what memories can live of these,
Save only with the half-immortal trees
That saw the death of one, the other lost ?

The weird-like figure now the bush has crost
And stands within the ring, and turns and moans,
With arms out-reaching and heart-piercing tones,
And groping hands, as one a long time blind
Who sees a glimmering light on eye and mind.
From tree to sky he turns, from sky to earth,
And gasps as one to whom a second birth
Of wondrous meaning is an instant shown.

Who is this wreck of years, who all alone,
In savage raiment and with words unknown,
Bows down like some poor penitent who fears
The wrath of God provoked?—this man who hears
Around him now, wide circling through the wood,
The breathing stillness of a multitude?
Who catches dimly through his straining sight
The misty vision of an impious rite?
Who hears from one a cry that rends his heart,
And feels that loving arms are torn apart,
And by his mandate fiercely thrust aside?
Who is this one who crouches where she died,
With face laid earthward as her face was laid,
And prays for her as she for him once prayed?

'Tis Jacob Eibsen, Jacob Eibsen's son,
Whose occult life and mystic rule are done,
And passed away the memory from his brain.
'Tis Jacob Eibsen, who has come again
To roam the woods, and see the mournful gleams
That flash and linger of his old-time dreams.

The morning found him where he sank to rest
Within the mystic circle: on his breast
With withered hands, as to the dearest place,
He held and pressed the empty carven case.

That day he sought the dwellings of his folk;
And when he found them, once again there broke
The far-off light upon him, and he cried
From that wrecked cabin threshold for a guide
To lead him, old and weary, to his own.
And surely some kind spirit heard his moan,
And led him to the graves where they were laid.
The evening found him in the tuads' shade,
And like a child at work upon the spot
Where they were sleeping, though he knew it not.

Next day the children found him, and they gazed
In fear at first, for they were sore amazed
To see a man so old they never knew,
Whose garb was savage, and whose white hair grew
And flowed upon his shoulders; but their awe
Was changed to love and pity when they saw
The simple work he wrought at; and they came
And gathered flowers for him, and asked his name,
And laughed at his strange language; and he smiled
To hear them laugh, as though himself a child.
Ere that brief day was o'er, from far and near
The children gathered, wondering; and though fear
Of scenes a long time shunned at first restrained,
The spell was broken, and soon naught remained
But gladsome features, where of old was dearth
Of happy things and cheery sounds of mirth.
The lizards fled, the snakes and bright-eyed things
Found other homes, where childhood never sings;
And all because poor Jacob, old and wild,
White-haired and fur-clad, was himself a child.
Each day he lived amid these scenes, his ear
Heard far-off voices growing still more clear;
And that dim light that first he saw in gleams
Now left him only in his troubled dreams.

From far away the children loved to come
And play and work with Jacob at his home.
He learned their simple words with childish lip,
And told them often of a white-sailed ship
That sailed across a mighty sea, and found
A beauteous harbor, all encircled round
With flowers and tall green trees; but when they asked
What did the shipmen then, his mind was tasked
Beyond its strength, and Jacob shook his head,
And with them laughed, for all he knew was said.

The brawny sawyers often ceased their toil,
As Jacob with the children passed, to smile

With rugged pity on their simple play;
Then, gazing after the glad group, would say
How strange it was to see that snowy hair
And time-worn figure with the children fair.

So Jacob Eibsen lived through years of joy,—
A patriarch in age, in heart a boy.
Unto the last he told them of the sea
And white-sailed ship; and ever lovingly,
Unto the end, the garden he had made
He tended daily, 'neath the tuads' shade.

But one bright morning, when the children came
And roused the echoes calling Jacob's name,
The echoes only answered back the sound.
They sought within the huts, but nothing found
Save loneliness and shadow, falling chill
On every sunny searcher: boding ill,
They tried each well-known haunt, and every throat
Sent far abroad the bushman's cooing note.
But all in vain their searching: twilight fell,
And sent them home their sorrowing tale to tell.
That night their elders formed a torch-lit chain
To sweep the gloomy bush; and not in vain,—
For when the moon at midnight hung o'erhead,
The weary searchers found poor Jacob—dead!

He lay within the tuad ring, his face
Laid earthward on his hands; and all the place
Was dim with shadow where the people stood.
And as they gathered there, the circling wood
Seemed filled with awful whisperings, and stirred
By things unseen; and every bushman heard,
From where the corse lay plain within their sight,
A woman's heart-wail rising on the night.
For over all the darkness and the fear
That marked his life from childhood, shining clear,

An arch, like God's bright rainbow, stretched above,
And joined the first and last,—his mother's love.

They dug a grave beneath the tuads' shade,
Where all unknown to them the bones were laid
Of Jacob's kindred; and a prayer was said
In earnest sorrow for the unknown dead,
Round which the children grouped.

Upon the breast
The hands were folded in eternal rest;
But still they held, as dearest to that place
Where life last throbbed, the empty carven case.

SPEECHES

DELIVERED BY

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

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THE COMMON CITIZEN-SOLDIER.

ADDRESS DELIVERED ON DECORATION DAY, MAY 31, 1886, BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY, BEFORE THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC OF EVERETT, MASS.

VETERANS OF THE GRAND ARMY: You are the orators of Decoration Day, no matter who may be the speakers. You and your flowers and your medals, your empty sleeves and your graves, thrill all hearts into patriotism by your silent and visible eloquence. Yours is the sorrow that makes us forget the dismal countenance of death. When you enter the graveyards they become gardens through which we walk with smiles, not with tears. You do not march to the graves of your comrades with black feathers and gloomy faces, but laden with blossoms, and smiling at the effacing fingers of death.

The war is behind you like a sunset, and we must stand and see the glory from the hill. "The sun is down, and all the west is paved with sullen fire."

Millions of Americans stand full grown who were not born when you fired your last shot. Year by year that "sullen fire" sinks into the west, and wider and wider the gaps in your ranks show against the light.

In a few more years the evening will have descended and the figures will disappear, and the night of history will have closed upon the war. For the middle-aged and the old, you still unroll the memory of the great diorama. The deep-lined pictures that are darkened in their memory for the other days of the year are unveiled by your hands to-day. But for those who have no memory of the war;

who were not born or were infants when you returned from the field, your memorial parade has strange power to impart the thrill of that first wild war-note, which the poet describes :

> Forty years had I in my city seen soldiers parading ;
> Forty years as a pageant, till, unawares, the mother of this
> teeming and turbulent city,
> Sleepless amid her ships, her houses, her incalculable wealth,
> With her million children around her, suddenly,
> At dead of night, at news from the South,
> Incensed, struck with clenched hand the pavement !

And then from the houses and the workshops, and through all the doorways the strong men leapt, tumultuous, and lo ! the North, armed, marching southward to the conflict !

The personal history and reminiscences of the war, however interesting, have a lessening influence. The war was greater than its campaigns and its generals ; and the stories of the actors, however impressive, have the same relation to the vast struggle as a rolling pebble to the side of Himalaya.

There are those who hold that the War for the Union was a calamitous mistake ; that it was unnecessary ; that statesmanship could have averted it ; that it was precipitated by a few extreme and unwise radicals here in Massachusetts.

There are again those who declare that all war is evil, and that the best results are too dearly bought by deadly strife. "War is a crime," said Brougham, "which involves all crime." "I prefer the hardest terms of peace to the most just war," said Fox ; and Daniel O'Connell, while leading a people to higher rights, declared solemnly that even the life of the nation was "not worth a drop of blood."

Two years before the battle of Bunker Hill, Benjamin Franklin declared against war. Writing to Josiah Quincy in 1775, Franklin said : "There never was a good war or a bad peace." Franklin, however, admitted a few years

later that "even peace may be purchased at too high a price."

These, it may be said, are the extreme views of statesmen and reformers; but it is remarkable that the views most nearly agreeing with them are those of the most renowned soldiers.

"War," said Napoleon, "is the trade of barbarians." Wellington said: "Take my word for it, if you had seen but one day of war you would pray to Almighty God that you might never see such a thing again." And these are the strong words of General Grant: "Although a soldier by profession, I have never felt any fondness for war, and I have never advocated it except as a means of peace."

From the beginning of this republic, the American view of war was nobler and wiser than that of any other nation. The "horrid front" of America was never that of a despoiler or marauder or vainglory-seeker. "I heard the bullets whistle," wrote Washington to his mother, after his first battle, "and believe me, there is something charming in the sound." There would have been no charm for the noble soul had the cause of the battle been unrighteous.

"War," said Longfellow, "is a terrible trade, but in the cause that is righteous, sweet is the smell of powder."

Until avarice and lust of power and pride are taken from men's hearts, they will commit wrong by violence, and the injured ones will retaliate and defend themselves. It is not the Christian way, but it is the way of the world. We are still so far from the mysterious wisdom of conquest by submission—of losing ourselves to find ourselves! We are living in a Christian civilization, of course; but in the shadow of our law books, and the glitter of our bayonets, how far off and impracticable are these words: "You have heard that it hath been said: An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. But I say to you not to resist evil; but if one strike thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if a man will contend with thee in judgment, and take away thy coat, let go thy cloak also unto him. And

whosoever will force thee one mile, go with him the other two."

From strange teaching like this we are compelled to come back to the provisions of Congress, the laws of good taste and trade, and the morality of Gatling guns.

Beautiful as our Decoration Day surely is with sunshine and flowers, and thrilling associations, still it is not a day for public reading of our Saviour's "Sermon on the Mount."

It is our day of lovely Paganism, which we observe with Christian ceremonies.

Under present unregenerate conditions war is a necessity, and the soldier's trade is an honorable one. While men and nations are ambitious and unscrupulous, readiness to fight is the people's safeguard. As of the nation, so of the single citizen. The common man is not safe unless he can at will become a common soldier. Aristocracy was born of the naked hands of poor men against the swords of "gentlemen." After a while, the degree widened between gentle and simple. There entered, in iron armor, and with a long lance, a mounted man—the man on horseback—who was more than a gentleman—he was a baron. Then came the social union of the men on horseback, and the election of one of their number to be a king. And then the vast standing armies and iron-clad fleets, the Krupp guns and the torpedoes—and many kings were swallowed to produce an emperor.

You can measure the liberties of a nation by the readiness or unreadiness of the common people for attack or defense. Aristocracies are always free, for where they exist they make or control all law. The independence of the common man, not the wealth, culture, or freedom of a superior class, is the test and the proof of a country's freedom.

A recent able scientific writer has shown that the means of aggression placed beyond the common reach, as in brigades of cavalry, parks of artillery, war fleets, and fortifications, indicates the growth of government, and the

decline of popular liberties, with the development of titles, privileges, aristocracy, and royalty.

The hand is the symbol of the people; the sword, of the lord; the barracks, of the king; and the iron-clad, of the emperor.

If there were any higher means of centralizing force, there would be a rank still higher than imperialism.

But when the tree of Force has reached its full growth, it must flower, and fall in seed. The flower of force is the jeweled crown of an emperor, and the seed of that gaudy flower, with its roots in the toiling hearts of the millions, is unrest, disorder, and rebellion.

The American view of war and of the soldier is the view of the people, not of the lords or kings. "The worse the man the better the soldier," said Napoleon. The meaning of war to an emperor was summed up in this one word: He didn't want *men* at all; he would have preferred *demons*, could he have drilled and commanded them.

No European kings or emperors or nations ever went to war as did our Northern and Southern States. No vast armies ever before faced each other without greed of domination and spoliation. No joy for the complete victory was ever so shaded with sorrow for the vanquished. No conqueror ever turned from the enemy's capital, without entering in proud array when he had captured it, as Grant turned away from Richmond. Grant wasted and shattered and humbled Richmond; but he would not degrade or insult it by a triumphal entry. No nation ever before refused to celebrate the memory of its triumphs. England celebrates Waterloo; Germany celebrates Sedan; Russia celebrates Plevna; but, except in silent thanksgiving, America will never celebrate Gettysburg.

The brightest glory of the war for the Union was the self-conquest of the North in the day of the victory. No voice can ever praise the North's magnanimity so eloquently as the free speech of the Chief Secessionist twenty years after the war.

No nation but America ever honored the dead of the

enemy in common with their own, and decorated their graves with flowers. The better the man the better the soldier and the citizen, is the American meaning of war and peace; for our soldiers only stop their work to do their fighting. American citizens are professional freemen.

"To a father who loves his children, victory has no charms," said a great soldier, speaking like a poet; "when the heart speaks, glory is an illusion."

But while the two flags were in the air—the Stars and Stripes and the Stars and Bars—while the men in blue and the men in gray faced each other, never was fight so full of hatred and death since Cain slew his brother with a brand. Because there could be no compromise. It was death or separation—and separation was death.

How woefully fitting the words of Shakespeare: "War 'twixt you twain would be as if the world should cleave, and that slain men should solder up the rift."

Only the angels of God could steal the bitterness from the beaten, proud South. Truly, no hands but the hands of slain men could "solder up the rift."

Sorrow usually follows Glory; but here Sorrow and Glory went hand in hand. This was the symbol of Grant's turning away in silence when prostrate Richmond opened her gates. This was the gasp from the heart of the country when the Northern veterans first laid their wreaths on the Confederate graves.

> Sadly, but not upbraiding,
> The generous deed was done.
> In the storm of the years that are fading
> No braver battle was won.
> Under the sod and the dew,
> Waiting the judgment day;
> Under the blossoms the blue,
> Under the garlands the gray.

The war is a volcano in the night, by which we see deeper meanings than its own flame. When its reputations are hung like banners in the temples, two questions will

remain of higher import than the war itself—namely: its Cause and its Consequence.

The four years of the war are not United States history,—they are a separate epoch, a gulf, a sacrifice, a conflagration. Within the limits of these four tremendous years common men became giants and unexpected celebrities blossomed like poppies in the wheat field. Names became famous and infamous as lastingly as Cæsar and Cataline. But, heroic though they be, the stories of the war are only the photographs of a passion—the drama of a paroxysm.

"State Rights!" as the cause, repeated the tottering Chief of the Confederacy a few weeks ago; "secession from a compact which had been broken by one of the parties!"

But no voice of to-day can deceive the student of to-morrow! Futurity will answer as we answer to-day: Secession did not stand alone—it was yoked to Slavery; and it was the South, not the North, that broke the compact.

Had secession been a principle it would not have sprung out of its lair like a tiger; it would have come to light in time of peace, and asked for fair consideration. It was not a principle—it was only a resource and an excuse. There were millions of men in the South who never demanded secession—to whom secession meant living death. The North was bound to those men—it would be an atrocious and endless crime to abandon them to their "masters."

Secession as the will of a whole mass of States, and of all the people therein, might deserve and would compel argument and weighty consideration; but secession demanded by an oligarchy to perpetuate slavery was a crime against God and man and the nation.

Four years before the first shot was fired on Sumter—the meaning and purpose of the war were foreshadowed in one memorable sentence. At the Whig State Convention of Illinois, in 1858, one of the speakers, one whose face was afterward to be framed in the shadow of the war, said: "I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free."

That sentence was pregnant with the war. It was spoken by him who has been described as "the incarnation of the people and of modern democracy"—Abraham Lincoln.

Secession to escape from the justice of God and the rights of man never was a State right. There would have been no secession and no war had there been no slavery.

After the first blow the question was of power rather than of principle. "The law is silent during war," said a great Roman; and a greater Englishman advises: "In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man as modest stillness and humility; but when the blast of war blows in our ears, then imitate the action of the tiger."

What wonder, in the heat of the great fight, if the cause of conflict became obscured, especially to the men in the field. They had no time to regard motives:

> Theirs not to make reply,
> Theirs not to question why,
> Theirs but to do and die.

What wonder that before the war was two years old men had lived so long that they could not remember the beginning. Here is one of the second year's songs of the war, written by a renowned staff officer:

> 'Tis now too late to question
> What brought the war about;
> 'Tis a thing of pride and passion,
> And we mean to fight it out.
> In the flush of perfect triumph,
> And the gloom of utter rout,
> We have sworn on many a bloody field—
> We mean to fight it out!

That was well—for the soldiers. But the deep justice of the Northern cause was better. There was one mind always firm and equable through the turmoil. Over the din of arms and the cries of conflict rises the voice of Lincoln standing among the graves of Gettysburg, in the second year of the war, when the invasion of the North had been flung back, uttering this sublime sentence: "This nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, that

government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Compare this word, from the vortex of the Rebellion, with the best word from the Confederacy, even after twenty years for the growth of magnanimity.

Says the Chief Confederate in 1886: "The general government had no constitutional power to coerce a State, and a State had the right to repel invasion. It was a national and constitutional right."

When men talk so much about rights they must be willing to go to the foundation. The bottom right is the right of a man, not of a State. If the general government had no right to oppress States, States had no right to oppress men.

The right to stamp out the coercion of innocent men needed neither national nor constitutional approval; it was based on eternal principles of right and justice.

The war for the Union proved more than the military prowess of the North. It proved that the Northern system of democracy was better than the Southern system.

All the republics in the world's history have failed but one; and that one is not the United States, but New England.

The republicanism of the South failed, for it blossomed into slavery and aristocracy that strengthened with years.

The republicanism of New England succeeded, for it purged itself of slavery over a century ago, and year by year has extended the rights of suffrage and citizenship and removed the barriers of class and privilege until our Northern State governments, with one shameful exception, are, in the words of the first Constitution of Massachusetts: "A social compact by which the whole people covenants with each citizen and each citizen with the whole people that all shall be governed by certain laws for the common good."

Take Maryland and Massachusetts as examples of Southern and Northern democracy.

They started about the same time in the New World.

The Southern settlement had the advantage in all material ways. The Maryland settlers were of a higher social class than the Puritans. They left England under fairer auspices. They chose for their new home one of the most fertile and beautiful countries on this continent. They were mainly Catholics, and they established freedom of religion in their colony; they invited to join them all good men without question of creed.

The Puritan Pilgrims came to Plymouth under quite adverse circumstances. They were a small body of men who had fled from England to Holland in 1610, to escape from Protestant religious persecution. They lived ten years in Holland, and then resolved to emigrate to America, and settle on the banks of the Hudson River. They embarked in their little ships—the *Speedwell* and the *Mayflower*—one as large as a Gloucester fishing boat, and the other about the size of our common coasting schooners. The *Speedwell* broke down, and the whole company—about 120 persons—got aboard the *Mayflower*, and sailed from the English town of Plymouth on the 6th of September, 1620. After two months of a voyage, they arrived at Cape Cod, and thence took bearings for the Hudson. But they were driven back to the Cape—it was said by the treachery of the captain—and they resolved to settle there.

On the 9th of November, 1620, the men of the party, 41 in number, signed an agreement to obey such laws "as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony." That first gathering of the whole community at Plymouth Rock, houseless on the verge of a strange continent, with their little ship tossing near the inhospitable shore, was the first town meeting of Massachusetts, and the town meeting was the secret of New England's success—and is the seed of republican liberty forever.

The circumstances of the Plymouth settlement were unfavorable in all respects. The climate was harsh, the winter long, the soil unprofitable, the settlers few in number and poor in all means requisite to make successful such

a fight with nature. In religion they were tremendously earnest, austere, and illiberal. They had fled from persecution and they claimed the right to persecute. Their creed and discipline were gloomy and rigorous and unlovely. They were full of sincere faith; to their souls "the wrath of God" was as visible as the storm-cloud to their eyes. In 1648 they agreed on a "Platform of Church Discipline," in which the leading feature was the power of the churches to accuse, censure, and excommunicate offending or unbending members. Little patience and forgiveness were shown the delinquents. It is provided by chapter xiv. of this agreement that public offenders "shall be cast out at once," and a rigorous exclusion practiced. Art. IV. says: "When an offender is cast out of the Church, the faithful are to refrain from all spiritual and *civil* communion with him." In fact, they were to be boycotted in the most approved modern fashion.

By the "Laws and Ordinances of New England, to the year 1700," this was enacted:

"Whoever professing the Christian religion and being sixteen, denies any book of the Bible to be the Word of God, is to be imprisoned till the meeting of the County Court, and fined or punished as the Court thinks fit."

"If he offend afterwards, he is to die or be banished."

"Whoever knowingly brings a Quaker or heretic is imprisoned until he pays or gives security for £100, and carries him away again."

Quakers were whipped through three towns and conveyed out of the colony. "If they return, after three times, they are to be branded with the letter R on the left shoulder and whipped as before; if they return after this, to be banished on pain of death." No Catholic priest was permitted to live in the colony. "Whoever can't clear himself from suspicion, to be banished, not to return on pain of death, unless by shipwreck, or in company with any upon business, with whom they are to return." "Whatever priest residing in New England did not depart before

November, 1700, he was to be imprisoned for life, and to die if he broke prison."

The whole religious code was of this drastic nature. There never was a community bound by more dreadful lines.

And yet, with all its advantages, the republicanism of Maryland failed; and with all its drawbacks, the republicanism of Massachusetts succeeded.

What was the reason?

Because the Southern settlers were liberal in religious freedom and illiberal in social order; while the Puritans were unfree religiously, but thoroughly equal in social and civil rights.

There was a seed for the future sown in Massachusetts 250 years ago that was not sown in the South.

In the seventeenth century the Southern element was liberal and free; in the nineteenth century it was slaveholding and defending slavery. In the seventeenth century the Puritan was illiberal, unfree, a slave to his own intolerance; but in the nineteenth century he was a soldier of freedom, and he unlocked the shackles of every slave in the South.

The Southerners were religious commoners and social aristocrats. The first century of their history saw them classify permanently as patrician, overseer, trader, and slave. They apostrophized democracy in meeting, and went home to flog their bondsmen. They were renowned for courtesy, they were hospitable and refined and proud.

But their Democracy was confined to a class, like the illusory republicanism of Rome and Venice. Their social system of caste was harder and more detestable than the Blue Laws of the Puritans. The one was based on pride and possession, and the other, gloomy as it was, on profound sincerity and faith. However fiercely the Puritan barred out those who did not believe with him, he made those free and equal who belonged to his own community. He had discovered the very secret of civil freedom that the

world had sought for thousands of years—and it was the *town meeting*—a common source for all law and order and representation—a primary convention where every man in the community met on exactly equal conditions.

In the South, the primary meeting of the people was that of the county, not the town ; and the counties were so large that the people could not attend. They had to send delegates to the starting-place. The well-spring of their legislation was filled with second-hand water.

The New England town was so small that all could attend the primary meeting. Its first issue was from the very people.

The necessity of the Southern method was the professional delegate, who was the father of the professional politician. He was the curse of the South a hundred years ago, and he is to-day ; and he will become the curse of the North if good citizens give up attendance at the town meetings. And Massachusetts is threatened with even a greater danger than this,—namely, that the town meeting shall be overruled by the State—that the sons of those who framed the Ark of the Covenant shall in our day shatter the fathers' work.

By these different methods, the South sank deeper and deeper into aristocracy and slavery, and the North rose higher and higher in recognition of civil, social, and religious rights.

The Puritan got rid of slavery in his first century ; every generation grew more liberal and more powerful, because the whole people were advancing like an army. He abolished his Blue Laws ; he let Quakers and Catholics come and live in peace.

The Southern patrician, magnificently spending his slave-earned money, despised trade and disrespected labor. The Yankee manufacturer and trader, spending the money his own hands and brains had earned, respected himself and all self-dependent and industrious men. Unlovely as was the aspect of Puritanism, it was beautiful in its firm and unquestioning Christian faith ; and it must have been for

this that God rewarded the Puritan with a gift of such priceless value:

God said: I am tired of Kings,
I suffer them no more;
Up to my ear the morning brings
The outrage of the poor.

I will divide my goods;
Call in the wretch and slave;
None shall rule but the humble,
And none but Toil shall have.

I will have never a noble,
No lineage counted great.
Fishers and choppers and woodmen
Shall constitute a State.

On these main lines the two civilizations were extended. They were never parallel—never could be. They must inevitably meet and cross some time; and the crossing came in 1861.

The Rebellion was no accident. It was not unnecessary. It could not be avoided. It had to be. It was the seventeenth century fighting the nineteenth. It was the issue of 250 years of growth.

And again, it was the mixing of the elements that go to produce the perfected American. Cavalier and Puritan would never have drawn together of themselves. God dashed them together till their blood mixed in the flow if not in the circulation.

Marvelous alchemy of Providence! Wiser and better than all intellectual effort or foresight! Down there to the proud autocrat of the plantations went the trading Yankee with the rights of man shining on his bayonet points; and he smashed the barriers of caste and destroyed the palaces that were built on the necks of men. And here to the land of the Puritan Pilgrims follows the impulsive and imaginative Catholic Irishman, raising the cross on his beautiful church side by side with the severe gable of the meeting house. Down there the cavalier has learned that it was wicked and lawless to enslave men: up

here the modern Puritan knows that it was criminal and cruel to whip Quakers and Catholics.

So in the mysterious alembic of God are the blood-streams mingled and unified. Out of this transfusion and amalgam of the strongest men on the earth is to come the future American—the man fit to own a continent.

The war marks the maturity of the Republic. Before 1862 the American youth had to look abroad for great ideals—for memorable battles, for illustrious commanders, heroic stories of patriotism, strife, and sacrifice.

But the four vast years of the war threw into shadow all foreign representatives of patriotism.

Henceforth, the American kept his attention at home; the dignity of sorrow, power, and responsibility were American. Henceforth only the weak and the vapid American sought models in other countries. These words of Emerson began to be appreciated:

"They who made England, Italy, or Greece venerable in the imagination did so by sticking fast where they were, like an axis of the earth. The soul is no traveler; the wise man stays at home, and when his necessities, his duties, or any occasion calls him from his home into foreign lands, he is still at home, and shall make men sensible by the expression of his countenance that he goes the missionary of wisdom, of virtue, and visits cities like a sovereign, and not like an interloper or a valet."

Foremost among the teachers of true Americanism were the veterans of the war, both North and South.

The vast armies disbanded and came back to the works of peace. In any other country the victors would have had to keep a million men in arms for self-protection; and rapine and disorder would follow such a disbandment. But here the words of the great American poet were true:

Over the Carnage rose prophetic a Voice,
Be not disheartened, affection shall solve the problems of freedom yet:
They who love each other shall become invincible,
They shall yet make Columbia victorious.

One from Massachusetts shall be a Missourian's comrade,
From Maine and from hot Carolina, and another, an Oregonese, shall be friends together—
More precious to each other than all the riches of the earth—
To Michigan, Florida perfumes shall tenderly come—
Not the perfumes of flowers, but sweeter, and wafted beyond death.

The battle flags of all nations are dear to the people; for even though the cause in which they were carried may have been unjust, the flags are steeped in the blood of the nation.

How doubly dear the battle flags of America, from whose folds our great son of Massachusetts struck the names of victories that kept the wounds open.

But the veteran of the war is dearer and nearer even than the flag. He is a living flag, starred and scarred. In the wild days, he "kept step to the music of the Union." His bronze medal, or his empty sleeve thrills us with pride and affection. On this annual celebration, the veterans awaken the deepest feelings of patriotism. We see their lessening ranks year by year, and say with the poet:

O blessed are ye, our brothers,
Who feel in your souls alway
The thrill of the stirring summons
You heard but to obey;
Who, whether the years go swift,
Or whether the years go slow,
Will wear in your hearts forever
The glory of long ago!

We hear the voice of economy raised against the pensions paid by the nation to its veteran volunteer soldiers. It argues that the soldier in war-time simply made a contract with the government, and that the terms of the contract were fulfilled by his daily food and payment in the field.

Shame on the tongue that says it! Cato, the censor, earned the detestation of centuries because he advised the Romans to sell their old and worn-out slaves to save expense. "Feed no useless servants in the house," said Cato;

and so say our petty censors, who would sell the worn-out soldiers of the Union to save a million a year to the treasury which they preserved for this and future generations.

Nobler nations rewarded not only their heroes, but the very dumb beasts that worked for the national glory. The Athenians, says Plutarch, when they built the Parthenon, turned those mules loose to feed freely that had been observed to do the hardest labor. And one of these free mules, it was said, came of itself to offer its service, and ran along with and ahead of the teams that drew the wagons to the Acropolis, as if it would invite them to draw more stoutly; upon which there passed a vote of the Athenian people that the creature should be kept at the public charge, even till it died. "Nor are we," says Plutarch, "to use living creatures like old shoes or dishes, and throw them away when they are worn out or broken with service."

The contract of enlistment was, doubtless, kept by the government; but no man makes a contract for his blood and life. The soldier made his contract for that which government could give him—his clothing—his food—his transportation; for which he offered his obedient service. But all beyond that was beyond contract. The volunteers did not contract for their blood; they offered it. They did not contract for the terror, the grief, the loss endured by their wives, mothers, and families: these were beyond the purchase of a national treasury. The men whose graves were decorated to-day did not contract for their lives—they gave them to the United States—they gave them for the destruction of slavery—and the selfsame offering was made by those who carried the flowers to their graves.

Our schools are closed to-day; but we have turned the nation into a school, and these are our teachers—these flowers, these veterans, these graves, these examples. The American boy and girl learn their noblest lesson on Decoration Day. There is no eloquence like that of death. There is no reconciliation like that of the grave. There is

no reward higher than love. There is no crown so precious as a wreath of flowers. Common rewards may be of gold or jewels. But the highest prizes, like the highest services, cannot be measured; we can only express them in symbols. To the victor in the Olympian games, who was to be honored for life, the only award was a little crown of olive and parsley. Values are obliterated or reversed when heroes are to be honored; and the veteran of the Union Army is given a bronze cross, cut from his own guns, as the supremest sign of his country's affection.

All men who fought in the war for the Union ought to be pensioned for life. The Republic owes to them this reward. We are free with our honors for the great captains; but the common soldier has an equal, and even a higher claim. When the Greek commander, Miltiades, returned from victory, and asked for a special crown, a man cried out from the assembly: "When you conquer *alone*, Miltiades, you shall be crowned *alone!*" and the people approved the speech.

For the self-respect of the generation that witnessed the war; for the perpetuation of high principles of patriotism among the people; for the education of the young; for the honor of America, and the glory of humanity, we are bound to honor and cherish the declining years of the brave men who offered their lives to keep the Republic united.

A PATRIOT'S MONUMENT.

SENTENCED "TO BE HANGED, DRAWN, AND QUARTERED."

The following address was delivered by Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly on Monday, Nov. 23, 1885, when a monument was uncovered in Mount Hope Cemetery, Boston, over the grave of John Edward Kelly, an Irish patriot who took part in the fight at Kilclooney Wood in 1867, and was sentenced to be "hanged, drawn, and quartered." The monument was in the shape of an Irish round tower, and the following was its inscription:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF
JOHN EDWARD KELLY,
an Irish Patriot and Exile,
born in Kinsale, Ireland, 1849.
Died, in Boston, January, 1884.
He was engaged in the attempted
Irish Revolution of 1867,
was captured arms in hand
at Kilclooney Wood, was tried
by English law for high treason,
and was sentenced to be
"Hanged, Drawn, and Quartered."
Was transported with 62 other Irish patriots
to West Australia Penal Colony, 1867.
Was released from prison 1871.
By religion a Protestant,
by nature a brave man,
by birth and principle
a soldier of liberty.
GOD SAVE IRELAND!

WE have come together to-day for the purpose of honoring the memory of a man who was found true in a day of supreme trial.

"Whoever presents a great example is great," says the poet. The man who sleeps under this monument gave an example of the virtues of courage, fidelity, and sacrifice.

The vitality of men and nations may be measured by their devotion to exalted and unchangeable principles. Secondary or inferior natures pride themselves on selfish and material qualities, on their organizing capacity for securing wealth, luxury, and domination. They are intel-

lectual machines, potent as a wedge or an engine, or the explosion of a bomb,—and as limited, unsympathetic, and uninfluential.

"Among eminent persons," says Emerson, "those who are most dear to men are not of the class which the economist calls producers; they have nothing in their hands; they have not cultivated corn nor made bread; they have not led out a colony nor invented a loom."

Superior races are spiritual forces, followers of eternal principles, seers of equity, prophets of fairer relations between men, valuing justice more than success, loving freedom so dearly for themselves that they could not oppress another people, venerating all sacred and holy things.

In the name of liberty not only crimes have been committed, but principles more vicious than any crime, being the crystallization of a thousand evils, have been enunciated.

Both civilization and liberty have been misrepresented, even by well-meaning reformers. Neither civilization nor liberty can be suddenly donned like a new garment, or immediately constructed like a necessary piece of manufacture. Unless they are based on the moral perceptions and convictions of the people, they are based on quicksands, and are only new and more hopeless kinds of savagery, for they are the savagery of shrewdness instead of boldness.

"The tree of liberty," shouted Barrère, of the Reign of Terror, "only grows when watered by the blood of tyrants!"

Here was the cry of a shallow soul, drunk with license, uttering a word without weight.

The blood of tyrants is infertile, lethal, poisonous to the tree of liberty or any other tree of life. The carcasses of all the tyrants on earth might be emptied on the roots of the tree of liberty and it would die of drought.

The tree of liberty will never enfoliate and bear fruit unless it be watered from the well of justice, independence, and fair play in the hearts of the people.

Not by the blood of tyrants, but by the blood of good men is the tree of liberty kept alive and flourishing.

When the people are truly worthy of freedom, when they have substantiated their own right and dignity as possessors of the earth, they will not kill tyrants with steel or lead, but with aversion, indignation, and contempt. Tyrants are part of the people themselves—the diseased part, and this disease is not local, to be cured with a knife, but constitutional, and only to be reached by the medicine of equity, morality, and self-respect.

The highest duty that ever comes to a man is not to do a deed of prowess or win a material victory, but to endure, suffer, and die for truth or freedom. The highest honor that a man can bear in life or death is the scar of a chain borne in a good cause.

"They have taken with them to the grave," says Ruskin of the old cathedral builders, "their powers, their honors, and their errors, but they have left us their adoration!"

Standing here by the grave of a man who lived and died humbly, modestly, and poorly, we look not for powers or achievements, we are not deceived by lowliness, by poverty. nor even by errors; we find that, after the sifting of death and years, there remains to us his adoration, courage, and devotion. To these we have raised this stone, to honor their memory in a dead man, and to remind living men that love and gratitude are the sure harvest of fidelity and trustworthiness.

Eighteen years ago, the moldering form under this tomb went out and faced the bayonets of the oppressor of his country in a fight of overwhelming odds. No matter now about the wisdom or the calculation of chances for success. The motive beneath the act was golden, and the few men who went into open rebellion at Kilclooney Wood in 1867 were heroes as true in defeat as the world would have hailed them in success. Side by side with Dr Peter O'Neill Crowley, who was shot dead by an English bullet, John Edward Kelly, a youth of nineteen, was overpowered, rifle in hand, and was flung into prison.

A few months later he was put on trial before an English judge, dealing out English law against a helpless enemy of England, who passed upon him the abominable sentence that we have carved upon this granite block, in order that the people of a free land may read in passing, and reflect on the meanings of such words as Royalty, Invasion, Oppression, Law, Justice, and Rebellion.

Here, to-day, with the shadow of a patriot-burdened English gallows flung across our borders from Canada, this horrible sentence, passed on a good man for daring to defend his own from an invader and robber, has strange significance. With the strangled breath of the brave Louis Riel, the justice-loving French Canadian, moaning in our ears, and in this city of Boston where the same insolent oppressors stabled their horses in the house of God to show how they despised the patriotism and religious feelings of "rebels," it is fitting that this stone should be erected to a dead rebel, and that carved upon it should stand forever those accursed words that pollute the very air of America.

What was meant by this sentence, passed on a political prisoner less than twenty years ago—"To be hanged, drawn, and quartered?"

It meant that the manacled man was to be hanged by the neck for a certain period of time, but not killed; that before life or consciousness had fled he was to be cut down, his body torn open, and his heart drawn smoking from his breast and cast upon the gallows; and then, his head having been cut off and held up by the hangman to the view of the people, his body was to be divided into four quarters. By this means the government of England could strike terror into six cities or towns by exhibiting in so many places a portion of the mutilated remains.

Looked at from a superior height, what are the true relations of an English judge who passes this atrocious sentence on an Irish, Canadian or East Indian patriot? Before God, on that bench, clad in ermine and surrounded with power, sits the criminal; and in that dock, manacled, gagged, and bleeding, stands the accuser and the judge.

"Let judges and criminals be transposed," says the greatest of American poets; "let the prison-keepers be put in prison—let those that were prisoners take the keys."

For the day of his rebellion, for the day of his trial, for the hour of his sentence, and for the long years of his imprisonment this monument is raised over the grave of Edward Kelly. It is not unfitting that it should stand among the graves of Boston.

In his short life this man illustrated many phases of the Irish question. He left Ireland in his childhood, but the patriotic fire burned as strongly in exile as if he had grown to manhood on his native soil. He was a Protestant in religion; but he was as true to Ireland as his fellow-Protestants Robert Emmet, Wolfe Tone, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, John Mitchel, Smith O'Brien, John Martin, Charles Stewart Parnell, and the tens of thousands of living Irish Protestants who are Irish patriots.

This day has been selected for this ceremony because of its thrilling associations for Irishmen. On this day, twenty years ago, the English court was opened in Dublin to give a mock trial to the patriots and "rebels," John O'Leary and Thomas Clarke Luby—high-minded, cultured Irish gentlemen, who were adjudged guilty of "high treason," and sentenced to twenty years imprisonment among English criminals.

Never truer men than these stood in the dock for liberty; and never nobler word was spoken than the scathing answer of John O'Leary to the renegade judge on the bench, who soon after ended his execrated life with his own hand.

"I have been found guilty of treason," said John O'Leary. "Treason is a foul crime. Dante places traitors in the ninth circle of his hell—I believe the lowest circle. But what kind of traitors are these? Traitors against kin, country, friends, and benefactors. England is not my country; and I betrayed no friend or benefactor. Sidney was a legal traitor, a traitor according to the law, and so was Emmet; and their judges, Jeffreys and Norbury, were loyal men. I leave the matter there!"

Eighteen years ago, on this day, three young Irishmen were murdered on an English gallows in the city of Manchester. Their names are honored and their death is reverently commemorated in many countries to-day. This monument is consecrated by association with their memory.

On September 18, 1867, two Irish patriots were locked up in a police van, in the city of Manchester, to be driven from their prison to the court. The van was guarded by a watchful escort and, to make security doubly sure, a policeman was locked inside with the prisoners. On its way through the crowded city, the van was attacked by a small body of brave men, armed with revolvers, and led by a young man named William Allen. The names of the others were Larkin, O'Brien, Maguire, and O'Meagher Condon. The driver of the van tried to dash through the little band, but they shot the horses, seized the driver, scattered the escort, burst open the door with a revolver-bullet, and rescued the prisoners, who eventually escaped to this country.

But the shot that William Allen fired to break the lock had killed the constable, Brett, who was confined with the prisoners. Before firing, Allen had shouted to those inside to stand clear of the danger. He knew that he was as likely to kill a friend as an enemy. One of the escort, a constable named Shaw, swore on the trial of Allen that he stood nearest to him when he fired, and he believed that "he only meant to knock the lock off."

For this occurrence, the five Irishmen were placed on trial for willful murder; and in response to the brutal passion of the English public, inflamed by the Government press, they were all sentenced to be hanged—though two were afterward respited.

When the judge formally asked the prisoners what they had to say, William Allen, like the brave man he was, spoke up and said: "No man in this court regrets the death of Sergeant Brett more than I do; and I positively say, in the presence of the Almighty, that I am innocent, ay, as innocent as any man in this country. I don't say

this for the sake of mercy. I'll have no mercy; I want no mercy. I'll die, as many thousands have died, for the sake of their beloved land, and in defense of it!"

And a few weeks later, on the 23d of November, 1867, with the rope around their necks, these three young men, Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien, looked out on the English crowd, and died with the words, "God Save Ireland!" on their lips.

May they rest in peace in their graves under the prison wall! England would not dare give their bodies to Ireland. The grave of a martyr is a dangerous place for oppressors.

The greatest service a man can do for a good cause is to die for it. No man's life or work, however illustrious, is so potential as a martyr death. The cause for which men are willing to die can never be destroyed. There is no seed so infallible and so fruitful as the seed of human sacrifice. A rebel is never so terrible as when the tyrant has killed him.

In the bright future which is swiftly coming to Ireland, the names of those who died for her will be written in the porch of the national temple. No country on earth has ever called forth deeper devotion. Her altar-stones are red with the bloody offerings of twenty generations of men. The heartless, the ignorant, and the ignoble of other races sometimes weigh the result against the cost, and shake their heads. But they only tell the world that they are not of the stuff to keep up a losing fight for seven hundred years with odds of five to thirty in number and five to a million in organization and wealth. The Irish have never lost a man in their long fight, for no man is lost who is as strong in death as in life. The sacrificial seed has been fruitful a thousand-fold. It will burst into flower suddenly and soon, when Ireland's Parliament is opened on Irish soil; and that flower will drop a seed of even greater and more perfect beauty for a future day.

THE NEGRO-AMERICAN.

On Monday evening, Dec. 7, 1885, the colored men of Massachusetts, assembled in Faneuil Hall to discuss the themes familiar to this place —civil rights and human freedom. It was the first meeting of the Massachusetts Colored League, and Mr. O'Reilly was the speaker of the evening.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: I was quite unaware of the nature of this meeting when I came here. I learn from Mr. Downing's speech that it is more or less a political meeting; that you are going to express preferences this way or that. I came here because I was asked to speak at a colored men's meeting in Boston. I don't care what your political preferences or parties are. I don't care whether you vote the Republican or Democratic ticket, but I know that if I were a colored man I should use parties as I would a club—to break down prejudices against my people. I shouldn't talk about being true to any party, except so far as that party was true to me. Parties care nothing for you only to use you. You should use parties; the highest party you have in this country is your own manhood. That is the thing in danger from all parties; that is the thing that every colored American is bound in his duty to himself and his children to defend and protect.

I think it is as wicked and unreasonable to discriminate against a man because of the color of his skin as it would be because of the color of his hair. He is no more responsible for one than for the other, and one is no more significant than the other. A previous speaker's reference to Mr. Parnell and his growing power as a reformer ought to suggest to you that Parnell is to-day a powerful man because he is pledged to no party. He would smash the Tories to-

morrow as readily as he smashed the Liberals yesterday. That is the meaning of politics. The highest interest of politics is the selfish interest of the people. You are never going to change the things, that affect you colored men, by law. If my children were not allowed into Northern schools, if I myself were not allowed into Northern hotels, I would change my party and my politics every day until I changed and wiped out that outrage.

I was in Tennessee last spring, and when I got out of the cars at Nashville I saw over the door of an apartment, "Colored people's waiting-room." I went into it and found a wretched, poorly-furnished room, crowded with men, women, and children. Mothers with little children sat on the unwashed floor, and young men and young women filled the bare, uncomfortable seats that were fastened to the walls. Then I went out and found over another door, "Waiting-room." In there were the white people, carefully attended and comfortable; separate rooms for white men and women, well ventilated and well kept. I spent two days in Nashville, and every hour I saw things that made me feel that something was the matter either with God or humanity in the South; and I said going away, "If ever the colored question comes up again as long as I live, I shall be counted in with the black men."

But this disregard for the colored people does not only exist in the South; I know there are many hotels in Boston, where, if any one of you were to ask for a room, they would tell you that all the rooms were filled.

The thing that most deeply afflicts the colored American is not going to be cured by politics. You have received from politics already about all it can give you.

You may change the law by politics, but it is not the law that is going to insult and outrage and excommunicate every colored American for generations to come. You can't cure the conceit of the white people that they are better than you by politics, nor their ignorance, nor their prejudice, nor their bigotry, nor any of the insolences which they cherish against their colored fellow-citizens.

Politics is the snare and delusion of white men as well as black. Politics tickles the skin of the social order; but this disease, and other diseases of class, privilege, and inheritance, lie deep in the internal organs. Social equity is based on principles of justice; political change on the opinion of a time. The black man's skin will be a mark of social inferiority so long as white men are conceited, ignorant and prejudiced. You cannot legislate these qualities out of the whites—you must steal and reason them out by teaching, illustration, and example.

No man ever came into the world with a grander opportunity than the American negro. He is like new metal dug out of the mine. He stands at this late day on the threshold of history, with everything to learn and less to unlearn, than any civilized man in the world. In his heart still ring the free sounds of the desert. In his mind he carries the traditions of Africa. The songs with which he charms American ears are refrains from the tropical forests, from the great inland seas and rivers of the dark continent.

At worst, the colored American has only a century or so of degrading civilized tradition and habit to forget and unlearn. His nature has only been injured on the outside by these late circumstances of his existence. Inside he is a new man, fresh from nature—a color-lover, an enthusiast, a believer by the heart, a philosopher, a cheerful, natural, good-natured man. I believe the colored American to be the kindliest human being in existence. All the inhumanities of slavery have not made him cruel or sullen or revengeful. He has all the qualities that fit him to be a good citizen of any country; he does not worry his soul today with the fear of next week or next year. He has feelings and convictions, and he loves to show them. He sees no reason why he should hide them. He will be a great natural expression if he dares to express the beauty, the color, the harmony of God's world as he sees it with a negro's eyes. That is the meaning of race distinction—that it should help us to see God's beauty in the world in various ways.

What this splendid man needs most is confidence in himself and his race. He is a dependent man at present. He is not sure of himself. He underrates his own qualities. He must be a self-respecting man. Not all men can be distinguished, but assuredly some distinct expression of genius will come out of any considerable community of colored people who believe in themselves, who contemn and despise the man of their blood who apes white men and their ways, who is proud to be a negro, who will bear himself according to his own ideas of a colored man, who will encourage his women to dress themselves by their own taste, to select the rich colors they love, to follow out their own natural bent, and not to adopt other people's stupid and shop-made fashions. The negro woman has the best artistic eye for color of all the women in America.

The negro is the only graceful, musical, color-loving American. He is the only American who has written new songs and composed new music. He is the most spiritual of Americans, for he worships with soul and not with narrow mind. For him religion is to be believed, accepted like the very voice of God, and not invented, contrived, reasoned about, shaded, and made fashionably lucrative and marketable, as it is made by too many white Americans.

The negro is a new man, a free man, a spiritual man, a hearty man; and he can be a great man if he will avoid modeling himself on the whites. No race ever became illustrious on borrowed ideas or the imitated qualities of another race.

No race or nation is great or illustrious except by one test—the breeding of great men. Not great merchants or traders, not rich men, bankers, insurance-mongers, or directors of gas companies. But great thinkers—great seers of the world through their own eyes—great tellers of the truths and beauties and colors and equities as they alone see them. Great poets—ah, great poets above all—and their brothers, great painters and musicians, fashioners of God's beautiful shapes in clay and marble and harmony.

The negro will never take his full stand beside the white man till he has given the world proof of the truth and beauty of heroism and power that are in his soul. And only by the organs of the soul are these delivered—by self-respect and self-reflection, by philosophy, religion, poetry, art, love, and sacrifice. One great poet will be worth a hundred bankers and brokers, worth ten Presidents of the United States, to the negro race. One great musician will speak to the world for the black men as no thousand editors or politicians can.

The wealth of our Western soil, in its endless miles of fertility, is less to America than the unworked wealth of the rich negro nature. The negro poet of the future will be worth two Mexicos to America. God send wise guides to my black fellow-countrymen, who shall lead them to understand and accept what is true and great and perennial, and to reject what is deceptive and changeable in life, purpose, and hope.

It is a great pleasure to me to say these things that I have long believed to a colored meeting in Boston. It would be a greater pleasure to go down to Nashville and address a colored meeting there; and God grant that it may be soon possible for a Boston white man to go down to Nashville and address colored men. As I said in the beginning, so long as American citizens and their children are excluded from schools, theaters, hotels, or common conveyances, there ought not to be and there is not among those who love justice and liberty, any question of race, creed, or color; every heart that beats for humanity, beats with the oppressed.

MOORE CENTENARY.

Address made at the Celebration of the Moore Centenary in Boston, 1879.

GENTLEMEN: The honorable distinction you have given me at the head of your table, involves a duty of weight and delicacy. At such a board as this, where Genius sits smiling at Geniality, the President becomes a formality, and the burden of his duty is to make himself a pleasant nobody, yet natural to the position. Like the apprentice of the armorer, it is my task only to hold the hot iron on the anvil while the skilled craftsmen strike out the flexile sword-blade.

There is no need for me to praise or analyze the character or fame of the great poet whose centennial we celebrate. This will be done presently by abler hands in eloquent verse and prose. Tom Moore was a poet of all lands, and it is fitting that his centenary should be observed in cosmopolitan fashion. But he was particularly the poet of Ireland, and on this point I may be allowed to say a word as one proud to be an Irishman, and prouder still to be an American.

Not blindly, but kindly we lay our wreath of rosemary and immortelles on the grave of Moore. We do not look to him for the wisdom of the statesman, or the boldness of the popular leader. Neither do we look for solidity to the rose bush, nor for strength to the nightingale, yet each is perfect of its kind. We take Tom Moore as God sent him—not only the sweetest song-writer of Ireland, but even in this presence I may say, the first song-writer in the English language, not even excepting Burns.

The harshness of nature or of human relations found

faint response in his harmonious being. He was born in the darkness of the penal days; he lived to manhood under the cruel law that bred a terrible revolution; but he never was a rebel. He was the college companion and bosom friend of Robert Emmet, who gave his beautiful life on the gibbet in protest against the degradation of his country; but Moore took only a fitful part in the stormy political agitation of the time. When all was done, it was clear that he was one thing and no other—neither a sufferer, a rebel, an agitator, nor a reformer—but wholly and simply a poet. He did not rebel, and he scarcely protested. But he did his work as well as the best in his own way. He sat by the patriot's grave, and sang tearful songs that will make future rebels and patriots. It was a hard task, for an Irishman in Moore's day, to win distinction, unless he achieved it by treason to his own country. In his own bitter words:

> Unpriz'd are her sons till they've learned to betray;
> Undistinguished they live, if they shame not their sires;
> And the torch that would light them thro' dignity's way,
> Must be caught from the pile, where their country expires.

And yet Moore set out to win distinction, and to win it in the hardest field. The literary man in those days could only live by the patronage of the great, and the native nobility of Ireland was dead or banished. A poet, too, must have an audience; and Moore knew that his audience must not only be his poor countrymen, but all who spoke the English language. He lived as an alien in London; and it is hard for an alien to secure recognition anywhere, and especially an alien poet. The songs he sang, too, were not English in subject or tone, but Irish. They were filled with the sadness of his unhappy country. He despaired of the freedom of Ireland, and bade her

> Weep on, weep on, your hour is past,
> Your dream of pride is o'er;

but he did not turn from the ruin to seek renown from strange and profitable subjects. As the polished Greeks,

even in defeat, conquered their Roman conquerors by their refinement, so this poet sang of Ireland's sorrow and wrong, till England and the world turned to listen. In one of his melodies, which is full of pathetic apology to his countrymen for his apparent friendship to England, he sighs in secret over Erin's ruin,—

> For 'tis treason to love her and death to defend.

He foresaw even then the immortality of his verse and the affection of future generations for his memory when he wrote:

> But tho' glory be gone, and tho' hope fade away,
> Thy name, loved Erin, shall live in his songs;
> Not ev'n in the hour when the heart is most gay
> Will he lose remembrance of thee and thy wrongs.
> The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
> The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
> 'Til thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
> Shall pause at the song of their captive and weep.

But this was not his entire work for Ireland and for true literature and art; nor is it for this sentimental reason that this centenary is observed throughout the world. In some countries we are able to see the beginning of the artistic or literary life of the nation; we can even name the writer or artist who began the beautiful structure; and though the pioneer work is often crude, it merits and receives the gratitude of the nation. Though Moore was an original poet of splendid imagination, he undertook a national work in which his flights were restrained by the limitations of his task. He set himself to write new words to old music. He found scattered over Ireland, mainly hidden in the cabins of the poor, pieces of antique gold, inestimable jewels that were purely Irish. These were in danger of being lost to the world, or of being malformed or stolen from their rightful owners by strangers who could discover their value. These jewels were the old Irish airs —those exquisite fabrics which Moore raised into matchless beauty in his delicious melodies.

This was his great work. He preserved the music of his nation and made it imperishable. It can never be lost again till English ceases to be spoken. He struck it out like a golden coin, with Erin's stamp on it, and it has become current and unquestioned in all civilized nations.

For this we celebrate his centennial. For this, gentlemen, I call on you to rise—for after one year, or a hundred, or a thousand, we may pour a libation to a great man—I ask you to rise and drink

"The Memory of Tom Moore."

THE IRISH NATIONAL CAUSE.

ADDRESS DELIVERED IN MECHANICS' HALL, BOSTON, MASS., ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY, 1890.

THERE might be a doubt of the success of the Irish national cause if it were wholly sentimental, or if its expressions were irregular, fitful, or spasmodic. The causes or movements that have the elements of assured success, accordingly, belong to the history of the human race and not to a mere handful of people from a remote corner of the earth, and must be tested by three supreme tests: the test of right principle, the test of endurance, and the test of growth.

The principle underlying the Irish movement is the unquestionable one of a nation's right to its own country and laws, to develop its own resources, to tell its own story to the world in its own way, and not in the way of another country; to have a full and fair chance for expressing its national genius. "The noblest principle is the public good," said the Latin poet, and this proposition has the agreement of all good men. It is true of all Ireland's struggles; she has fought not only for improvement of rule, but for her very life. Her people have not merely been condemned to subjection, but to extermination.

The second test is of endurance. What need to prove this for Ireland's history? Her fight has not varied in over 700 years; 600 years ago, or 400 years ago, or 300 years, or 100 years ago the condition of Ireland would be almost similar to that of the present time. At any of these periods the country would be found in open or latent rebellion against foreign oppression; its chief men either

in arms, or in prison, or in exile ; but defeat in Ireland never meant despair. Every generation renewed the fight as if it were beginning for the first time. Every twenty years for centuries there has been a systematic and definite new order of rebellion in Ireland. Each generation of young men willingly following in the footsteps of those who went before them, whether they led to prison or to death. The crew that pulls a long race and a losing one—is the strongest crew. This willing sacrifice has actually changed the meanings of accepted terms.

Irishmen have established a recognized code of moral right, as against statute laws and arbitrary governments which all the world recognizes ; which even England recognizes, which is constantly putting their enemy in the wrong ; and putting your enemy in the wrong in the sight of men is the worst kind of defeat, against which neither individual nor nation can long persist. Ireland has made a principle of pacific opposition and rejection of bad law. The Irish, perhaps, has, of all nations, with the hottest and most passionate blood, harnessed and controlled the national heart and the quick hand to strike, and changed material defeat into moral victory. They have taught themselves and the world the secret of winning by submission. "They have made the cell a national shrine," says the greatest of Englishmen,—Mr. Gladstone. "They have made the cell a national shrine, and the prison garb the dress of the highest honor." They have won by the noblest means,—not by destroying, but by converting their enemies. They have won with a minority,—which is the supremest test of power.

"I will put down this national movement in Ireland," said Secretary Forster, a few years ago, "if you give me power to imprison all men whom I consider dangerous."

They gave him the power and he exercised it,—poor Buckshot Forster,—and he learned the tremendous lesson that in Ireland imprisonment for patriotism was not a punishment but an honor. With what weapon must that country be struck where the palace is a temple of infamy, and the prison a shrine of national honor ?

As to the growth or expansion of the Irish national movement, one hundred years ago there were scarcely 4,000,000 of Irish people in the world; 200,000 or 300,000 of those were in this country, mainly in New Hampshire and Pennsylvania; another 100,000 on the continent of Europe serving in the various armies, and the remainder were all in Ireland, shut up as in a prison; behind them six centuries of war and defeat, and inexpressible suffering; behind them immediately, one hundred years of such local tyranny by a class ruling and robbing in the name of law and religion, as no other civilized country had ever experienced. Then came a burst of despair; of hopeless agony. In the year 1798, the brave people dashed their naked hands against the enemy's sabers and bayonets; and the last years of the last century went down on Ireland in the blood of the people, the smoke of their homes, and the suppression of their national parliament. There never was such desolation in any country since the Assyrians desolated Judea, as overwhelmed Ireland at the close of the last century. After the rebellion of 1798, all law but the law of the pistol, the sword, and the scaffold was abolished. The Irish Parliament was swept away. The whole population, except the Protestants, were disfranchised, disorganized,—friendless, voiceless, helpless. The Act of Union, which abolished the Parliament of Ireland, went into effect on the first day of the first year of this present century. On that dark day an Irish poet wrote a mournful poem on his country:

> Thou art chained to the wheel of the foe—by links which the world shall not sever;
> With thy tyrant thro' storm and thro' calm shalt thou go, and thy sentence is bondage forever.
> In the nations thy place is left void—thou art lost in the lists of the free—
> Even realms by the plague and the earthquake destroyed may revive—but no hope is for thee!

The Irish Parliament was abolished on the pretense that the country could be governed more peaceably, and led

to greater prosperity under British rule. But three years after the Union, a Coercion Act was applied to Ireland. Robert Emmet and his brave compatriots were hanged in Dublin, and for those eighty-nine years coercion has ruled Ireland for every year except twenty-two separated years.

There has never been a period of longer than six years without a coercion law. The longest period was from 1850 to 1855. Those coercion laws have been enforced by the bayonet and two standing armies, 14,000 constabulary, and an average of 50,000 soldiers; for their support the Irish people are taxed, while even the material contracts for this support are controlled by English houses. Throughout all this period the double injury has been done of misrepresenting and defaming the people. England has told the outer world that the Irish farmers were poor because they would not improve their farms. Why should they improve farms that did not belong to them, and where every improvement raised the rent higher? The English Tories said they had been compelled to coerce the Irish, because they would quarrel among themselves on account of religion; that the Catholic hated the Protestant and would destroy him, or tyrannize over him if he had the power. But this division of the Irish was a skillfully and deliberately framed device of the English. A Catholic did not hate a Protestant because he was a Protestant, but because he was a political oppressor. The law was so framed that political power was limited by religion. To seduce or coerce the people from the Catholic religion, the whole Catholic population was deprived of all rights, and practically made slaves.

This injustice has been changed; but only formally. At the present time Ireland, with 4,000,000 Catholics, has only 700 Catholic magistrates; and with only 1,000,000 of Protestants, has 3500 Protestant magistrates. And the Catholics who are magistrates are selected because they hate the people and the people hate them; for religion has nothing to do with the Irish question. The best answer to this slur on the good name of the people lies in the fact

that in every movement, since Protestantism first went to Ireland, in every movement against English authority and tyranny, among the most trusted leaders, the bravest spirits, the most revered martyrs to the national cause, have been Protestant Irishmen. Nearly all the names that are venerated as heroes and martyrs in the long list of Irish nationality are the names of Protestants. Indeed, they outnumber the names of Catholics. Robert Emmet, Henry Grattan, Wolf Tone, the Presbyterian who organized the rebellion of '98; the Sheares brothers, Bagenal Harvey, Lord Edward Fitzgerald; these in '98 and 1803 down to John Mitchell and John Martin in 1848; from them again to the present leader of the Irish national movement, a Protestant also, Charles Stewart Parnell.

Since the first year of the century the pressure on Ireland which was intended to destroy or banish the people, has never been let up; there have been repeated rebellions and movements of national protest, and at present the country is bowed under a condition of lawlessness in the name of law, which is an outrage on the nineteenth century. Many of the leading members of Parliament, and the most beloved public men in the nation, are or have been recently in prison, and are there subjected to skillfully devised and degrading torture. Trial by jury is abolished; arrest by warrant is abolished. The entire country is under the control of paid magistrates, appointed by the government; magistrates called "removables," because to make them the unscrupulous tools of their employers, they can be removed at any time. And yet Irishmen can face their antagonists to-day with a greater confidence than ever before, and ask, What have you gained by your merciless oppression since the Union went into effect in 1801 or since Robert Emmet was hanged in 1803? Ireland now says to her foe: "You are now face to face, not with 4,000,000 helpless and friendless people shut up by your fleets in Ireland, but you are opposed by at least 40,000,000 of people with Irish blood and sympathy, most of whom are potential elements in the great countries which hold in their hands the future destinies of the British

Empire. There are nearly 5,000,000 people in Ireland; there are at least 4,000,000 Irish and their descendants in Great Britain; in London alone, it is said, that there are 1,000,000 Irish people; in the United States, during the last forty years alone, 4,000,000 people have come from Ireland, and these were almost wholly people in their young manhood and womanhood. The natural increase from such a starting-point alone, leaving out the millions who had come to this country from its earliest settlement, would give probably, at a safe estimate, 20,000,000 of the American population of direct Irish blood.

Wherever the English flag has gone around the world in its domain of conquest,—and it is said that the sun never sets on the English dominions,—be sure that accompanying that flag have gone the numerous and unified Irish hearts, who carry with them the opposition that they learned at home. And the Irish and English in the colonies and in the United States do not continue enemies; as soon as they settle down in the new countries, the Irish convert their old enemies into friends.

But not only in numbers has the Irish movement grown, but in expansion of principle. In the early days of this century, the national fight resolved itself into a question of Catholic enfranchisement carried in 1829; then of tenant right, and after generations had spent their energies and lives in trying to make headway against the selfishness and ignorance of the Irish landlord party, the answer was given to Ireland by Sir Robert Peel in 1862, when he said, "The Land Act of 1860 has effected the final settlement of the Irish land question." And Lord Palmerston, in 1865, completed this expression by declaring that "Tenant right was landlord wrong." In this land agitation both English parties were against Ireland. Indeed, the Tory landlords had made their Liberal opponents the worst enemies of Ireland, for up to 1870 the most extreme measures of Irish land reform had been introduced by the Tories. For instance, Lord Stanley's Bill in 1865, Mr. Napier's Bill in 1852, and the Tory Bill in 1867.

But observe the moral teaching which Ireland has done on this question. In 1870, Mr. Gladstone introduced his famous Land Bill, the three principles of which were: First, the extension of Ulster tenant right throughout Ireland; second, to render landlords liable for compensation to an evicted tenant; third, to facilitate the establishment of peasant proprietary; and this bill, five years after Lord Palmerston's statement that "tenant right was landlord wrong," was passed in the House of Commons by the extraordinary vote of 442 to 11.

Froude says of this Land Act of 1870, "It was the best measure, perhaps the only good measure, which has passed for Ireland for 200 years."

The importance of this measure is not confined to Ireland. It is for all constitutional governments the first instance, perhaps, in which the statute law has been directly subordinated to the law of God; the first instance in which the right of private property in land was restrained by the national and individual rights of the people. That law sounded the doom of landed aristocracy in every country of the earth. It cried "halt!" to the landlord's power to evict a whole nation by a law made in that nation's own name.

Then came the movement for the Repeal of the Union, under O'Connell. Contrast the present movement in Ireland, or rather, throughout the world in favor of Ireland, with this movement of less than half a century ago. No two leaders could be more unlike than O'Connell and Parnell, though there are some points of resemblance! O'Connell was a great parliamentary tactician; so is Parnell. O'Connell considered that he was responsible, not to the British, but to the Irish people for his conduct and mode of warfare; so does Parnell. O'Connell never approached Parliament in humility and fear; he came boldly to demand justice for his country; so does Parnell. In three other characteristics the two men resemble each other. Strength of will, courage, and backbone. But here the resemblance ends between the men and their times and their

movements. It was O'Connell who inspired the Irish people; it is the Irish people who inspire Parnell. O'Connell always took the initiative and allowed little scope to the energies of his followers. Parnell lets the people take the initiative and he utilizes all the energies of the Irish party. O'Connell did and thought everything for himself and for the people. Parnell does very little except to quietly direct. O'Connell created public opinion; Parnell represents it. O'Connell raised the storm; Parnell guides it. O'Connell had only four lieutenants; Shiel and his own three sons, Morris, John, and Morgan. Parnell has surrounded himself, or rather has been surrounded, by the representatives of the country; with eighty-five members of Parliament, who take rank among the boldest, ablest, and most sagacious national leaders who have ever been known in the history of civilization. What reformer or national leader ever fought with nobler aides beside him than Healey, Sexton, O'Connell, Justin McCarthy, John Dillon, William O'Brien, and that great outsider, that incomparable free lance, who is too large, and too free, and too wise to put himself into any harness, even the harness of the parliamentary service of Ireland,—Michael Davitt, the father of the Land League?

Wendell Phillips said that Daniel O'Connell taught the world the meaning and method of agitation. But Parnell has done more than O'Connell had the opportunity of doing, because the Ireland of our time is essentially different from the Ireland of forty or fifty years ago. Parnell has moved and united not only the five millions in Ireland, but he has added to these the moral support of the thirty-five millions of their exiled kindred.

Less than a dozen years ago, when he appeared in the public life of his country, a young and unknown member of Parliament, Ireland was sunk in the depths of social and political oppression. Her people had fled for two generations, and were still flying from their unhappy country, as the clouds fly, across the sea. "They are going with a vengeance!" cried the London *Times*. Ten years ago this

young man's voice arrested the attention of the people within the island; he came, as it were, to the hill-tops by the sea, and stretched out his hands to the flying clouds, and appealed to them, and the clouds stayed their course. The eyes of the exiles returned at the call, and their hearts and their hands were opened to the need of their mother land. They sent back their moral sympathies and support to help their struggling brethren to meet the organized and material strength of their enemy. They became representatives, in the various lands in which their homes lay, of the special quality of strength which Ireland is proving to the world she possesses. This strength may be said to be the exact opposite to that of England.

The strength of England is, and always has been, material force; organization; concentration; weight of stroke; selfishness of purpose. Her power has marched through the centuries and the nations like a mail-clad battalion, plowing its way, repellent, unsympathetic, defying criticism, bound on the seizure of its prey, disregarding the opinions of mankind.

The power that Ireland has exerted through her banished millions, is immaterial, diffused, intellectual, spiritual; the very opposite to that of England. But it is the power of the steam, as compared to the power of the water. So far the nations represent opposites: One concussion; the other conversion. One a threat; the other an argument. One repels; the other attracts. One makes enemies; the other makes friends. One wastes its own strength in every effort; the other increases its power with every exertion. Ireland appeals through her scattered children and their descendants to the consciences of men. They make mankind a jury to whom they are constantly appealing for a verdict against the lawless and cruel and piratical rule of England in Ireland. Against the deep injury done to an ancient and proud nation that had done its full share in the glory of civilization, until it was interrupted, ruined, and misrepresented by this robber invasion.

The rapidity with which the Irish movement spreads

may be estimated by this extraordinary fact: that twelve years ago, Mr. Parnell, who is now one of the leading national figures among the governments of the world, was utterly unknown. Ten years ago, there was no Irish national party in the British House of Commons, except a nondescript and diluted nationalism represented by whig landlords.

It is only ten years ago since to that world dictionary, that is made up of words and names that belong to all men and tongues, names and words that represent ideas like "Bunker Hill," and "'93"; like "Robespierre," and the "Marseillaise"; like the perjurer "Titus Oates," and the traitor "Arnold," was added the name of "Capt. Boycott."

But no name of honor or infamy has ever carried the Irish cause further, or in more directions, or has ever, in a word, done more good to the Irish national movement than the name of the detestable creature, who was the agent and the victim of a still more detestable and cowardly conspiracy, "Richard Pigott," and the London *Times*. In view of their story, all minds that are free from prejudice are willing to agree that the government that can only rule by such means, with such tools, at the end of the nineteenth century, after leaving a record in Ireland from the first year of that century to the present, of coercion and oppression, of murder and lawlessness and eviction, and of the burning of homes, of the ruin of a whole population,—the government that must depend on such infamous agents as the London *Times*, and Houston the Orangeman, and Le Caron the spy, and Pigott the perjurer, is condemned out of its own mouth. All this diabolical machinery was set in motion on the day Parliament was to vote on the coercion act for Ireland; and by this means that dreadful act was passed. Surely, this government is an evil in the sight of man and God. A danger to all truly civilized governments. A corrupter of social and political life.

And so we claim that though coercion still rules in Ireland, the cause of Home Rule shall be won in the end. The consummation may be delayed a few weeks or months,

but the inevitable must soon appear. The sunburst is reddening the sky in the east.

A few years ago an old ship was set afloat on the Niagara River, ten miles above the great falls. The crowd that watched it on the bank cheered when they saw the current carry it out to the center and down toward the rapids. One man calculated the rapidity of the stream. "It goes four miles an hour," he said; "in two hours and a half she will go over the falls."

So they took to their horses and carriages and trains, and went to the falls to see her go over. They saw the powerful rapids take the ship and wheel her round, and almost dash her to pieces, as the Home Rule victories in Scotland whirled and confounded the Tories; they saw a great rock split her keel, as the victories in Wales split the Tories; they saw her leaping down toward the last hundred yards of the fatal course and thrown on her beam ends by a bowlder as big as the Home Rule victory in Kensington, London, last week; but just when the last plunge was coming and the world was preparing to cheer, the doomed vessel was caught between two rocks on the very verge of the falls. And there she hung for three days, with a rock—like the Joseph Chamberlain—holding her back, but breaking into her side at the same time; till, at last, the mad flood leaped into her and over her, and ship and rock together were rolled over and dashed to splinters in the river under the falls.

And so St. Patrick's Day, 1890, marks the high-water of the Irish national tide. Around the world to-night, like a bugle call, shrills the confident congratulations of the Irish race. They have reason to be happy, and confident, and hopeful. The good will of the world is with Ireland, and the Baal-time fires of St. Patrick are as cosmopolitan as the drum-beat of Great Britain. She is taking the rivets out of Toryism everywhere, and God is saving Ireland.

IRELAND'S COMMERCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL RESOURCES.

ADDRESS BEFORE THE BEACON SOCIETY OF BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1886.

THE Beacon Society of Boston held its regular monthly dinner at the Revere House, on Saturday, February 28, 1886. By request, Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly addressed the company on "The Industrial and Commercial Aspects of the Irish Question." President John C. Paige introduced the speaker.

Mr. O'Reilly, referring to the happy introductory speech of the President, said:

GENTLEMEN: However much humor there may be attached to the general characteristics of my countrymen, there is nothing but tragedy connected with the industrial and commercial questions of Ireland. The general view of Ireland and the Irish question is relegated to the sentimental. In truth, it is one of the most material and practical of questions. Very few men take the trouble of questioning the statement that has been given to the world by the interested party for one hundred or two hundred years. The statement has been made that the Irish people are simply a troublesome, purposeless, quarrelsome people, who could not govern themselves if they had an opportunity. That is the tribute which injustice pays in all cases to morality. If a man injure another man, he must also injure his character in order to stand well in the community, to justify his own action, for, if he did not, his fellow-men would drive him out. England has misrepresented the character of the Irish people with a set purpose, and with

the same purpose has misrepresented their industrial and commercial resources. The sentimental question is simply the natural desire of men to rule their own country and make their own laws. The Greeks were applauded in London the other day when they said: "We want to work out the Greek purpose among Greeks." The Greeks are no more a distinct nationality than the Irish. The Greeks are no more unlike other nations than the Irish. A fight that has gone on seven hundred and fifty years between a weak country and a very strong one is assuredly a fight based on no weak or worthless sentiment.

The Irish have never compromised. They have been beaten because they were weaker, but they have never compromised. They have been rebellious and troublesome. They have been Nationalists all the time. They claimed seven hundred, six hundred, five hundred years ago precisely what they claim to-day: the right to their own country, to make their own laws, to work out their own individual nationality among men. If there is to be credit or discredit given them, they want to earn it, and to tell their own faults or virtues to the world. They do not want another nation, and an unfriendly one, to tell the world what Ireland and its people are. The ear of the world has been held by England with regard to Ireland, particularly in this country, since the foundation of it. Very few men in America who are not Irish have realized that the Irish question is, as I have said, more largely material than sentimental.

In 1696 the King of England sent to Ireland a commission of five men to examine the country and report to the King and Council as to the best means of holding the Irish in subjection. They had then had five hundred years of continuous Irish war. They had realized the enormous advantage that Ireland possessed in position. If Ireland were on the other side of England there would be no Irish question. Ireland is on the Atlantic side of England. The question has always been a geographical one. Ireland controls the main points for commerce with Northern Europe;

and she has in her own self such a treasury of possible wealth as no other nation in Europe has. This commission, sent in 1696, remained in Ireland a year, and reported to the King in 1697. The report was summarized in these words: "There are two ways of holding Ireland in subjection: By a standing army in the hands of Englishmen; and by checking the growth of the country in trade and wealth, that it may never become dangerous to England anywhere." That was two centuries ago. That policy was adopted by King and Council; and, no matter what change of Whig or Tory, Liberal or Conservative, since came for Great Britain, there was no change for Ireland. That fearful and atrocious policy continued until the appointment of one of the best Englishmen and one of the ablest as Secretary for Ireland, Mr. John Morley, a few weeks ago. There had not been a rift in that dark cloud between those two dates.

Mr. O'Reilly read the following extracts from renowned English writers, showing the perfect knowledge England has had for centuries of the wonderful resources of Ireland. England's course has been steered, he said, with deliberation. Three hundred years ago the illustrious English poet, Spenser, who had lived for years in Ireland, thus described the country:

> And sure it is a most beautiful and sweet country as any under heaven, being stored throughout with many goodly rivers, replenished with all sorts of fish abundantly; sprinkled with many very sweet islands and goodly lakes, like little inland seas, that will carry even shippes upon their waters, adorned with goodly woods; also filled with good ports and havens; besides the soyle itself most fertile, fit to yield all kind of fruit that shall be committed thereto. And lastly, the climate most mild and temperate.

Two hundred and fifty years ago Sir John Davies, another eminent Englishman, wrote about Ireland as follows:

> I have visited all the provinces of that kingdom in sundry journeys and circuits, wherein I have observed the good temperature of the air, the fruitfulness of the soil, the pleasant and commodious seats for habitations, the safe and large ports and havens lying open for traffic into all the west parts of the world; the long inlets of many navigable

rivers, and so many great lakes and fresh ponds within the land, as the like are not to be seen in any part of Europe; the rich fishings and wild fowl of all kinds; and lastly, the bodies and minds of the people endued with extraordinary abilities by nature.

In Brown's "Essays on Trade," published in London in the year 1728, this is the report on Ireland:

Ireland is, in respect of its situation, the number of its commodious harbors, and the natural wealth which it produces, the fittest island to acquire wealth of any in the European seas; for as by its situation it lies the most commodious for the West Indies, Spain, and the Northern and Eastern countries, so it is not only supplied by nature with all the necessaries of life, but can over and above export large quantities to foreign countries, insomuch that, had it been mistress of its trade, no nation in Europe of its extent could in an equal number of years acquire greater wealth.

"Ireland," says Newenham, writing seventy years ago on industrial topics, "greatly surpasses her sister country, England, in the aggregate of the endowments of nature. . . . . England, abounding in wealth beyond any other country in Europe, cannot boast of one natural advantage which Ireland does not possess in a superior degree."

Continuing, Mr. O'Reilly said: All this has been said about a country that is so poverty-stricken and so unhappy that the like of it is not seen in any part of the world. I sent reporters to four houses in Boston a short time ago to ask how much money they had sold on Ireland during the month of December, and from the first of December to the twentieth, those four houses had sold over $100,000, in sums averaging $35. Now, in three weeks, four houses in one city sold that much; and I can assure you that there is not a city in the United States, not a town, nor hamlet, whence that drain is not constantly going away to Ireland. It is going from the mills, from the mines, from the farms, from the shops, from the servant girls. The only advantage from that terrible loss,—a loss which must reach almost $50,000,000 a year, which is the lowest computation you can put on it,—the only value the republic has in

return is in the devoted and affectionate natures that could spare from their earnings so much for their poor relatives in Ireland—for they sent it to save their people from eviction and starvation; not to make them happy and comfortable, but to pay the rent to the English aristocrats, for whom England has legislated. The landlords have a mortgage on the Irish in America through their affections.

This question has never been between the people of the two countries, but always between the Irish people and the English aristocrat, the idle profligate fellow who owns the land and stands between the two peoples. For him and by him has all the legislation for Ireland been made, and for England, too. When the people of the two countries come to settle the question between them, depend on it, they will find a solution. It was only last year for the first time in England that the common people became a factor in politics, when two millions of workingmen were admitted to the franchise; and it was only by their exercise of that power that the Tory Government was prevented from putting another Coercion Act in force in Ireland, when Lord Salisbury threatened four weeks ago to introduce another Coercion Act for a country which was in peace, without any reason whatever but the will of the landlord class. The only issue for Ireland, if the Tories had remained in power and Lord Salisbury had carried out his intention, would have been rebellion. Unquestionably, Ireland would have been driven into another hopeless rebellion, the meaning of which it would have been hard to explain to the outer world.

I believe that when the two peoples can settle this question between themselves, they are going to work out the morality of their relations, and that the Irish people have nothing to fear, but everything to hope, from the common people of Great Britain. It is not the sea, but the separated pool that rots, and so it is not the common people, but the separated class of humanity that rots—the aristocrat, the idle man, the man on horseback, the fellow that has ruled Europe for centuries.

Now, let me go into detail over that statement as to the industrial possibilities of Ireland.

The most important natural advantages which nations enjoy are: fertility of soil, salubrity of climate, capacious harbors fitted for external commerce, advantageous intersection of internal trade by rivers, valuable mines and minerals, and productive fisheries. "Those advantages," says Matthew Carey, "have been so liberally bestowed on Ireland by a bounteous heaven, that nothing but the most horrible and blighting policy could have prevented her from enjoying as high a degree of happiness as ever fell to the lot of any nation."

With respect of soil, Ireland is blest in the highest degree. Arthur Young, an English traveler, who devoted his life to agricultural inquiries and investigations, says that "natural fertility, acre for acre, over the two kingdoms, is certainly in favor of Ireland. Labor and skill are the only things necessary to produce all over the country. The soil needs no fertilizer that is not at the hands of the farmer in all the counties. In many extensive parts of the country fertilizers applied to the soil kill the crops, for the soil will only bear a certain amount of nutrition, and beyond that it refuses to grow unless left fallow for a year."

"To judge of Ireland by the conversation one sometimes hears in England," says Arthur Young, "it would be supposed that one half of it was covered with bogs and the other with mountains."

Newenham says:

A vast proportion of the unreclaimed land of other countries is almost utterly unproductive, or completely sterile; a vast proportion of the unreclaimed land of Ireland is undoubtedly the contrary. In other countries the operation of reclaiming requires considerable skill, and in most instances is attended with immense expense. In Ireland, where nature is rather to be assisted than overcome, it requires but little skill; and the attendant expense, if viewed in conjunction with the future permanent profit, is scarcely sufficient to deter the most timid speculator. In most other countries the natural means of fertilizing such land, as has been prepared by any expensive process for the

plow, are extremely scanty; in Ireland they are almost everywhere found in the greatest abundance and perfection.

One striking advantage Ireland possesses, probably in a degree beyond any other country. The rocks and mountains, which elsewhere are generally bare or covered only with useless weeds or wild shrubs, are in Ireland clothed with luxuriant verdure.

In no part of the bounties of nature as regards soil is Ireland more fortunate than in the superabundance of manures of almost every kind and of the very best quality.

"In most of the mountainous districts of Ireland," Sir Edward Newenham, a great statistical and practical authority, says, "5000 acres will be found to yield more and better food for the cattle than 100,000 in many parts of Scotland and Wales. The Irish mountains are entirely different from those of the countries just mentioned. Herbage of some sort or other grows on the very summits of some of the loftiest in Ireland; but in Scotland, and for the most part in Wales, cattle stray from their pasture as they ascend the mountain's brow. The peculiar tendency of the Irish soil to grass is such that the mountainous land yields good sustenance to prodigious droves of young cattle."

In those parts of England, Scotland, or Wales which are remote from large towns the cultivation of a farm, owing to deficiency of good natural manures, must, in general, be proportionate to the stock of cattle kept thereon. But in Ireland, where such manures almost everywhere abound, the dung of cattle is not indispensably requisite to the progress of agriculture, and accordingly much less attention is paid to its collection than is observable in other countries. "Labor and skill alone," says Newenham, "will render the lands of Ireland fertile in the extreme."

With the exception of the counties of Wexford, Wicklow, Tyrone, and Antrim, limestone is found in the greatest abundance in every county of Ireland, as is also, with

the exception of a few counties, that incomparable manure —limestone gravel. White, gray, and blue marls of the best quality, are likewise found in most of the counties, and compensate in some of them, especially in Wexford, for a deficiency of lime.

"The seacoasts, likewise, from which, by the way, no part of Ireland is at greater distance than fifty miles, furnish an inexhaustible supply of manures. Coral sand, a manure of superior value, is found on the south coast in Baltimore Bay, on the southwest coast in Bantry Bay, on the west coast in Tralee Bay, Clew Bay, Roundstone Bay, Kilkerran Harbor, and Galway Bay ; on the north coast in Mulroy Harbor ; on the east coast of Brayhead, in the county of Wicklow, and in other places. Shelly sand, which nearly equals the coral in effect, is found on the southwest coast in Dunmanus Bay ; on the east coast near Birr Island, in Red Bay, and in many other parts of the same coast. Sea weeds, sea sand of different colors, and sea ooze, are found in abundance all round the coast ; and, except the last, which has been lately found to be very good manure, are everywhere used with excellent effect by the farmers who live within five or six miles of the coast."—Newenham, "View of the Natural, Political, and Commercial Circumstances of Ireland."

The climate of Ireland is remarkable for its mildness, particularly in the southern province, where the fields generally afford pasturage for the cattle during the winter. They are rarely housed. A very great proportion of the fat cattle sent to Waterford, Limerick, and Cork, are never housed. The dairy cows in the province of Munster are never, through downright necessity, housed. The severity of winter in most other countries of so high a latitude, is almost altogether unknown in Ireland. Snows and ice to any considerable extent are rarely experienced.

In respect of mildness and equability, qualities of a very advantageous nature, the climate of Ireland is surpassed by very few, if by any other in Europe.

Ireland is highly endowed by nature with those very

important means of promoting national wealth, harbors, rivers, and lakes. The coast is so copiously indented with harbors, that they lie almost universally within a few miles of each other.

Taking one district with another, there is a harbor, or safe anchorage place, to about every 150 square miles, or every 96,000 acres.

They are, with scarcely an exception, superior to those of England.

"There are not twenty harbors in England and Wales," says Newenham, "which can be classed with forty of the best in Ireland; nor, with perhaps the single exception of Milford Haven, which is about seven miles long and one broad, with from four to fourteen fathoms on a bottom of mud, is there one in the former, which can, in almost any respect, be compared with the best ten in the latter; and if the safe anchoring places be added to the harbors of each country, Ireland will rank above England, not only in capaciousness, safety, and proportionate number of harbors, but likewise in the general number of places for the accommodation of shipping." There are one hundred and thirty-six safe and deep harbors in the island, a number not possessed by any other country.

The rivers are uncommonly numerous. So numerous are the rivers of Ireland, in proportion to its size, and so abundant the supply of water, that almost every parish might enjoy the benefits of internal navigation, at an inconsiderable national expense. Very few parts of Ireland, comparatively speaking, would be found ineligible for the establishment of manufactures through a deficiency of water, or the want of water-carriage. Of 248 mills for grinding corn, erected in Ireland between the years 1758 and 1790, every one, as Newenham relates, was turned by water. Windmills are in no country less common, or less necessary, than in Ireland.

The country was surveyed under the Irish Parliament, with a view to internal improvement by canals, and thirty-two rivers were found capable of being rendered navigable,

whereof the united lengths, in addition to that of the Shannon and those of the projected canals, exceed one thousand miles. Had the proposed works been carried into effect, 10,000 square miles, or 6,400,000 acres, would, at the furthest, have been within five miles of some navigable river or canal. And if to this be added the sinuous line of the Irish coast, comprising 1737 miles, it will be seen that 18,685 square miles, or 11,958,400 acres, which constitute almost two third parts of the area of Ireland, would have lain within five miles of the sea, river, or canal; and fifteen million dollars, faithfully and skillfully expended, would probably be more than sufficient for the purpose.

The fisheries of cod, and ling, and hake, and mackerel, and herring, are probably the richest in the world; yet to-day the fishermen of the western coast are kept from death by starvation by American charitable subscriptions.

With regard to mines and minerals, this sentence from Mathew Carey, grandfather of Henry Carey Baird, of Philadelphia, will suffice: "There is probably not a country in the world, which, for its extent, is one half so abundantly supplied with the most precious minerals and fossils as Ireland."

In Tyrone, Waterford, Cork, Down, Antrim, and throughout Connaught, says an eminent British authority, Mr. T. F. Henderson, writing a few years ago, "are immense stores of iron that remain unutilized." The same writer says, that from what can be seen, Ireland has at least 180,000,000 tons of available coal, from which she raises yearly only 130,000 tons. Yet she imports over 2,000,000 tons yearly from England.

Ireland has 3,000,000 acres of bog-land, which supplies an enormous quantity of admirable fuel. The average depth of peat on this is twenty-five feet—in some cases over forty feet.

The following summary of Irish mineral treasures is made from official and other surveys and reports. The figures prefixed to the different minerals and fossils denote

the number of counties in which they have been discovered:

2 Amethysts	16 Lead
1 Antimony	2 Manganese
15 Coal	19 Marble
1 Cobalt	15 Ochres
17 Copper	2 Pearls
1 Chalcedony	4 Pebbles
8 Crystals	2 Petrifactions
9 Clays of various sorts	1 Porphyry
5 Fuller's earth	1 Silicious sand
1 Gold	3 Silver
2 Garnites (decayed granite used in porcelain)	6 Slate
	1 Soapstone
7 Granite	1 Spars
1 Gypsum	2 Sulphur
19 Iron	2 Talc
2 Jasper	

Ninety years ago, Mr. Lawson, an English miner, stated in evidence before the Irish House of Commons that the iron-stone at Arigna lay in beds of from three to twelve fathoms deep, and that it could be raised for two shillings and sixpence a ton, which was five shillings cheaper than in Cumberland; that the coal in the neighborhood was better than any in England, and could be raised for three shillings and sixpence a ton, and that it extended six miles in length and five in breadth. He also stated that fire-brick clay and freestone of the best qualities were in the neighborhood, and that a bed of potters' clay extended there two miles in length and one in breadth. Mr. Clark, on the same occasion, declared that the iron ore was inexhaustible. And a distinguished Irish authority on mineralogical subjects, Mr. Kirwan, affirmed that the Arigna iron was better than any iron made from any species of single ore in England.

There is not a pound of iron dug out of the earth in Arigna, and there never will be till Ireland controls her own resources and can protect them by a proper tariff till they are in full productiveness.

As to water-power—Sir Richard Kane, of the Royal Dublin Society, and other eminent scientific bodies, summarizes the surveys and reports:

> The water from the rivers of Ireland has an average fall of 129 yards. The average daily fall of water (falling 129 yards) into the sea is 68,500,000 tons. As 884 tons falling twenty-four feet in twenty-four hours is a horse-power, Ireland has an available water-power, acting day and night, from January to December, amounting to 1,300,000 horse-power—or, reduced to 300 working days of twelve hours each, the available waterfall for industry represents over 3,000,000 horse-power.

But remember, there is hardly a wheel turning in Ireland. All this must go to waste, the people must starve and the land decay, that the mill owners of Lancashire may thrive. What would the world say of New England, had we the power, were we to suppress all manufacturing and mining industry in the Southern States? New England would earn the execrations of the country and the world for her avaricious selfishness.

The Parliament of Ireland was free from 1782 to 1801—and during this short period the country advanced like a released giant in every field of industry and commerce. Then the selfishness of England was appealed to by the landlords and the traders, the former leading and demanding that Irish industry be stopped, suppressed, murdered, by act of Parliament. The landlords wanted no resource for their rack-rented tenants. If the children of the farmer could go into the mills and shops to work and earn, the father would become independent of the landlord and agent.

One hundred years ago the Irish found that they could reclaim their bog land by cutting a ship canal through the country from Galway to Dublin. They have shown since that the cost would be more than repaid by the increased price of the land. They showed that they could save sailing ships seventy hours in passing to and from Northern Europe, and save them from the dangers of the Channel. They showed that ships sailing from the West of Ireland obtained an offing so soon that they often reached America

before vessels leaving England on the same day had beaten their way out of the English Channel. But the merchants of the Southern ports of England—Bristol, Southampton, and London—said that that canal, if cut, would be disastrous to them, and the Parliament refused to allow it to be done. Nine times the Irish people have tried to cut that canal; but the Irish people cannot build a wharf, or do anything else that a civilized community usually does at its own option, without going to the English House of Commons for permission to do it.

Benjamin Franklin had visited Ireland and was well informed of her commercial wrongs. Writing to Sir Edward Newenham, in 1779, he says:

> I admire the spirit with which I see the Irish are at length determined to claim some share of that freedom of commerce, which is the right of all mankind; but which they have been so long deprived of by the abominable selfishness of their fellow-subjects. To enjoy all the advantages of the climate, soil, and situation in which God and Nature have placed us, is as clear a right as that of breathing, and can never be justly taken from men but as a punishment for some atrocious crime.

In the last century Ireland made the best woolen cloth in Europe. It was famous in every market. On petition from the woolen-weavers of England, the English Parliament by law suppressed and killed the trade. The same law was enacted against the leather trade, and then against the trade in raw hides. Ireland, having the best sand, obtained prominence in the manufacture of glass. English glass-makers petitioned Parliament, and an Act of Parliament was passed stopping the glass trade.

Every means of industry in Ireland has been killed by Act of Parliament. Every means of industrial development in the country has been suppressed by Act of Parliament, or by the possession of the land given silently into the hands of English capitalists. "Whenever the interests of the whole Irish nation came in collision even with those of a single city, town, or corporation of England," says Mathew Carey, "they were offered up a sacrifice on the altars of avarice and cupidity without remorse and without

control. In every case, of course, when the great national interests on both sides interfered, those of the Irish were unfeelingly devoted to destruction. Throughout the whole career of the connection, there has scarcely been one measure adopted on the part of England toward Ireland that wears the semblance of a magnanimous policy, except when forced from her fears during the American revolution."

"The object of that species of policy which the British government had exercised toward Ireland," said Mr. Pitt, in his speech on the commercial propositions in the year 1785, "had been to debar her from the enjoyment and use of her own resources, and to make her completely subservient to the interest and opulence of Britain."

"In reviewing the different acts of the Parliament of Britain," says Newenham, "which affected the trade of Ireland, it will be found that the prosperity of Ireland was always sacrificed to that of Britain; that, with the exception of the linen, every valuable manufacture established in Ireland, or of the establishment or even introduction whereof there was any prospect, and which was likely to become in any degree a competitor, either in the home or foreign market, with a similar one undertaken in Britain, however insignificant, was industriously suppressed; that the Irish were invariably obliged to give the preference to the produce of British industry; that downright necessity alone occasioned the admission of even the rude produce of Ireland into England; that the acts of Parliament which affected to aim at internal improvements, or which purported to be for the advancement of any lucrative species of enterprise, were, for the most part, merely illusive. . . . Whenever an infant manufacture in Ireland seemed likely to rival a similar one in Britain, it was deliberately killed by a system of duties in favor of its English rival, thus opening a field for the usual efficacy of superior British capital in overpowering the unaided industry of Ireland."

One of the earliest measures of Lord Strafford's administration in Ireland, in 1636, was to suppress and destroy

the woolen manufacture for the express benefit of the English trade.

Lord Strafford, writing to his Government as Viceroy of Ireland, in 1636, says:

> Wisdom advises to keep this kingdom of Ireland as much subordinate and dependent upon England as is possible, and holding them from the manufacture of wool (*which, unless otherwise directed, I shall by all means discourage*), and then enforcing them to fetch their clothing from thence, and to take their salt from the king (being that which preserves and gives value to all their native staple commodities), *how can they depart from us without nakedness and beggary?*

In another letter on the woolen trade of Ireland, Lord Strafford says:

> I had and so should still discourage it all I could, unless otherwise directed by his majesty and their lordships, in regard it would trench not only upon the clothings of England, being our staple commodity, so as if they should manufacture their own wools, which grew to very great quantities, we should not only lose the profit we made now by indraping their wools, but his majesty lose extremely by his customs, and in conclusion it might be feared, *they would beat us out of the trade itself, by underselling us, which they were well able to do.*

Says Mathew Carey ("Vindiciæ Hibernicæ"):

> Both houses of the British Parliament presented addresses to King William, praying that he would discountenance the woolen manufacture of Ireland, as interfering with the interests of England—that is to say, that he would blast the fortunes of the thousands engaged in this manufacture, and equally blast the prosperity of the unfortunate country whose main source of wealth he was to cut up by the roots.

On the 9th of June, 1698, the English Lords presented an address to King William III., stating, "That the growing manufacture of cloth in Ireland, both by the cheapness of all sorts of necessaries of life, and goodness of materials for making all manner of cloth, doth invite his subjects of England with their families and servants to leave their habitations to settle there, to the increase of the woolen manufacture in Ireland, which makes his loyal subjects in this kingdom very apprehensive, that the further growth of it may greatly prejudice the said manufacture here; and

praying that his majesty would be pleased, in the most public and effectual way that may be, to declare to all his subjects of Ireland, that the growth and increase of the woolen manufacture there hath long, and will be ever looked upon with great jealousy by all his subjects of this kingdom."

On the 30th of June, 1698, the English Commons presented a similar address; and his majesty was pleased to say, in answer, "Gentlemen, I will do all that in me lies to discourage the woolen manufacture in Ireland."

Several iniquitous acts were immediately passed by the British Parliament, prohibiting the exportation of wool, woolen yarn, or woolen goods, to any part of the world, except to Great Britain, on pain of forfeiture of ship and cargo, in addition to a penalty of £500 for every offense. One of these acts contained a most profligate and disgraceful clause, that an acquittal in Ireland should not operate as a bar to a new prosecution in England.

By an act passed in the year 1695, the trade to the British colonies, which had been a source of great national benefit, was interdicted to the Irish. They were prohibited from importing any articles the growth or production of those colonies, *without their first being landed, and having paid duties in England*, which operated exactly as a positive prohibition of the trade altogether.

The Irish, curbed and restricted in the woolen trade, entered into the manufacture of silk. The French Huguenots, driven out of their own country, went to Ireland, where they were welcomed, and where they remained. They brought with them their precious knowledge of silk weaving which the Irish soon learned, and in which they soon excelled. But the monopolizing spirit of England blasted this industry in the bud. An act was passed in 1729 which exempted the silk manufactures of England from duty on importation into Ireland. This act sealed the destruction of the Irish manufacture. Ireland was deluged with English silks—their manufactures were deprived of a market and ruined, and their workmen reduced to penury.

At the time of passing the act which exempted from duty the silk manufactures of Great Britain, there were, according to the evidence given before the Irish Parliament, in 1784, 800 silk looms at work in Ireland. Thirty-six years after there were but fifty.

The Irish having carried on the brewing of beer, ale, and porter, and the manufacture of glass, to a great extent, the hostility and jealousy of the English brewers and glass manufacturers were excited, and two acts were passed which laid the brewery and glass manufactory prostrate. By one (7 G. II. c. 19), all hops landed in Ireland, except British, were directed to be burned, and a duty of three pence per pound, over and above all other duties, customs, and subsidies, was imposed on the exportation of the article from Great Britain. By the other iniquitous act, the importation into Ireland of glass from any place other than Britain, and the exportation of the article from Ireland to any place whatsoever, were prohibited, under penalty of forfeiture of ship and cargo, and a heavy fine per pound for all the glass found on board. (19 G. II. c. 12.)

Among all the detestable means by which the prosperity and happiness of Ireland were sacrificed to English cupidity, one of the most shocking remains to be told. In all the former cases, the sacrifice was to promote the interests of Great Britain at large, or at least of considerable bodies of men. In the present, they were offered up to aggrandize half a dozen or a dozen persons. During the American revolutionary war and the Napoleonic wars, under pretense of preventing the enemies of Great Britain from procuring supplies of provisions for their fleets and armies, Irish exportation was prohibited for the benefit of the British contractors, who were thereby enabled to purchase at half the usual prices. This sinister operation spread destruction thoughout the South of Ireland, of which the main dependence has always been the sale of provisions.

So dreadful was the result of this atrocious law, that Mathew Carey, writing a few years later, says:

Had the British Parliament decimated the whole nation, and imposed a poll tax of five guineas per head on the survivors, they would not have produced the tenth part of the misery caused by this odious and iniquitous system, which paralyzed the industry and energies of the Irish, and consigned so large a portion of them to idleness, misery, and wretchedness.

The coming question in Ireland—the landlord system—is purely commercial and industrial. The absentee landlord wants no alternative but one—pay the rack-rent or emigrate. Men like Hartington, a Liberal in name but a Whig at heart, a man of hereditary possession and no hereditary production, will be joined by selfish middlemen like Chamberlain; and depend on it, they will appeal to the worst passions and prejudices and the worst interests of the middle class of trading Englishmen.

There are about 30,000 owners of land in Ireland. They own the whole country. They are largely Englishmen who live out of Ireland and have never seen it. Great numbers of them obtained possession by confiscation. In the County of Derry, fourteen London companies, such as the Vintners, Drysalters, Haberdashers, etc., obtained from King James most of the land of the county. These companies of London traders have never seen the land; they have kept their agents there, though, to raise the rents, generation after generation, as the poor people reclaimed the soil from moor and mountain. In two centuries the rental has been raised from a few hundred pounds a year to over a hundred thousand pounds a year, the people doing all the improvement and losing in proportion to their labor, and the avaricious corporations in London drawing all the profits.

A vast injury has been done to Ireland by the systematic English misrepresentation of her ancient history and illustrious development in learning, law, music, and architecture. The world has been persistently informed that Ireland's claims to native distinction were dreams, myths, fairy stories. The scholars of England have refused to admit even the philological treasures of the Gaelic lan-

guage. Gaelic literature, represented by innumerable precious manuscripts ranging over the last thousand years, has been ignored and shelved, where it could not be destroyed. No provision has ever been made for the translation of these estimable literary works.

The ancient Brehon code of laws, one of the completest codifications in existence, has been rejected, underrated, and left untranslated. Everything has been done to keep Ireland out of the respect and serious consideration of the world.

An incalculable injury has been done to Ireland by the wicked abolition of the native language, to teach which was made a felony in 1704—a law which continued in full force for a century. The great German scholar, F. Schlegel, says:

> A nation which allows her language to go to ruin is parting with the best half of her intellectual independence, and testifies her willingness to cease to exist.

Ireland did not willingly allow, but her people were compelled to witness in agony the ruin of their grand old language by the selfish cruelty of the foreign tyranny.

Bishop Nulty, of Meath, two years ago, arraigned the English Government for its wicked policy of keeping the Irish peasant and laboring classes unprepared for their work in life. He showed that, by deliberate legislation, the English government has not only killed Irish commerce and industry, but has planned their permanent absence by keeping the Irish people ignorant of all technical knowledge. Throughout Great Britain, technical schools and schools of design are numerous; they are unknown in Ireland, except in one or two instances, where established by special endowment.

Twelve years ago, in "A Plea for the Home Government of Ireland," J. G. MacCarthy wrote:

> In nearly every continental country, as Lord Derby lately pointed out, the State has instituted, endowed, and actively superintends a system of technical education by which workmen are gratuitously taught drawing, modeling, carving, chemistry, and mechanics; and to this State aid his lordship attributes the growing superiority of Con-

tinental manufactories. In France there is a school of technical art in every important town. In Germany there is a complete system of technical training from the *Realschulen* of the villages to the Polytechnic Universities of Berlin and Stuttgardt. In West Flanders the State instructs yearly 2000 boys in weaving. Geneva has immense schools for teaching watchmaking. Thrifty, self-governed little Zurich maintains the best technical university in the world, in which everything that is most valuable in the arts and manufactures of other countries is taught by the most competent teachers anywhere procurable, in the best manner that experience can suggest, and with all the aid that the best material appliances can afford. Steady, self-governed Wurtemberg has provided within the last twenty years for the technical instruction of the population (not so large as that of Munster) one university, two colleges of the first rank, and more than a hundred high trade-schools, and has thus conquered a place in the front rank of the manufacturing industry of the world. Is there any country more in need of technical instruction than Ireland? Are there any people possessing more aptitude for it, more quickness of intelligence, more fineness of touch, more sureness of hand, than our people? Yet in Ireland technical instruction is almost unknown.

In the March number of the *Nineteenth Century* (1886), Mr. Robert Giffen, the leading English statist, director of the British Board of Trade, writing "On the Value of Ireland to England," shows how Ireland is yearly robbed of millions of pounds sterling by disproportionate taxation. To the following figures, add the enormous drain of rent from Ireland (nearly a hundred million dollars yearly), and the meaning of English rule in Ireland becomes clear. Mr. Giffen says:

Ireland, while contributing only about a twentieth part of the United Kingdom in resources, nevertheless pays a tenth or eleventh of the taxes. Ireland ought to pay £3,500,000, and it pays nearly £7,000,000. To the extent of the difference Great Britain is better off in the partnership than could have been expected beforehand. . . . .

If Ireland only paid a fair contribution for Imperial purposes, we should be out of pocket by this £3,200,000 more, or nearly £6,000,000. . . . .

I desire likewise to call special attention to the fact, which has come out incidentally, that Ireland is overtaxed in comparison with Great Britain. It contributes twice its proper share, if not more, to the Imperial Exchequer. At present nearly the whole taxable income of the Irish people is, in fact, absorbed by the State. The taxable income

being about £15,000,000 only, the Imperial government takes nearly £7,000,000, and the local taxes are over £3,000,000 more, or about £10,000,000 in all. So large a proportion of taxation to taxable income would be a serious fact for any country, and there can be little accumulation (saving) in Ireland under such conditions.

And this wholesale misgovernment of Ireland, no matter what may be said of improving with time, does not improve—but grows worse and worse. Taxation increases as population declines.

Sir Joseph McKenna, M.P., proves in his pamphlet, "Imperial Taxation of Ireland," that in the twenty years from 1851, taxation in Ireland increased 75 per cent. on a waning population—that is to say, from £4,000,000 in 1851 to £7,086,593 in 1871.

England grants Home Rule to the Australias, Canada, New Zealand, and the Isle of Man. These countries are all prosperous, peaceable, and loyal. She refuses Home Rule only to two dependencies—India and Ireland; and these countries are in chronic misery and rebellion.

Nearly a century ago Grattan said: "Control over local affairs is the very essence of liberty."

England is the first nation to admit and preach this doctrine for all nations except Ireland. Sydney Smith declared: "The moment Ireland was mentioned, English politicians bade adieu to common sense, and acted with the barbarity of tyrants and the fatuity of idiots." If Ireland can secure the sympathy of the American population in her Home Rule struggle, she will succeed—for England's future is closely related to our great English-speaking Republic. American sympathy for Ireland may mean tremendous commercial losses for England.

If the Irish-American people, at least 20,000,000 in blood-kindred, resolve to buy no English goods, to "boycott" all English importations and interests, to refuse patronage to English steamship lines and other corporations, and to support American manufacturers at the expense of English, they will cause a loss to England greater in one year than Ireland's industrial competition would cause in five years.

This is Ireland's weapon: she must strike England either in the heart or the pocket.

A century ago, Burke said: "Justice is only to be had from England at the point of the sword." Mr. Gladstone, in Midlothian, stated: "England never concedes anything to Ireland except compelled to do so by fear." Mr. Cowan, M.P. for Newcastle, says: "We have tried to govern Ireland by the army, by the church, and by the landlords; all these agencies have failed, and brought us only shame and humiliation. Let us try to rule her by her own people."

Ireland asks for the moral support of good men of all nations in her effort to secure Home Rule. Surely the Government that has no other answer to give to an industrious, moral people, living in so rich a land, than starvation or emigration, is arraigned and condemned in the sight of God and man, and ought to be wiped out. The Government ought to be taken from the hands of the cruel and senseless aristocracy that has misruled so long, and passed into the hands of the English and Irish people to whom it belongs.

As a sequel to the above address, the following circular was issued by Mr. John C. Paige, president of the Beacon Society, and sent by him to all the members of the society, who responded by a generous contribution to the Irish Parliamentary Fund:

BOSTON, March 12, 1886.

Dear Sir: At the last meeting of the Beacon Society, Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly delivered an address upon "The Commercial and Industrial Aspects of the Irish Question," and all who had the privilege of hearing him were greatly impressed with his presentation of the subject.

Mr. O'Reilly is greatly interested in "The $5 Irish Parliamentary Fund," and I have requested from him the privilege of mailing one of the inclosed circulars to each member of the Beacon Society, and inviting their attention and response to it.

Kindly mail your contribution of ($5) five dollars, in inclosed envelope, to Mr. O'Reilly, accompanying the remittance with your name and address, in order that it may be acknowledged.

Yours respectfully, JNO. C. PAIGE,
President Beacon Society.

ADDRESS ON HENRY GRATTAN.

A NATION is not great that only produces illustrious men of letters. True greatness is roundly developed. Not only students must come from the fertile fields, but men of action, men of military and scientific genius, men of vast commercial minds. A great country must be as varied in its men as in its productions.

We now come to a man who had the power of meeting one of those great opportunities that burst only once in hundreds of years—a man who struck the life-chord of his country, and raised it from the position of a degraded dependency into that of a proud nation.

In the same year that the battle of Bunker Hill was fought, Henry Grattan, twenty-seven years of age, the son of a Protestant and Tory father and mother, entered the Irish House of Commons, which was then and had been for 300 years, since the passage of the Poynings act, a tongue-tied and handcuffed body, without power to legislate even for the Protestant minority that elected its members. The only duty of the Irish Parliament up to that time had been, as an English writer had said 100 years before, "to keep the original proprietors, the dispossessed Celts, from reviving, and ruling the country."

But the selfishness and cruelty of the English had engendered deep hatred in the hearts of Irishmen of all classes and creeds.

In no country on the earth did the immortal "shot fired at Concord" echo so plainly as in Ireland. Mr. Froude says (English in Ireland, vol. ii. p. 200) that "the fortunes of Ireland at this moment were connected intimately with the phases of war in America."

Every step of the American war was watched with cease-

less interest in Ireland. The swift American privateers made the harbors of Ireland their favored recruiting places. "Their crews," says Froude, "were mixed; Americans, French, with a large proportion of Irish." To keep up her foreign wars England had to drain Ireland of her soldiers; and Froude says: "The American flag was seen daily fluttering in insolence from the Irish coast anywhere between Londonderry and Cork." It was out of Carrickfergus Harbor that Paul Jones sailed in 1778 when he sunk the English man-of-war *Ranger* and captured half a dozen English ships in as many days.

In 1777, alarmed at the defeat of Burgoyne at Saratoga, England abandoned the pretension of taking the American colonies and sent out two commissioners (Lord Carlyle and Mr. Eden) to offer the Americans seats in the English House of Commons and to help to pay the cost of the war. But it was too late. France had stretched out her hand to the struggling Americans, and the liberty of the New World was saved. In 1778, France consented to an alliance with the American States on condition that they would forever renounce their connection with England.

America then replied to the English agents that if their country wished to negotiate with America, she must withdraw her fleets and armies, and recognize American independence.

Then England declared war against France. Spain, in the hope of recovering Gibraltar, flung herself into the struggle against England.

Ireland was allowed to arm the Protestants as volunteer forces, and as soon as they were armed they resolved that their Catholic fellow-countrymen should be enfranchised. There were only 3000 English soldiers on the island in 1779. In that year Paul Jones, sailing out of Ballenkellig Bay, on the west coast of Ireland, captured two English frigates within sight of the people on the cliffs and within sound of their cheering.

At this time Henry Grattan had been four years in Parliament. Almost from his first session he had led the

opposition. His gravity of character, his nobility of soul, together with his pre-eminent wisdom and eloquence, were recognized and admitted by friend and foe. He was known and respected even throughout England. He had proved the sternness of his purpose by publicly condemning and abandoning the Tory principles of his father, and suffering disinheritance for so doing.

In 1778 he moved an address to the King of England stating that the condition of Ireland was no longer endurable. But he found that the selfish Parliament of Ireland, drawn from a privileged few, was not ripe yet for a heroic vote. He resolved to go on teaching. He waited, using every influence to strengthen the national spirit. The Protestant Volunteers swelled to 80,000 men; and they and the members of Parliament caught the spirit of the time. The speeches of some of the members were magnificent bursts of patriotism. In 1779, in the House, some one said Ireland was at peace.

"Talk not here of peace!" said Hussey Burgh, an Irishman, who held a high office under the English crown. "Ireland is not at peace. It is smothered war. England has sown her laws like dragon's teeth, and they have sprung up as armed men."

These words produced a tremendous excitement. From the floor they rose to the gallery; from the gallery to the street, and that night they rung through the city and through Ireland. That night, too, the same man, Hussey Burgh, rose and declared, amidst wild cheers, that he resigned the office which he held under the English crown.

"The gates of promotion are shut," exclaimed Grattan, "and the gates of glory are opened!"

This was the state of Ireland in 1780, when Sir Henry Clinton held New York, and Benedict Arnold betrayed his country. England, hoping for victory abroad, would offer no concession to Ireland.

When the Irish Parliament met in 1782, a demand was made for a bill to give the franchise to the Catholics and to abolish the Poynings Act which made all Irish legislation

originate in England. The volunteers, elated with the news of the defeat of the English at Yorktown, assembled at Dungannon and adopted these resolutions.

On the 14th of March, when the Irish Parliament adjourned, it was felt to be the lull before the lightning. Before separation, Mr. Grattan moved that the house reassemble on the 16th of April, on which day, he said, every member was to be in his place who loved the rights of Ireland.

That was a month of quivering moment to Ireland. On the morning of the 16th of April the Protestant Volunteers had poured into Dublin from all the provinces. They were marching through the city, along the quays, with their Irish banners flying, and bands playing. Cavalry and artillery paraded on the squares. The batteries of artillery were drawn up before the Parliament House; and every gun had a placard on its mouth with the words, "*Independence—or this!*"

On that day, when the Parliament opened and the King's message was read by Hely Hutchinson, Henry Grattan rose in his place, and all Ireland hung upon his words. He moved the "Declaration of Ireland's Right," declaring that no foreign power on earth should legislate for Ireland; that there should be no foreign law, no foreign judicative, no legislative council, no foreign commissioners. The vote was taken, the declaration was carried; Ireland was a free nation, voluntarily disunited from federation with Great Britain, for she could not fight. England was forced to consent. She recognized Ireland's national freedom. But she held in reserve a poisoned arrow, to be cast twenty years later.

This was the work of Henry Grattan. He had secured for Ireland a position in relation to the British Empire that would have developed all her powers had it continued. Her Parliament was free; but unfortunately it did not represent the whole people, but only the Protestants of Ireland. Before an act of enfranchisement could be passed, England began a system of enormous bribery, which prevented the enfranchisement of the Catholics. For the eighteen years

during which the Irish Parliament lasted, the entire Catholic population, that is five out of every six men, were disfranchised; and no Catholic member sat on its benches when it voted away the national life of the country. And yet so precious a boon is Home Government, even so impaired, that this period of Ireland's history was one of unexampled progress and prosperity.

All men, of all creeds, were proud of the brilliant men who then made the Irish Parliament famous throughout the world.

Lord Plunkett, speaking in 1799, described Ireland thus: "A little island, with a population of four or five millions of people, hardy, gallant, and enthusiastic; her revenues, her trade, and manufactures thriving beyond the hope or example of any other country of her extent; within these few years advancing with a rapidity astonishing even to herself."

Lord Clare, in 1798, said, that "no nation had advanced in cultivation, in agriculture, in manufactures with the same rapidity in the same period, as Ireland from 1782 to 1798."

Now comes the question: Why did this progress stop? Why did Ireland's prosperity cease? Were the Irish people unworthy of their opportunity—incapable of steering their rich and favored little country on the high seas of freedom? Why is it that Ireland of all European nations, she who was placed best of all, set down in the mid-stream of the world's commerce, should alone fall to the rear in the universal progression? Why is it, after eighty-four years of union with England, that we find Ireland poorer than all other lands and the most restless and unhappy country in the world?

Ireland dare not trust herself to answer—she turns to England. And well for the honor of humanity, the answer has come from a few great and good Englishmen. Sydney Smith, in 1808, looking back only a few years, said: "It will require centuries to efface the impression of England's recent policy in Ireland; a policy that reflects indelible dis-

grace on the English character, and explains but too clearly the cause of the hatred of Irishmen.

England was jealous or fearful of Ireland's rapid advance, and she deliberately resolved that it must stop. There was no way to destroy it while the country was free. So she set about the wicked work of buying up a majority of the Irish Parliament—which only represented one sixth of the nation—to vote away the independence of Ireland by a union with England.

In describing what follows, I use the words of a great and honest Englishman, Wm. Howitt. He says:

The Parliament of Ireland must be put down. And how was this done? And how was the Union planned and effected?

In 1799 the proposal of the Union was rejected by an overwhelming majority. In 1800 it was carried by a majority of ninety. But what were the means employed by the English Government to produce the change? It is now proven that not only had the great Irish rebellion of '98 been fomented by the English Government, preparatory to their plan of urging a union, but the parliamentary papers, published since then, disclose the astounding fact that £1,275,000 were paid in the purchase of boroughs, and that more than £1,000,000 had been expended in mere bribes. Bribery was unconcealed. The terms of the purchase were quite familiar. The price of a single member's vote for the Union was £8000 in money, or the appointment to an office with £2000 a year, if the parties did not choose to take ready money. Some got both for their votes; and no less than twenty peerages, ten bishoprics, one chief-justiceship, and six puisne judgeships were given as the price of votes for the Union. Add to this the officers who were appointed to the revenue, the colonels appointed to the army, the commanders and captains appointed to vessels in the navy in recompense for Union votes. The peerage was sold; the catiffs of corruption were everywhere—in the lobby, in the streets, on the steps, and at the doors of every parliamentary leader, offering titles to some, offices to others, corruption to all.

The names and prices of all the purchased members of the Irish Parliament were preserved in the Irish Red and Black lists. Some of those who would not take money for their votes consented to sell their seats. These seats they sold were filled with the tools of Government, and the consequence was a majority.

Henry Grattan lived to see the rise and fall of his country. "I sat by its cradle: I followed its hearse," he said. Addressing the English Parliament, and referring to the

men who had sold their votes, he said: "You have swept away our Constitution, you have destroyed our Parliament—but we will have our revenge. We will send into the ranks of *your* Parliament a hundred of the greatest scoundrels of the kingdom." The last words Grattan spoke were these: "I am resigned. I am surrounded by my family. I have served my country—*and I am not afraid of the Devil!*"

THE END.

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